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# THE
# ANECDOTES AND EGOTISMS
# OF
# HENRY MACKENZIE

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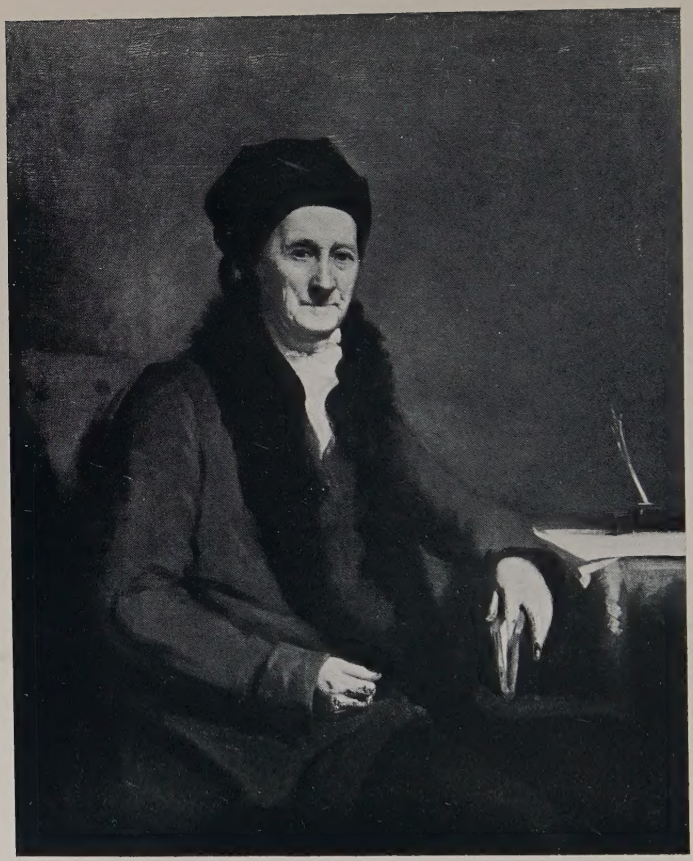

HENRY MACKENZIE OF EDINBURGH

*From the portrait by Colvin Smith, R.S.A.*

# THE ANECDOTES AND EGOTISMS OF HENRY MACKENZIE

1745—1831

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED

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# INTRODUCTION

## I

'I HEARTILY wish that the task of tracing the evanescent manners of his own country had employed the pen of the only man in Scotland who could have done it justice—of him so eminently distinguished in elegant literature, and whose sketches of Colonel Caustic and Umphraville are perfectly blended with the finer traits of national character. I should in that case have had more pleasure as a reader than I shall ever feel in the pride of a successful author, should these sheets confer upon me that envied distinction.

These volumes
Being respectfully inscribed
to
Our Scottish Addison
Henry Mackenzie
by
an unknown Admirer
of
his Genius'

So ran the dedication of a novel called *Waverley* in 1814. Eleven years later its author was reading part of the manuscript of Mackenzie's *Anecdotes*; six years after that, on 14 January 1831, the Scottish Addison died, leaving the still unpublished manuscript to the disposal of his son, Lord Mackenzie, and of his trusted friend, the author of *Waverley*. But Sir Walter was past editing manuscripts; the year following he himself was outward bound, bidding Lockhart, 'Be a good man; nothing else will give you any comfort'. Now nearly a century later the unfinished task is completed, not as Sir Walter would have done it, but by a justly unknown admirer of his genius from beyond the seas.

For the task of tracing the manners of his country in its

most splendid age Mackenzie's opportunities had been unique. Born on the day when Prince Charles landed in 1745, he served as literary page to the coterie of David Hume ; became the most popular British novelist of a decade ; wrote the best periodical essays and short tales of his century in Scotland ; was the first important man of letters to greet the genius of Burns ; played a leading part in the stormy days of Revolution ; started the literary career of Walter Scott ; gave the first encouragement to Byron ; saw the rise of the *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood's* ; and lived to be the Nestor of Scottish letters, hailed by Whig and Tory as *Ultimus Scotorum*. He enjoyed the friendship of Britain's greatest sceptical philosopher, Hume ; of her greatest song-poet, Burns ; of Scotland's most representative man, Sir Walter Scott ; of the uncrowned king of Scotland, Viscount Melville ; of the greatest of political economists, Adam Smith ; of the chief statesman of his time, William Pitt ; of peers, poets, wits, beauties, scientists, rogues, and all who made the vivid life of Edinburgh, London, and Paris. When he talks of these people he is not displaying what Galt's Provost called ' the ill-less vanity of being thought far ben with the great ' ; he is merely speaking in his suave and deprecating way of men whose social equal he was born to be and whose mental companion he had made himself.

Of course, his birth counted a good deal, as it always has in Scotland. Without exhibiting Sir Everard Waverley's ' remorseless and protracted accuracy in genealogy ' it may be said that on his father's side Mackenzie was of the eighth generation in descent from a

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,

in this case Sir Kenneth *A Bhlair*, 8th Baron of Kintail, Chief of Clan Mackenzie, by his second wife Agnes, daughter of Lord Lovat, Chieftain of the Frasers. The intervening generations present two lairds, an Archdeacon of Ross, an eccentric minister of Nigg, a Lieutenant stationed in Edinburgh Castle, and finally the excellent Dr. Joshua Mackenzie of Edinburgh, a physician and fly-fisherman of repute. This

gentleman had the fortune in 1744 to marry a Highland lady named Margaret Rose, daughter of an interminable line of Hugh Roses, barons (in the Scottish sense) of Kilravock Castle near Macbeth's Cawdor from about 1300, connected with most of the chief families of Speyside and the North.

At Kilravock there was a punch-bowl said to hold sixteen bottles and, according to Lord Cockburn, attended by a lad specially commissioned to loosen the cravats of those partaking of its contents whenever they seemed in peril of choking to death. There was also shooting and angling and music and great kindness to guests, particularly to the little kinsman from the South. Henry Mackenzie came to be the most venerated citizen of Edinburgh, but he always liked to call himself a Highlander. It is a delightful combination —the leader of urban society and the angling laird. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in many ways Mackenzie's American counterpart, was that sort of man ; so, of course, was Sir Walter.

The Highlander often appears in the *Anecdotes*. It will be noted that, though Mackenzie speaks of his grandfather Rose as being a ' zealous Whig ', all his own stories of the '45 favour the Jacobites ; and, indeed, the zeal of the baron was of a sedentary order. The Prince himself called at Kilravock on 14 April 1746 ; he kissed the children, praised their beauty, and applauded the laird's excellent performance upon the violin ; afterwards he walked out to see the planting operations. ' How happy are you, Mr. Rose,' was his silken comment, ' who can enjoy these peaceful occupations when the country round is so disturbed.' Next day the Duke of Cumberland called and spent his birthday pleasantly. ' You have had my cousin here,' he observed, and so rode on to meet his ' cousin ' at Culloden. Mr. Rose collected £70 for forage taken by the King's troops, and lived nine years longer to tell stories of his zeal to his grandson.

As for Edinburgh, that beautiful, energetic, and unfragrant city of Mackenzie's childhood appears to have taken the motto later suggested by Sydney Smith as appropriate to the *Edinburgh Review* : *Tenui Musam meditamur avena—we*

*cultivate literature on a little oatmeal.* It was, as Smollett said, a ' hotbed of genius ', a community devoting itself to writing Inquiries into everything under the sky, and even trying its pen in a solemn Scottish way at *belles lettres*. These earnest Inquirers were not ordinary parsons and dominies, but great persons ; the Select Society, founded in 1754 for their enjoyment, contained in its membership fifteen who were or became peers and eighteen who were or became law lords, not to mention clergymen of high birth, professors, scholars, and other small deer. Edinburgh had lost its Parliament and its King ; very well, Edinburgh would still be regal intellectually ; being Scots, they did what they set out to do. They had their age of reason, tempered with the inevitable Scottish sentiment, and soon they were able to appropriate from Leyden the title of Athens of the North.

Now Athens does not sound like the domicile of John Knox ; if that leader had returned to the Edinburgh of 1736 he would probably have agreed with Davie Deans that the leaders of his city were become ' a swarm of Arminian caterpillars, Socinian pismires, and deistical Miss Katies ' ; he would have joined Ebenezer Erskine in his warning to Whitefield that the Scots were ' lifeless, lukewarm, and upsitten '. The Edinburgh of David Hume was a city that loved claret and the theatre, the club and the coffee-house. For its theology it was indebted rather more to the sentimental Hutcheson with his pleasant theories of *natural benevolence* and the *moral sense* than to John Knox. In the Church itself a party had arisen of well-born men who called themselves Moderates ; William Robertson was their leader, and they made him Principal of their University and Moderator of the Kirk. Ministers even dared to write plays ; one of them, John Home, wrote *Douglas*, the most popular romantic tragedy of the period. The scandal which followed upon its presentation in 1756 served to draw more distinctly than ever before the line between the Moderates and their opponents, the Highflyers ; when the smoke had cleared away, the Moderates had the field. Mackenzie's interest in the theatre is a fair reflection of the Edinburgh lawyers' attitude, shared by the clergy of his party.

It was a lawyer's town, Edinburgh. Walter Walkinshaw thought that ' the Maker was ill aff for a turn when He took to the creating of them ', but he may have been prejudiced ; the lawyers ruled, anyway, as Watty found to his cost. Scotland no longer had its Parliament, but it still had its courts, and the courts were in Edinburgh. The Advocates (barristers) were a closed corporation of gentry with a number of noble cadets ; the Writers to the Signet, the highest class of solicitors, were equally guarded in membership. Peter Williamson's first Edinburgh Directory, that for 1773–4, presents the citizens by rank : after the Lords of Session, judges of the Scottish Supreme Court, appear the Advocates, followed by the Writers to the Signet, Lords' and Advocates' Clerks, Physicians, Noblemen and Gentlemen, Merchants, Grocers, Ship-Masters, Surgeons, Brewers, and so through the trades to School and Writing Masters, Milliners, and Room Setters (proprietors of ' digs '). One is pleased to observe that clergymen and university professors ranked as gentlemen.

Such a society was not likely to be radical politically ; it would consent to the ' taciturn regularity of ancient affairs '. Until his death Archibald of Argyll ruled Scotland for Robert Walpole with the designation of Whig; then Argyll's nephew Bute tried his rather weak hand as a Tory of sorts ; finally with the younger Pitt about 1783 came Henry Dundas, of the great legal family of Arniston, controlling thirty-nine of the Scottish members of Commons and appointing the sixteen representative peers. Henry Erskine and his eccentric brother the Earl of Buchan might oppose such an arrangement ; being Erskines they could afford to champion the American colonists or the Jacobins ; Buchan might correspond with his ' cousin ', George Washington. Mackenzie and the vast majority of Edinburgh gentles were content to be ruled by a gentleman like Dundas ; when the single English county of Cornwall had only one less member than all Scotland in the Commons, a man like Dundas was needed. There were plenty of things to discuss at convivial meetings besides politics.

The *Anecdotes* show how convivial those meetings could

be. Even after the refined amusement of the Gentlemen's Concert there was a Catch Club where champions attempted to Save the Ladies. To save the object of his admiration from future torments a gentleman attempted to drink an enormous cup of hot punch which had definite emetic properties; if successful, he was given a card to present to the lady in token of her salvation. This practical application of theology goes far to explain a form of Scottish ability which is still the envy and awe of the unsaved.

Into this genial, ambitious, intellectual, lady-saving society Henry Mackenzie was born. In course of time he went to the High School, 1753–7 ; then to the University till 1761, leaving, as was then customary for students of the Arts course, without taking a degree. Edinburgh was then, as it is now, a great university with a restless, modern spirit. At the age of sixteen Mackenzie had read a respectable amount of Latin and Greek, French and Italian ; had evidently dabbled with Natural Philosophy; and had gained a knowledge of the *moral sense*, *innate benevolence*, and other commodities described by the current sentimental philosophy.

The law was waiting, and though he preferred writing weak odes and very good imitations of the popular ballad, he bowed his neck to a landed gentleman, Inglis of Auchindinny and Redhall, who promised to teach him Exchequer practice. Then, as the Exchequer alone of Scottish courts was governed by English practice, he went to London in 1765 to complete his studies ; to the London of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Garrick, where Laurence Sterne was giving sentimentalism a new thrill ; to a London that hated the Scottish Earl of Bute and distrusted his energetic countrymen :

> The plague of locusts they secure defy,
> For in three hours a grasshopper must die . . .
> Thence simple bards, by simple prudence taught,
> To this wise town by simple patrons brought,
> In simple manner utter simple lays,
> And take, with simple pensions, simple praise.

Bute's secretary, John Home of *Douglas* fame, could smile

at this ; but the boy Mackenzie, with neither pension nor praise, was evidently lonely.

When he returned to Edinburgh in 1768, he took with him some sketches upon which he worked for the next two years whenever his partner, Mr. Inglis, did not need him : little sentimental incidents about a boy who went to London for the excellent reason of obtaining a lease to some Crown lands ; of how he was lonely there, and went home, and was kind to beggars and servants, and loved an heiress above his own station, and died. It was not much of a book, but it was the most popular novel of its decade in Britain, published in London as *The Man of Feeling* in 1771, and followed by *The Man of the World*, 1773, and *Julia de Roubigné*, 1777. Ever after 1771 the author was known as the Man of Feeling, a silly title for the capable lawyer and shrewd politician which he became, though the name was deserved in 1771—witness his correspondence with his cousin Elizabeth Rose of Kilravock, wherein he appears what Stevenson called a ' rich ass '. ' I am inclined to drunkenness of the imagination as other people are to claret. . . . I am infamous for truth to your sex. . . . I have been at war with the world from a boy. . . . I verily believe that what your letters now and then awake in me is as much more useful as it is more pleasant than the deductions of a dozen mathematicians. . . . " We live ", says some inspired writer, " in tenements of clay." Mine is one of those slight London leaseholds not built for standing long. . . . You see, you are not only mistress of my thoughts but have them in embryo.' She continued to have them in much the same state until 1776 when he married another girl, Penuel Grant, daughter of the chief of a great Highland clan ; after that he grew up.

Meanwhile his boyish ambition to write a successful play had been gratified in 1773 by the production in Edinburgh of his romantic tragedy, *The Prince of Tunis*, received with an acclaim that reminded people of the reception of *Douglas* in 1756. Though he tried several times, he never repeated that success, even with the aid and advice of his friend Garrick. To the end of his active life, however, he never lost touch with the theatre ; he was always ready to help

Digges select his actors, or to write an epilogue, or later to serve as patentee of the Royal Theatre with Sir Walter Scott, assisting its manager, the son of his old friend, Mrs. Siddons. He was in London at least once almost every year, where he enjoyed the friendship of a wide circle who, like 'Saint Hannah' More, found his manners 'very soft and engaging'.

Visitors were coming to Edinburgh every season now, Dr. Johnson among others. Mackenzie met him in 1773 at the blind poet Blacklock's. Ursa Major was returning from his progress to the Western Isles that autumn ; in a fairly good humour he held Blacklock's little white hand in his paws, repeatedly calling him ' dear Dr. Blacklock '. Mackenzie said little. After he had gone, Mrs. Blacklock praised his devotion to his father, with whom he then lived at the Cowgate Head. ' They ought not to live thus together, Madam,' said Johnson roughly.—' How can Dr. Johnson think so ? ' —' The son, Madam, having attained the years of manhood and discretion, ought to become the master of a family for himself : the order of nature and the uses of society require that it should be so. If it were the intention of Providence, that parents and their grown-up children should continue to make one family, it would be less rare than we now see that it is, for them to live in harmony together.' Mrs. Blacklock must have looked unconvinced, for when a few minutes later she asked the Doctor to take another cup of tea he roared, 'I tell thee, no ! woman ! ' He need not have been so savage ; by careful count he had accepted nineteen cups.

What Mr. Henry Mackenzie thought of the Doctor may be learned from his letter of 19 November 1773 to Mistress Rose : ' I have been two or three times with Dr. Johnson. I found him possessed of all those powers of conversation which his friends had taught me to expect. There is an accuracy in his style and a boldness in his figures (for he talks much in figures) which are the property of few ; there is great morality in his sentiments and force in his decisions ; but the first are often more originally expressed than conceived, and the last sometimes confidently pronounced without the deduction of argument. His wisdom is dogmatical and his wit unfeeling. After all, however, in vigor of facul-

ties and command of expression he is an extraordinary man; and tho' there is no winning quality about him, his company is well worth courting to enjoy and his conversation being silent to hear.' When one considers that Johnson was the avowed foe of sentimentalism, which he called *cant*, and was to a man of Mackenzie's circle a boor, the judgement is fair. In his old age, writing in his *Life of Home*, Mackenzie refers to ' those prize-fightings of wit of which we have curious records ', and that doubtless represents the feeling of the Edinburgh gentles.

The urbanity and good nature of that circle is represented in the essays and moral tales of *The Mirror*, 1779–80, and *The Lounger*, 1785–7, written by a group of lawyers calling themselves the Mirror Club, and published under the editorship of Mackenzie. For some reason the Scots no longer read them, and even in that day they did not cause much stir in Edinburgh until London took them up ; but the best of Mackenzie's writing is in them.

The most famous essay is *Lounger*. no. 97, dated 9 December 1786, Mackenzie's criticism on the Kilmarnock edition of the *Poems* of Robert Burns, the first review by an important man of letters, ending with the noble sentence : ' To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit ; to call forth genius from the obscurity in which it had pined indignant, and place it where it may profit or delight the world ; these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority, to greatness and to patronage a laudable pride.'

Burns, of course, was just what these Men of Feeling were seeking : a child of nature with wood-notes wild. In the *Mirror* they had prepared his way by their posthumous appreciation of Michael Bruce, once a shepherd, who had died in 1767 at the age of twenty-one. Robert Fergusson, who died in an Edinburgh madhouse in 1774, would not do : he was a city boy, not well born, not sentimental, but given to writing such things as *The Sow of Feeling*, a poem which tended to make a great book ludicrous. But Burns had worn out two copies of *The Man of Feeling*, a work which he valued ' next to the Bible '. So they welcomed him,

these ' Edinburgh gentles ' : the Tory Duchess of Gordon and the Whig Earl of Glencairn, Mr. Henry Erskine and Mr. Henry Mackenzie. Mackenzie did more. He acted as man of business and referee for the poet in driving a bargain with Creech the publisher in selling the rights in the *Poems* after a large first Edinburgh edition had pretty well supplied the country, as they supposed. Then he gave Burns letters of introduction for his Highland tour. Here is what he wrote to his brother-in-law, Sir James Grant of Grant : ' You will find Burns not less uncommon in conversation than in poetry, clever, intelligent, and observant, with remarkable acuteness and independence of mind, the last indeed to a degree that sometimes prejudices people against him, tho' he has on the whole met with amazing patronage and encouragement.' There was a letter for Mistress Rose too, whom Burns found a kindred soul and with whom he later corresponded, referring to Mackenzie as ' the first of men '.

Nowadays people ask indignantly why Mackenzie's circle did not do more for the poet than to let Lang Sandy Wood the surgeon get him a mean position in the Excise. The Scots are as fond of Vindications now as they were in the eighteenth century ; but no vindication is needed for either side. The Edinburgh circle was almost to a man a group of Tories, while Burns wavered in sentiment between a ' sentimental Jacobite ', as he called it, and a thorough-going democrat. He was inclined to ' ask the powers that be whether they were the powers that ought to be ' ; he lampooned the Royal Family ; he showed a regrettable lack of respect for the Dundas Dynasty. It was very well to be a man of sentiment ; it was not at all well to carry on a warm flirtation with a woman above him socially, Mrs. M'Lehose, whose husband was still alive and whose anxious cousin was one of the *Mirror* men, Lord Craig, a particular friend of Mackenzie. To the end Burns admired Mackenzie ; if Mackenzie did not understand Burns he is not very much to be blamed. They are all forgotten now, those *Mirror* men ; but the ploughman they patronized a little while is as vivid as on the day when the boy Walter Scott saw him.

It is foolish to talk about anyone being a victim who has become the Poet of Man.

The Age of Revolution was upon them now, hailed at first by sentimentalists and sceptics in Scotland, but from the first menacing to the Scottish Tories. There were liberal forces at work politically, men like Dr. Adam of the High School or Dugald Stewart of the University, students like Jeffrey and Cockburn and Brougham. But there was also the Edinburgh mob, ruled for a time that century by the romantic figure of Bowed Joseph, and always a threat to them that went in chariots. The French Revolution followed the American ; the threat was blacker. Mr. Henry Mackenzie, the most liberal and gentlemanly of Tories, was summoned by Mr. Pitt to spend his holiday with the Minister and Mr. Dundas. The result was a good deal of pamphleteering for the Scottish Addison, including an official *Review* of Pitt's first Parliament, published at London in 1792, and sundry *Letters of Brutus* for the newly-founded Edinburgh *Herald*. How valuable that service was may be suggested by a letter of 16 January 1793 to Mackenzie from Pitt's master of propaganda, Charles Long, later Lord Farnborough : ' I still think by your means I kept down the flame . . . and in this country there is hardly a spark left; with you it worked slower and requires a longer time to subdue. The fact here was that the mischievous were few, but the many negligent, and I had long preached that it was only necessary for the well intentioned to shew themselves to be victorious. I mean to have your *Review* again advertised.' The sparks were further quenched by the sedition trials of 1793–4. In 1799, three years after Burns died, Mackenzie was made Comptroller of Taxes for Scotland.

Not all the sparks were quenched. In 1802 a group of young men who had learned strange things from Revolution founded the *Edinburgh Review*, soon directed by that ' wee reekit deil ' Francis Jeffrey, a man who ' would speak disrespectfully of the Equator '. The Tories had their organs too, particularly *Blackwood's Magazine*, founded in 1817, for there were still Tories like Scott and Lockhart, and the House of Dundas ruled nearly until the Reform Bill. With

such a political contest going on, it was beneficial to have a man like 'old Harry Mackenzie' whom both sides could agree to admire, a man who could say with Sydney Smith :

> Tory and Whig in turns shall be my host,
> I taste no politics in boiled and roast.

They could all unite in honouring one who typified the glory of Scottish letters and the kindness of Scottish society. He is the Tory for whom Cockburn, the hot Whig, has only praise in his *Memorials* ; he is the man over whose description, next to that of Scott, the 'venomous Tory' Lockhart lingers with most affection.

Even in old age his talents were by no means ornamental only. He was a founder of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1783, edited its *Transactions* for years, read many papers at its meetings, worked earnestly to ensure the publication of a Gaelic Dictionary. He was a founder of the Highland and Agricultural Society in 1784, wrote introductions for its *Prize Papers and Transactions*, and besides many other services headed the committee which in 1805 rendered a famous Report on the authenticity of Macpherson's *Ossian*. Whatever else may happen to his fame, he should be remembered in the Highlands.

To literary appreciation his services were not slight. He was among the first to welcome the poet Campbell ; he was the first man of letters to encourage Byron ; he gave Scott his first impetus as a writer. It was, as Scott told Lockhart, Mackenzie's *Account of the German Theatre*, read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1788, which turned Scott to his first writing, translations from the German. So the study of German literature started in Edinburgh ; later there was another who made a stir in that field, one Thomas Carlyle, a friend of Mackenzie's son James.

Appreciation of a writer did not stop with a kind letter or a review. One of the last bits of his correspondence presents Mackenzie heading a subscription list in aid of a consumptive poet named Pollok, and writing as far as to London to get aid from Samuel Rogers. Or there is a pension obtained for Mrs. Grant of Laggan, and he and Sir Walter discuss how

it may be presented without offence, the delicate task being left to the Man of Feeling as the Highlander of the kind pair. So the two men shared in benevolence, as they shared in hunting, or in entertaining a poet from the South, or in unselfish appreciation of a new genius.

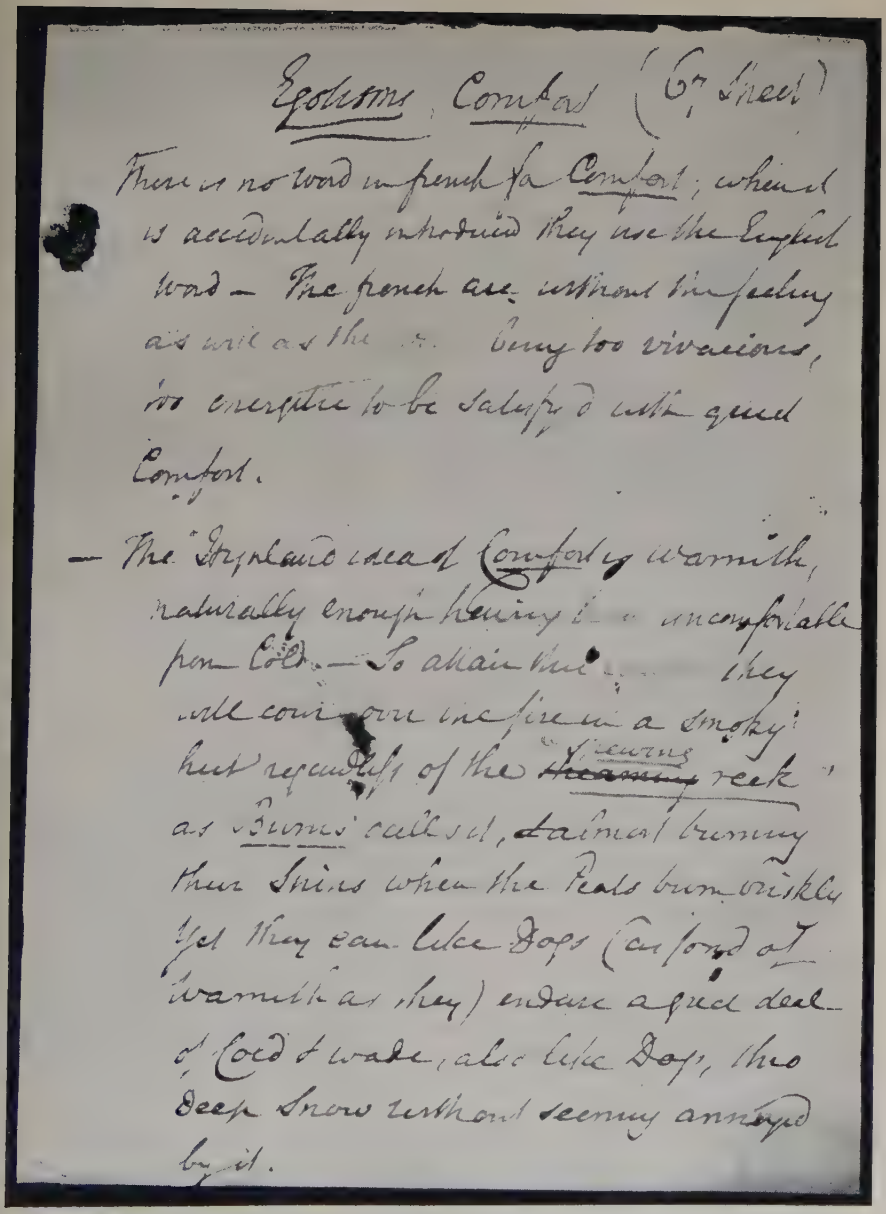
Quite naturally Mackenzie appealed to painters. He sat again and again to Sir Henry Raeburn, Scotland's greatest master of the brush. There is the portrait which Mackenzie himself liked best, made for his kinsman Sir William Gordon Gordon-Cumming of Altyre, Bart. There is the one which Raeburn made to keep himself, sold afterwards to the National Portrait Gallery in London ; it shows Mackenzie as he must have looked when Burns knew him—tall, elegant, gracious, a very type of the Highland gentleman. Then there is the fine portrait at Castle Grant, and Lady Seaforth's touching study of the old, old man, Ultimus Scotorum. This does not exhaust the list of Raeburns by any means, but it would suffice to make either author or painter immortal. There is the rich portrait by Colvin Smith, usually regarded as that sound artist's masterpiece—one copy in the possession of Mackenzie's family, the other sold recently by the artist's family to the National Portrait Gallery in Edinburgh ; it is Mackenzie the host, the leading citizen, the laureate of the Gowk Club. Geddes painted him too, seated at his desk, Alfieri's cap on his head, with 'something of the shrewd look of Voltaire' that Lord Cockburn liked ; so he may have looked as he wrote the *Anecdotes*. Then there is a Watson Gordon made for the publishing house of Blackie, a portrait of a Man of Feeling with fine eyes. The little Stavely panel, painted for Lord Craig and now in the National Portrait Gallery at Edinburgh, shows heavier features than the others, but strong and handsome, with the look of the man of business and politician. Of Mackenzie's youth there is one charming representation, one of Smart's finest miniatures, now in the possession of Mrs. O. B. Whyte ; here is Betty Rose's correspondent with a melting glance and sensitive mouth. Contrast this with the sculptured head by Samuel Joseph in the National Portrait Gallery in Edinburgh, the old, wise

head with the smile of a patriarch who has had his world and liked it well ; here is the whole range of life. To know these is to have a new respect for Scottish art, just as to know Mackenzie is to admire more than ever the Scottish character.

Lockhart's sketch in *Peter's Letters to His Kinsfolk* (1819) is the best verbal equivalent of these glowing canvases :

'I found him in his library, surrounded with a very large collection of books—few of them apparently new ones—seated in a high-backed easy chair—the wood-work carved very richly in the ancient French taste, and covered with black hair-cloth. On his head he wore a low cap of black velvet, like those which we see in almost all the pictures of Pope. But there needed none of these accessories to carry back the imagination. It is impossible that I should paint to you the full image of that face. The only one I ever saw which bore any resemblance to its character was that of Warren Hastings—you well remember the effect *it* produced, when he appeared among all that magnificent assemblage, to take his degree at the installation of Lord Grenville. In the countenance of Mackenzie, there is the same clear transparency of skin, the same freshness of complexion, in the midst of all the extenuation of old age. The wrinkles, too, are set close to each other, line upon line ; not deep and bold, and rugged, like those of most old men, but equal and undivided over the whole surface, as if no touch but that of Time had been there, and as if even He had traced the vestiges of his dominion with a sure indeed, but with a delicate and reverential finger. The lineaments have all the appearance of having been beautifully shaped, but the want of his teeth has thrown them out of their natural relation to each other. The eyes alone have bid defiance to the approach of the adversary. Beneath bleached and hoary brows, and surrounded with innumerable wrinkles, they are still as tenderly, as brightly blue, as full of all the various eloquence and fire of passion, as they could have been in the most vivacious of his days, when they were lighted up with that purest and loftiest of all earthly flames, the first secret triumph of conscious and conceiving genius.

'By and by, Mr. Mackenzie withdrew into his closet, and having there thrown off his slippers, and exchanged his cap for a brown wig, he conducted me to the drawing-room. His family were already assembled to receive us—his wife, just as I should have wished to picture her, a graceful old lady, with much of the remains of beauty, clothed in an open gown of black silk, with deep flounces, and having a high cap with the lace meeting below the chin—his eldest son, a man rather


Egotisms Comfort (6th sheet)

There is no word in french for Comfort; when it is accidentally introduced they use the English word — The french are without the feeling as well as the ... Being too vivacious, too energetic to be satisfied with quiet Comfort.

— The Highland idea of Comfort is warmth, naturally enough seeing it is uncomfortable for Cold — To obtain this they will continue the fire in a smoky hut regardless of the Reeking reek as Burns called it, (almost burning their Shins when the Peats burn briskly yet they can like Dogs (fond of warmth as they) endure a great deal of Cold & wade, also like Dogs, thro deep Snow without seeming annoyed by it.

A PAGE OF THE MACKENZIE MANUSCRIPT

above my own standing, who is said to inherit much of the genius of his father (although he has chosen to devote it to very different purposes—being very eminent among the advocates of the present time)—and some younger children. The only visitor, besides myself, was an old friend, and, indeed, contemporary of Mackenzie, a Mr. R—, who was, in his time, at the head of the profession of the law in Scotland; but who has now lived for many years in retirement. . . . It was a delightful thing to see these two old men, who had rendered themselves eminent in two so different walks of exertion, meeting together in the quiet evening of their days, to enjoy in the company of each other every luxury which intellectual communication can afford, heightened by the yet richer luxury of talking over the feelings of times, to which they almost alone are not strangers.

'They are both perfectly men of the world, so that there was not the least tinge of professional pedantry in their conversation. As for Mr. Mackenzie, indeed, literature was never anything more than an amusement to him, however great the figure he has made in it, and the species of literature in which he excelled was, in its very essence, connected with any ideas rather than those of secluded and artist-like abstraction. There was nothing to be seen which could have enabled a stranger to tell which was the great lawyer, and which the great novelist. I confess, indeed, I was a little astonished to find, from Mr. Mackenzie's mode of conversation, how very little his habits had ever been those of a mere literary man. He talked for at least half an hour, and, I promise you, very knowingly, about flies for angling; and told me, with great good humour, that he still mounts his poney in autumn, and takes the field against the grouse with a long fowling-piece slung from his back, and a pointer-bitch to the full as venerable among her species as her affectionate master is among his. The lively vivacity with which he talked over various little minute circumstances of his last campaign in the moors, and the almost boyish keenness with which he seemed to be looking forward to the time of trouting—all this might have been looked upon as rather frivolous, and out of place, in another of his years; but, for my part, I could not help being filled both with delight and admiration, by so uncommon a display of elasticity in the springs of his temperament.

'He gave us an excellent bottle of Muscat-de-Rivesaltes during dinner, and I must say I am inclined very much to approve of that old-fashioned delicacy. We had no lack of Château-la-Rose afterwards, and neither of the old gentlemen seemed to have the slightest objection to its inspiration. A truly charming air of sober hilarity was diffused over their features, and they began to give little sketches of

the old times, in which perhaps their hilarity might not always be so sober, in a way that carried me back delightfully to the very heart of "High-jinks". According to the picture they gave, the style of social intercourse in this city, in their younger days, seems, indeed, to have been wonderfully easy and captivating. . . . They did not deal in six weeks' invitations and formal dinners; but they formed, at a few hours' notice, little snug supper-parties, which, without costing any comparative expence, afforded opportunities a thousand-fold for all manner of friendly communication between the sexes. As for the gentlemen, they never thought of committing any excess, except in taverns, and at night; and Mr. R— mentioned, that, almost within his own recollection, it had been made matter of very serious aggravation in the offence of a gentleman of rank, tried before the Court of Justiciary, that he had allowed his company to get drunk in his house before it was dark, even in the month of July. At that time, the only liquor was claret, and this was sent for just as they wanted it—huge pewter jugs, or, as they called them, *stoups* of claret, being just as commonly to be seen travelling the streets of Edinburgh in all directions *then*, as mugs of Mieux and Barclay are in those of London *now*. Of course, I made allowance for the privilege of age; but I have no doubt there was abundance of good wit, and, what is better, good-humour among them, no less than of good claret. If I were to take the evening I spent in listening to its history as a fair specimen of the "Auld Time" (and after all, why should I not?), I should almost be inclined to reverse the words of the Laureate, and to say,

> —of all places, and all times of earth,
> Did fate grant choice of time and place to men,
> Wise choice might be their SCOTLAND, and their THEN.'

## II

Perhaps it was the dedication to *Waverley* which first suggested to Mackenzie the writing of his *Anecdotes*; possibly it was the cordial reception given his *Life of John Home* in 1822. At any rate, he writes to Tom Moore, the poet, on 12 November 1825 as follows:

'I wish your candid and impartial opinion about a literary adventure in which some kind booksellers wish me to engage, namely a book like Butler's *Reminiscences*, my recollections of Scotland, particularly of Edinburgh during my pilgrimage of now between 60 and 70 years. They accompany their suggestion with the offer of a bribe much above

what the book would be worth, did my advanced and wav'ring age allow of my writing it well. But besides the chance being against that, I do not chuse risking the little reputation which I have gained as an author ; and what is more material, though I think I could not publish anything that would reasonably offend, I know there are people so sensitive as to be angry at being alluded to in print, even were it in praise, and it is impossible to write such a work with any hope of its being read, without some personal allusion. It will gratify me to be told your opinion as to this matter when you can spare a quarter of an hour from more important occupations.

' Besides the foregoing objections, I told those partial booksellers that the recollections being chiefly, almost all indeed Scottish, would not interest an English reader, but they assured me I was quite mistaken in that supposition, everything pertaining to Scotland at this moment being, like our plaids and pebbles, in great request in England.'

Moore answered on 6 December :

' The plan proposed to you by the booksellers is one on which you can hardly expect an unbiassed opinion from me—for it is impossible to keep the selfish desire I should have for such a work from your hands from mingling with any judgement I should give on the subject. Of its general attractiveness there can be no doubt, and though I can well understand the delicacy that makes you hesitate at undertaking it, yet that very delicacy is the best guarantee for its safety in your hands, and as there is nobody who could tell more than you, so none could tell it, I am sure, with more taste and caution.'

Meanwhile Mackenzie had been writing out some of the *Anecdotes* for Sir Walter Scott's perusal, and had received a letter which it may be worth while to present almost *in toto* :

' My dear Sir,

I take the advantage of Mr. Ballantyne's return to Edinburgh to return you in safety the collection of Reminiscences which I am happy to find you have taken the trouble to write and with the same vein of humour with which you introduce them so happily in society.

Two or three trifling remarks struck me—The flying man's descent is well described in the Fool of Quality. But he was not the first of his trade. Old Bervie [Glenbervie ?] in his diary mentions a man who flew from the top of Saint Giles's steeple down to the High street playing " sic soople tricks on ane tow " that the citizens were greatly astonished.—The boiling lead apparently swallowed by fire-eaters is in fact quick silver.

About the Quarterly Review, I certainly advised the setting it up ;

but Gifford was always the manager nor did I contribute above five or six articles.

On the subject of the *Edinr. Concert* the strange and gothic custom of d—ning or saving the ladies is too particular to be forgotten.

I have heard the story about the money told of Donald Gunn. I fear Rob Roy would have " impeticoted the gratility " as Shakespeare's clown says.

*Kouli Khan :* The Glasgow people shewed an odd desire to appropriate even Robespierre—nothing would convince them that he was not an insolvent merchant of their own good town called Robert or Rob Spiers.

Genl. Melville. He passed my friend George Ellis on the Rhetian Alps pushing forward to investigate what he thought the route of Hannibal. Two days after, Ellis met him on his return.—" What the deuce has turned you back ? "—" I cannot get my *elephant* over the rock ", said Melville.

About large or small houses, it must be conceded to the present age that their residences are much more healthy. My father and mother, healthy people, while residing high above the Anchor Close in the High Street lost six children successively. They went to the south side of the town, as you may remember, and behold six children grew up to be men and women.

Forgive these scraps, my dear Sir. As you bid me mention anything that occurs, may I be pardoned from hinting that Sir Ilay Campbell's death is perhaps rather too recent for publishing strictures on his judicial character though you are quite just. . . .

Here is a skimble skamble sort of letter. Believe me always, my dear and venerable Sir

With the greatest respect
Your very faithful humble servt.
Walter Scott.

Abbotsford, 2d April

The deuce take your *March dust* : the drought which has produced it will lose me certain scores of pounds in letting grass parks this day when grass is *none*.'

Mackenzie docketed this letter on 5 April 1825 with the note : ' He does not, according to my request, give me his opinion as to the propriety of my finishing or publishing such a Work. I still continue doubtful about it, or rather indeed incline strongly to the *negative*, which in such cases is always the safest side.' And so, although his friends con-

tinued to urge their publication, the *Anecdotes and Egotisms* remained unpublished at Mackenzie's death in 1831.

There are several hundred manuscript pages of them, mostly in quarto with perhaps fifty folio sheets and a good many stray scraps of paper. Tom Moore warned the author that the difficulty would be in ' stringing them together '— a difficulty which the editor has had to solve. The present arrangement into chapters is still illogical, but better than any of the rough attempts at classification which occur in the papers. I have tried to use the author's headings for stories whenever he had happened to jot headings down. Often there are two or three manuscript versions of the same story ; in such cases I have selected the one which seemed best, but have sometimes introduced sentences from rejected versions. In all cases words supplied by the editor are placed within [square brackets].

Of course, a man of eighty is bound to make mistakes in chronology and even in names. The more serious errors have been corrected in the text within brackets ; the rest of the critical apparatus has been compressed within a Biographical Index which will probably be found useful for those who care to read further in the delightful literature of Mackenzie's period, though I have intended merely to give such information as will elucidate the present text. Most of the information in this index, except the dates of well-known Englishmen found in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, has been derived from first-hand sources and will be found to differ at points from previous publications. For students with special interest in the period I have added an Index to Scottish Places and rather a full General Index. The Scots, who are still a nation of antiquaries, will, I trust, call my attention to the numerous errors of which I have been guilty, and will pardon the mistakes of affectionate ignorance.

Not all of the manuscript of the *Anecdotes* is here published. Some of it has been lost, and some of it has not seemed to the editor worth publishing. Mackenzie mentions several times a note-book filled with stories which I have not found. Then he talks of having written numerous anecdotes about Burns ; he may have lent them to Lockhart for

his *Life of Burns*, or they may have disappeared with the Mackenzie-Burns correspondence—certainly a most unfortunate loss. That Mackenzie did lend bits of his *Anecdotes* to friends is certain ; for instance, the only part of the present text previously published is the account of Rector Lees and his under-masters which Wm. Steven used in his *History of the Edinburgh High School*, 1849, with acknowledgement of his debt to Mackenzie.

Evidently the author intended to make a separate book of *Egotisms* ; evidently also he had no clear idea in his own mind of the distinction between an anecdote and an egotism. Unable to supply this lack, the editor simply shuffled together the papers from the two bundles and tried to make one book of them. The author's spelling has been followed, but his punctuation is of the sort that made Sir Thomas Browne urge his son, Honest Tom, ' For God's sake, mind your points ! ' In the matter of points, therefore, the editor has tried to follow the role of Honest Tom. If a sample of the original pointing is required, it will be found in the section about Burns, which, for various reasons, is printed exactly as found. One other liberty, besides the pointing, has been taken. Scottish writers have a way, evident even in 1825, of explaining their jokes, sometimes supplying moral reflections upon them. It is not the least of Mackenzie's virtues that he seldom indulged himself in this form of debauchery ; but where he did I have been ruthless in omitting the explanatory sentence, and I trust that future editors will follow my example. It is hideous that the same nation which makes the best of jokes should be given the exclusive right of interpreting them.

As has been said, Mackenzie left the manuscript of the *Anecdotes and Egotisms* to his son, Lord Mackenzie of Belmont, who left it to his daughter, the late Miss Frances Mackenzie of Moray Place, Edinburgh. She left it to her cousin Mrs. E. J. C. Savile, and the manuscript is now published with the permission of Major Frank Hope Mackenzie Savile, Mrs. Savile's executor, and by the courtesy of Major Savile and his brother, Gordon Mackenzie Savile, Esq., great-grandsons of the Man of Feeling and

heirs of his fine spirit of hospitality. With the same permission I am to use the Mackenzie correspondence in my forthcoming biography of Henry Mackenzie, in which I shall make acknowledgement for biographical material used in the preceding sketch. All the letters quoted above, except the one from Sir Walter Scott (which belongs to me), are from the Savile papers. Lack of space forbids the insertion of a bibliography, but it will be found, I trust, in a later volume.

Miss Jessie MacGregor, for many years the intimate friend and companion of the late Miss Mackenzie, has helped me so much and in so many ways that her name should be on the title-page as joint editor. Whenever I remember the kindness and the grace of Edinburgh I shall remember her. I shall remember at the same time Mr. Francis J. Grant, His Majesty's Rothesay Herald, who put at my disposal his enormous knowledge of Scottish families and Scottish history. Professor Grierson and Messrs. Nicholson and Muriset of Edinburgh University, and Messrs. Minto and Robertson of the Signet Library, have shown me many courtesies. For assistance in locating the manuscript of the *Anecdotes*, which I had been hoping to find for about ten years, I am indebted to four learned Athenians of the North : Mr. A. Francis Steuart, Mr. John A. Inglis of Auchindinny, Mr. John Richardson, W.S., and Mr. J. Graham Callander.

For permission to reproduce the portraits of Mackenzie and his wife my thanks are due to the Countess of Seafield and to Mr. J. Grant Smith ; for the portrait by Colvin Smith, and for the picture of Scott and his friends, to Mr. James L. Caw, the Keeper of the National Galleries, Edinburgh ; for the miniature portrait, to Mrs. O. B. Whyte ; for the picture of Burns before the Kilwinning Lodge, to the Scottish Grand Lodge.

To further better understanding between Scotland and that country where her great prestige is perhaps highest is not an urgent necessity. The fact is, however, that the editing has been done by grace of a fellowship, one of the first fifteen granted by the John Simon Guggenheim Me-

morial Foundation, an endowment founded by an American Senator and his wife in memory of their son and in the hope of furthering better understanding between the scholars of America and those of other nations. Most of the work has been done in the library of Edinburgh University, and, to complete the symbolism, the book is to be published by the Oxford University Press. So this is a little cheer from Harvard to Edinburgh and Oxford for Henry Mackenzie, the Addison of the North.

HAROLD WILLIAM THOMPSON.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY,
*August*, 1927.

## CHAPTER I

# NATIONAL MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

## DRINKING

LORD GLENORCHY, who was rather fond of his bottle, gave a very sensible direction to his servant, if he dined out of a Sunday and had exceeded a little in drinking with the company. Lady Glenorchy, who was a very pious woman, went generally on Sunday evenings to a religious meeting at the house of Dr. Walker, minister of the High Church, and Lord Glenorchy used to attend. But if he was to dine in company, he told his servant, when he came to attend him to his carriage, to offer him the wrong side of his surtout, and if he objected to it, to carry him to the meeting; if he tried to put it on as it was, to carry him home.

Mathew Henderson said that no man could be called drunk, who had so much sense left as to draw in his leg from the wheel of a hackney coach.

It is dangerous to the health of an old man, accustomed to drink hard in his younger days, to give up drinking altogether and suddenly. An old friend of mine shewed good sense in this. He was one of the hardest drinkers in Scotland during his middle age, having prepared himself, however, by having tasted no strong liquour till past twenty. From that to sixty, he drank more than any man in Scotland; I once saw him after he had drunk fourteen bottles of punch, when he came to my father's to supper, and feeling his own situation, begged to lie down for half an hour in bed, while the supper party was playing cards. He was called when supper was served up and behaved with perfect propriety and like a gentleman. At sixty he gave up drinking, but by degrees, measuring out, for a year or two, a pint of wine, and never exceeding that, and then lessening the quantity to half a pint and latterly to three or four glasses, which were measured out to him by his wife. He lived to be above four score in wonderful health and strength.

Dr. Robertson told me he asked an old gentleman how

he had contrived to keep such good health and yet drink so hard. 'I had only one rule,' answered the old gentleman; 'I never debauched my body with punch.'—Claret was then the only toper's wine in Scotland. Port was unknown, except in the shops of some apothecaries. A northern noble lord told me his rule was somewhat similar to that of Dr. Robertson's friend: he never drank any other liquour than wine, except water; it is the mixture, said his Lordship, that hurts the stomach.

Of late, epicures in Scotland have taken a different turn. Eating is their favourite indulgence; they are very expert cooks. *The Almanac des Gourmands* is their gospel, and *Dr. Kitchiner* their apostle.

In this country wine seems necessary to inspire conversation after dinner. When Sir James Stewart [Steuart], the author of *Political Economy*, returned from abroad, he invited a select party of friends to dine with him to welcome his arrival. After dinner he said: 'Nobody seems inclined to drink and I have been accustomed to confine my drinking chiefly to the time of dinner. Suppose we order away these bottles and glasses, and sit sociably round the fire.' This plan was unanimously agreed to; but Sir James soon found the conversation to flag, and some of the company were almost asleep. 'I see, Gentlemen,' said he 'this won't do, in Scotland. We must have back the bottles and glasses, and with their inspiration our conversation will be revived.' That was accordingly done, and had the effect which he predicted.

Barley is the best material for brewing, tho' of late to save the duty on malt (now in 1825 much lessened) the brewer used a considerable proportion of raw grain. The quality, however, of ale brewed in this manner is not reckoned so good as when entirely brewed from malt. The ale of Edinburgh used to have very high reputation, Bell's beer as it was called going over great part of Europe and exported even as far as the East Indies. I think he has no successor equally skillful in that art; he was ingenious but somewhat whimsical. At one time he brewed an ale in imitation of Burton which I thought excellent, particularly when I drank it in Nairnshire, after a sea voyage thither; but he took it

into his head that he could not brew it so well as his beer and so gave it up, tho' I thought it much more palatable, being mild without any of the sharpness which his beer had.

## SWEARING

I REMEMBER a lady using as a common asseveration, 'As I hope to be saved'. An old friend of mine, meaning to rebuke her, said, 'Madam, it would have more force if you said, "May I be damned if I don't".' I recollect another lady of the same part of the country who used the asseveration, 'By my modesty',—which was not very delicate. It had been better if she had adopted the nonsensical exclamation of a neighbour, 'Oh! Geminini, lemons and oranges!' The ladies now do not venture such eccentricities; they are contented with nonsense more fashionable, tho' scarcely less ridiculous.

Sir Robert Myreton of Gogar was the most inveterate swearer in Scotland. He could not speak a sentence without an oath. He was a great lover of music, and when the celebrated Tenducci was brought over to sing at our Edinburgh Concert, he was delighted to be asked to meet him at supper. Tenducci next day mentioning the company, could not recollect Sir Robert's name, but after trying in vain to recollect it, described him as 'il cavaliere che sempre dice *Goddam*'.

Sir Robert always said grace at his own table. One day a clergyman dined with him, and forgetting the etiquette of asking the reverend gentleman to say grace, Sir Robert began to say it himself; he suddenly recollected the impropriety, but was too far on to stop, and finished his grace in the following extraordinary manner: 'Oh Lord! . . . God's curse! . . . Deil care! . . . Amen!'—The breaks may easily be filled up: the first stop was from the recollection of the clergyman at his elbow; the second when he thought the omission was of little consequence; and the concluding Amen was the usual termination of his grace.

His daughter, a very beautiful young lady, married Sir W. Cunningham, who after her death married Lord Thurlow's natural daughter.

## SMUGGLING

THE Isle of Man the great smuggling *entrepot*. G. Grenville [had a] rage for purchasing it, but after [it was] purchased, smuggling still continued on the west coast, from Ireland chiefly; had the advantage there of numerous bays, creeks, and islands. Mr. Pitt's Acts of Parliament at last put nearly a stop to foreign smuggling; but the Distillery Laws created a worse in its room, domestic smuggling of whiskey, with all its demoralising qualities. The only cure encouragement of legal distillation, that now resorted to; but in years of cheap barley, the proprietors, whose rents are paid in grain, have an interest in the illicit distillation, and when they as justices [sit] on the offences of the smugglers, treat them frequently with a lenient hand.

## DIGNITY

A GENTLEMAN in the north of Scotland, not of the most powerful intellect nor cultivated manners, was lord paramount of a public fair or market held on his estate. He had made very proper regulations for the observance of order and peaceable conduct there. An acquaintance passing the place saw the laird himself sitting in the stocks, the punishment allotted for breaches of the peace during the fair. 'Good God!' exclaimed he. 'Who placed *you* there?'—'Hist!' replied the laird; 'it is for my own dignity.' A very impartial and just sentiment, for the laird had got tipsy and then disorderly, and his bailiff inflicted on him the punishment which his own regulation enacted as incurred by the offence.

## NATIONAL VANITY

THERE is a national vanity among the Scots to claim as their countrymen all illustrious men if they can trace anything like a Scots descent. A ludicrous claim of this sort I remember when Thamas Kouli Chan was Emperor of Persia and made a great figure in Eastern history; some Highlander discovered that he was of Scots descent, and that his ancestor was a chief of the name of McKilligan. Sir

Walter Scott tells a similar anecdote of a claim by the Glasgow people; namely, that Robespierre, the sanguinary hero of the French Revolution, was originally an insolvent merchant of their city, of the name of Robert or Rob Speirs.

There was a joke against the Grants, reckoned one of the most clannish of Highland tribes, that for increase of the clan they send to bribe felons to call themselves Grant; but the opposite theory, just as probable, was maintained by some of the adverse clans, to wit, that when a Grant was to be hanged, which they said was frequently the case, they bribed him to deny his name, and call himself by some one belonging to another clan.

## THE HOSPITALITY OF CAITHNESS

WHEN I was first in Caithness, there were no roads in the county. It required good piloting to get through the mossy places; if the sward was broke through, the horse or man would sink very deep. A country wag whom I asked as to the depth of [it] said to me, 'Sir, if you once break through the sward, you might land in the South Sea.'

The lairds were the most absolute princes in the world. Once that my aunt Lady Dunbar was to go on a visit to a distant part of the county, Sir William sent notice of their intended journey and desired the tenants to take care that the bogs on their route should be passable. Under the fear of Sir William, they took off the doors of their cottages and made bridges of them to let the horses pass in safety.

There were no inns, but the hospitality of the gentlemen supplied that defect; every house was an inn to the stranger. The laird of the first one he came to took him on to his neighbour and attended him thither himself; the second followed his example, so that sometimes there was an accumulation of guests for whom provision was to be made. The article of beds was the most difficult; I was in one room, the largest in the house, where twenty-five gentlemen had lain a few nights before. The dance gave the younger ones employment during the day; the old and lazy sat down to cards, which they began immediately after breakfast and

scarce interrupted for dinner; at least when earnest on their game, they got some person to swallow a hasty meal and take their place as a locum tenens. The finest weather did not entice them from their game. Sometimes tales of wonder amused them. I remember being at Miss Sinclair's of Brabster Myre, with a party like that of Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, where I heard a singularly marvellous story of a young second-sight seer told by Dr. Sinclair.

Fairies another article of belief. Sinclair of Freswick said he saw them often and invited my aunt Lady Dunbar to come to his house to see them; he said he would send to let her know when he next expected a visit from them, but he did not perform that promise. An old fat cook of Sir William's lying one night in the old hall at Ackergill Tower was visited by the fairies; the Queen asked him to dance with her, a strange partner for a Queen, but he refused, on which she told him, if he ever danced with any other woman, she would punish him for his refusal. He believed this visitation (probably a dream in his drink, for he often went drunk to bed) and would not, however pressed, ever dance after that during his life.

The hospitality of one old gentleman, the great-grandfather of the present Lord Caithness, carried a very extraordinary length, by offering his guests, young bachelors, the choice of a bedfellow among his maids; he was a very liquourish old gentleman, delighting in obscene stories and jests, the only kind of conversation he relished. 'Turpe,' says the Roman satirist, 'senilis amor', and so it shewed in him; but the lairds lived in a very licentious style and did not think this office, reckoned in other places a disgrace even to the meanest of the people, anything extraordinary or disgraceful.

## JUGGS

IN my younger days this instrument, which supplied the place of the stocks in England, was an appendage of that sort of customary jurisdiction exercised by all great proprietors of lands, as well commoners as peers, throughout the country of Scotland. It was a sort of iron collar which was

fastened round the neck of petty offenders, generally little pilferers catched in the fact of robbing gardens, plucking of geese for the sake of their quills, etc. There was often a pair of those instruments fastened by a chain to each side of the outer gate of the chateau of the lord or laird, where the culprit was left standing, pillory-wise, for a shorter or longer time according to the slighter or more serious nature of his offence.

The old Lord Strathmore was a great lover of order and regularity, and a strict uniformity was observed in the garden and grounds adjoining his castle of Glammis, at the gate of which, when I first visited it, I remember the juggs on each side. A young depredator, having been catched in the fact of robbing the orchard, was, by his Lordship's order, placed in the jugg on one side of the gate, after pronouncing which sentence his Lordship took his usual morning's walk. On returning from his walk he saw another boy standing in the other jugg on the opposite side of the gate. 'What has this chield been doing?' his Lordship enquired at an old butler who was standing by. 'Nothing, an please your Lordship,' answered the butler; 'we pat him there for *uniformity*.' (This story told by me to Sir Walter Scott, who made great use of it in his first letter in defence of the *Small Bank-Notes*.)

## PRESENTIMENTS

I AM no believer in presentiments; yet I remember one of a striking kind felt by my father which made such an impression on me that it is fresh in my memory now at the distance of seventy odd years. We had then a country holding at Newbattle in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. My father rode to town one morning, promising to return to dinner. He did not come, however, and told us he had been pressed to dine with a friend, which detained him in town. On being asked about the party there, he said he left the dining-room so soon after dinner that he did not know them all. 'But one lady,' said he, 'impressed me strongly with so disagreeable a feeling that I was rather uneasy till I got away. I did not learn her name, but I am convinced she will die a violent death.' One of the party who called on us a few days after informed us that that lady was Mrs. Home

of Billy, commonly called Lady Billy. Some years after, she was murdered by her servant in whom she had the most perfect confidence; but he had that day brought her money from a tenant and saw her deposit it in a drawer which he forced open and possessed himself of it. She very imprudently on being wakened by the noise named his name, which tempted him to murder her to get rid of her evidence against him. His name was Ross, and he hung long in chains betwixt Edinburgh and Leith.

## FORMALITY

A COUNTRY gentleman of my acquaintance, very finical in business, Sir J. G. of G., used to take *minutes* of any little transaction in the country; one which I remember had somewhat more particularly ludicrous than the others, from the odd contrast between the formal word *sederunt* and the scene of the business minuted. The title was

Sederunt.

Sir J. G. of G. and John Gow mason, at a *walk*. It is agreed between them that the said John Gow shall build a wall, &c.

A ludicrous minute of a different rank of men was repeated to me by a gentleman in the south of Scotland, who declared it was not invention, but very near the truth. It was made by the minister of my narrator's parish on occasion of a butcher, one of his parishioners, asking leave to notify to the people assembled to go to church next Sunday, the sale of some beef, the flesh of a *stot* which the butcher was about to kill. He was introduced into the minister's parlour by the clerk or precentor, and when he had told his request, the minister, after a serious pause, spoke as follows, the other interlocutor being John the precentor.—'Well, Gabriel, your friend the precentor must make a minute of our communing on this business. You can draw a minute, John.'—'A minute! That I can gif it were an hour.'—'Here then, write on this sheet of paper,—make a margent on it, in case of any alteration or correction.' John writes as the minister dictates:

At the manse of — this — day of April 1769. Present the minister, John—precentor, and Gabriel—flesher and

elder of this parish—anent a *stot*, which the said Gabriel has a purpose of killing on the morrow, and which the minister, having examined, being skilful in such beasts, having several of his ain, finds to be in good and marketable condition. It is prayed by the said Gabriel and consented to by the minister, that notification shall be made on Sabbath next, to the congregation assembled in the kirkyard, that the said Gabriel is to kill a prime stot tomorrow of which the beef is to be sold by him on Wednesday next the 15th current, at his stand in the Back Row, it being a condition of the minister's consent that the said Gabriel shall pay to the said precentor the accustomed fee of one shilling.

## GARDENING

THE science of gardening seems to have been successfully cultivated in the county of Edinburgh long ago. I forget at what period (I believe about the close of the seventeenth century) a treatise on gardening was published by the gardener at Colintoun, three miles from Edinburgh, which I have seen, and was thought to be a very sensible performance. Colintoun was then the property of the family of Fowlis, at that time possessed of very extensive property, whose gardener therefore was one of eminence. Some remains of his improvements remained till after I had attained the age of manhood. I remember being sent by a lady who then followed the fashionable amusement of breeding silkworms, to Colintoun to get mulberry leaves, that being the only place in Scotland where mulberry trees were known to exist.—Yet I recollect one solitary mulberry tree in my grandfather's garden at Nairn, from which, in favourable seasons, I have eat ripe mulberries, which stood, I think, tho' a withered stump, yet now and then bearing a little fruit till within twenty or thirty years ago.

## AGRICULTURE

ONE of the Fathers, I forget which, has a severe sarcasm against gentlemen farmers, who to say truth seldom profit much by their agricultural labours. He puts the question, 'Quid est agricultura?' [He] answers in three infinitives,

'Laborare, mentiri, mendicare.' The first will not be denied. Gentlemen farmers are apt to indulge in the latter, magnifying prices of their produce and giving short computations of the expense of production. The last is seldom strictly verified; but the loss is often so considerable as to trench pretty deeply on the capital of a gentleman's fortune.

The farmers near town do not now allow gleaners to come on their fields till the crop is led off. Formerly I remember them providing themselves with gleaners on which they made considerable profit, geese which were bought in the north of England and turned out on the stubble after the crops were carried to the stackyard. I do not think that practice is continued now. Where the crop is cut down by the scythe if rightly laid and gathered together by the assistants of the mowers, there is very little left for the gleaner. I was one of the first who employed the scythe at the farm I had for twelve years at Auchindinny, and I found it answer extremely well. I had made a sketch of a scythe in Yorkshire employed for that purpose, a common scythe, but with two parallel twigs or withies fixed to the shaft of the scythe a little above the blade, which kept what was cut in regular rows, at least so that a boy or girl accompanying the mower could lay it in regular rows to be put up in stooks by the bandster or binder.

Agriculture now excellent in Scotland, but it may be said of recent introduction, and not yet universal; the skill and product very unequal in different districts. The turnip husbandry was introduced into Scotland about the year 17[50]. Dr. Hay, afterwards Sir John [James] Hay, had served as a regimental surgeon in Flanders [in 1744], and having been early led to take an interest in farming at his father's estate, Hayston in Peebleshire, he introduced the culture of turnips which he had seen in that country, and it soon became universal.

Drill husbandry first introduced about the year 1765 in a remote part of Scotland, Murrayshire, by a Dr. Walker at Westfield near Elgin; but from the nature of the soil and a very insufficient quantity of manure with so little success as to be ridiculed rather than followed by his neigh-

bours. Now (1826) it is very much adopted. When at Scarborough, about twenty years ago, I used in the course of my daily rides to talk with the farmers on husbandry affairs. To one, seemingly a very intelligent man, who had a very large field of turnips, a common crop in that neighbourhood, I expressed my surprise that they were *broadcast* instead of being drilled, which was the universal practice in Scotland, and was held to be much more advantageous for future crops. He said he was of that opinion; but in that country and all round there was a great drawback on *drills*, that their large broad-backed sheep often fell into the drills and sometimes perished. I confess I thought this an indolent objection which might be obviated without much trouble.

Wonderful improvements in the agriculture of Midlothian of late years, particularly in the article of farm horses, the farmers having at last discovered that a powerful horse who does his work better, and (which is very important) much quicker than an indifferent one, eats no more hay and corn than the worst and cheapest he could purchase. The Leith horses employed to convey packages from that place to Edinburgh were infamous for their badness, and were often cast horses from hunts and other horse occupations, sold and purchased for feeding hounds. A Leith carter, whose wretched animal of an old worn-out horse died on the road, is said to have exclaimed, 'Well, since I must get another horse, I am resolved to have a good one, tho' it should cost me three half-crowns.'

'Oats, in England the food of horses, in Scotland that of men,'—Dr. Johnson's definition is not more out of place for a dictionary than false, oat-bread being much eaten in the north and west of England. But Lord Elibank answered well when he said, 'Yes, and they are the best horses and the best men in Europe.'

Here I may introduce the speech of Lord Dundonald, another witty peer of that time, who [was] accompanying an English gentleman from Hamilton to Edinburgh, when they came near the Kirk of Shotts, one of the most barren spots in Scotland. Seeing the stranger look with surprise

at a very scanty crop of oats, he said: 'Do not think, sir, that these oats are meant to be reaped. They are only the produce of a few bolls which the Duke of Hamilton directs to be sown here for food to the partridges.'

On the subject of oaten bread,—a wag of my acquaintance, a merchant in Inverness, [was] travelling north with an English gentleman when they dined at Dalwhinny, an inn in the desert plain of Drumoachter. The house could afford only oatcakes, their wheaten bread imported from Perth having been all used the day before. 'I am afraid, sir,' said the Invernesian, 'you won't be able to eat that bread.'—'Pardon me, I find it palatable enough tho' a little hard.'—'You will not wonder at its hardness when I tell you that the natives here make it of the bark of trees.'

Scarcity almost amounting to famine in the year 17[82]. Great distress in some Highland districts from the early frost and the consequent loss of their potatoes; particular distress in that district of Banffshire called the Cabrach. I was myself in that neighbourhood that season, and witnessed the melancholy sight of snow on the standing corn, which the reapers were shaking off as they reaped. The poorer ranks of the people made a sort of pottage of the nettles growing in the churchyards. Diseases in consequence of spare and bad diet; good effect of this calamity the future introduction of early oats. Another good effect, no distillation and no whiskey.

The wheat of the southern counties of England makes better flour than is produced in Scotland, and some of the Scots bakers use none else, tho' the Corporation of Bakers of Edinburgh have mills of their own at the village of Water of Leith, where they grind the flour commonly purchased from the farmers of Scotland.

## THIGGING

THIGGING a good custom: a new married couple going round their friends and relations for assistance to set up house; has softened into wedding presents.

## BLACK MAIL

LORD PRESTONGRANGE when Lord Advocate was consulted by two Highland lairds, his distant relations, about a suit which one proposed to institute against the other to make him account for his share of the plunder of a *Michaelmas Moon*, supposed the most favorable for such predatory expeditions from its rising several nights at the same time. Prestongrange asked them if they were both willing to be hanged. To insure cattle from such depredations some of the powerful chiefs had an annual sum paid them which was called *black mail*. Black mail so late as '44; my father saw Mcpherson of Cluny at my grandfather's collecting it.

## SHETLANDERS

SOME Shetlanders were called before an Election Committee of the House of Commons. Sir George Savile, who was in the chair, was delighted with the good sense and simplicity of their evidence. In the course of his questions to one witness Sir George spoke of Spring and Autumn. The witness in his answer said: 'Those among us who read your poets have observed these words, and endeavoured to form an idea of the seasons in favoured climates; but we have only two,—the season for fishing, which is short, and the long one in which we cannot fish.'

The Shetlanders have, in common with the Highlanders, a great contempt for the inhabitants of Orkney. A zealous Highlander and firm believer in the authenticity of Mcpherson's *Ossian* said he knew the reason of Malcolm Laing's writing a book to disprove that authenticity: it was from his hatred, as an Orkney man, of Highlanders, which was equal to the dislike and contempt which the Highlanders felt for Orkney men.

## HUMANITY

ONE of the numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine* was devoted to a particular account of the visit of King George IV to Edinburgh, and gave in detail every incident which happened in the course of it except, I think, one, which did

equal honour to His Majesty and to the inhabitants of Edinburgh. Everybody has heard His Majesty's admiration of the Calton Hill, on which an innumerable multitude of people were assembled to witness his passing to Holyrood House; but he mentioned as one of the most striking and gratifying incidents he had met with there, that, on the rush of the mob down the hill to get near his carriage, a person fell, when in a moment the multitude stopped, and those nearest the person who had fallen, made a rampart to protect him from being crushed by the people running down. This was a trait, His Majesty said, of the discretion and humanity of the Scots population which he could not but admire, and should not forget.

## ARTICLES OF LUXURY OR CONVENIENCE

SOME articles in daily use continued long to be fashioned in forms not at all convenient. It is within my memory when the first discovery of an easy seat in a chair was made by changing the raised centre, which was like the middle of a Roman shield, into a gentle hollow. Shoe-buckles stuck straight out from the foot, instead of as now made to humour its natural shape. Coffee-cups were so small at the bottom as to be constantly overturning. Egg-cups are another very useful modern invention.

Some of the modern inventions, however, or the modern use of certain implements, seem fantastic and not useful. A three-pronged fork is not so good an implement for eating many dishes as a dessert spoon; if a disciple of the *Fourchette* faction happens to dine with a family not provided with three-pronged forks, he makes an awkward figure by the use of a two-pronged one, as I have seen a dandy trying to master a plate of pease, which escaped between the prongs of his fork, but he durst not be in such *mauvais ton* as to call for a spoon. The modern ottoman may be more elegant than the old sofa, but an old or infirm person is very apt to tumble backwards from it.

Umbrellas, unknown in Edinburgh till about thirty years ago, now as universal as hats. Mr. Alexander Wood, surgeon, was the first who wore one, and after some time

I ventured to imitate him and wore one (which I had got at Bath) in bad or uncertain weather when I did not run much risk in being observed. The Barons of Exchequer, the pavement in front of their Court not admitting of bringing a carriage up to the bottom of the stair, had one as early, I believe, as the institution of the Court; but it was a Chinese one of japanned lath, which I have seen a macer covering their heads with in rain. Edinburgh, notwithstanding this now universal use of the umbrella, is very unfavourable to it from the high winds which prevail there, particularly in the New Town.

## LANGUAGE

THERE was a pure classical *Scots* spoken by genteel people, which I thought very agreeable; it had nothing of the coarseness of the vulgar *patois* of the lower orders of the people. Old Mr. Abercromby, father of Sir Ralph, spoke it with a degree of eloquence and power of expression which I liked extremely. He was very deaf, but the tone of my voice happened to suit him, so that he heard me better than any person not of his own family, and when he lived with his son in Edinburgh some years before his death, it gave me great pleasure to visit him. He had lived in the best company and was uncommonly well informed.

The imitated Scots of the stage is seldom a happy imitation. Macklin, who prided himself for two Scots characters, Sir Archie McSarcasm and Sir Pertinax McSycophant, could not speak Scots. One Mill, an English actor who played these parts in Edinburgh, spoke Scots like a native.

I was once in the situation of the Grecian who imitating a pig was censured for the want of likeness in the imitation, till he produced a living pig which he had under his cloak and made to squeak by pinching it. I was present at the representation of the *Gentle Shepherd* in the little theatre of the Haymarket. A critic near me found fault with the Scots of a girl who played *Jenny*; but in truth she could speak nothing but Scots, being a milliner girl arrived only a few weeks before from Edinburgh.

Lord Elibank was a great Scotsman when in England,

and a great Englishman when in Scotland. A neighbour of his in East Lothian was holding forth on the superior qualities of the Scots. 'I don't dispute that,' said Elibank, 'but I think they do one thing better.'—'You mean, my lord, they make better cheese, but I deny that.'—'No, laird, I only think they speak better English.'

## MODERN MANNERS

IN general the stile for fashionable manners is ease and nonchalance. Our young men care for nobody but themselves. You shall see them press to the fire on the coldest day, stand with their back to it, and pick their teeth, while ladies and old men are shivering at a distance. They will place themselves in the best seat at table, and will help themselves to a whole plate of *ragout*, if it is good, which they will tell with triumph when they have eaten it up. They hold the only true wisdom and the great fashionable manners to consist in taking care of oneself, and caring as little as possible for any other body. They will jump into a carriage alone under a heavy rain while a lady or old gentleman is standing in the lobby not knowing how to get home; when they meet an acquaintance, if they have not *cut* him as their cant phrase is, they will not bow, but nod the head. 'Ne se soucier guère' is their motto.

A *sliding bow* then taught. Now should be called the *Mandarin bow*, as our young men at coming into a room make no other reverence than a nod of their head like the Chinese *Joss* on a chimney-piece.

## DISCIPLINE AND TACT

IN treating with uncivilised or but half civilised nations, a gentleness, a conciliating deportment, is absolutely necessary towards procuring friendship or favour with them. The Malays have been often stigmatised as habitual robbers and murderers; yet my son William, who lived much among them, having (by a particular facility in acquiring languages by the ear, tho' the only bad scholar of my family in the usual mode of learning languages) become perfect in their language, conversing with them with an open and smiling

countenance, and trusting them implicitly, acquired so much influence with them as to command every service and kindness in their power. He visited them without any precautions for his personal safety, and they shewed equal confidence in him, coming to his house, with their wives, in the most familiar and friendly manner. He used to joke that the ladies liked his wine so well as sometimes to forget their dignity and get tipsy, not knowing that effect of the liquour they drank.

My friends the Scots Highlanders, tho' much more civilised and polished than the Malays, have the same sort of temper, never to be managed by rough usage or angry words, but easily by gentleness and conciliating manners. The Highland regiments were the most easily disciplined of the whole British army when treated as gentlemen; but a rough and tyrannical captain offended them so much by an opposite behaviour, that the Seaforth Regiment mutinied in 17[78], retired (like the Romans in the Aventine Secession) to Arthur's Seat, where they bivouacked, till by the persuasion of some prudent men, Highland gentlemen whom they respected, among whom was my brother-in-law Sir James Grant, they stipulated to return to their obedience on reasonable terms, and soon afterwards being sent to Guernsey repulsed the French invaders there in the most gallant manner under the command of Colonel Pearson.

## VAILS

I MAY mention as an old anecdote that Mr. Ord of London, son of Chief Baron Ord, made an apology to my patron, John Mackenzie of Delvin[e], that he did not ask me to dine with him so often as he would have done, from his grudging to make me give the vails [tips] then always given by the guests to the servants of their entertainer. That vile custom was abolished by the resentment of gentlemen at a most insolent opposition made by the party-coloured tribe to Garrick's farce of *High Life below Stairs*; it had been almost extinct in Scotland some time before.

Lord Stair, who was extravagantly generous in everything, gave large vails when he dined from home. He frequently

had his brother along with him on a joint invitation to both. His brother could not afford to give vails that could figure at all with those of the Earl; but he followed him close at leaving the house where they dined and tickled the hand of the servant held out to receive the money. Lord Stair observed the smile of the servant occasioned by this novel sort of reward, and asked his brother how he contrived to please the servant so much. The brother told him the secret, but said that it would only succeed once; therefore he practised it only at houses in which he was not likely to dine again.

## THE WEATHER

I HAVE (I believe very unphilosophically) a good deal of faith in the influence of the moon on the weather, and look for a change at the change of the moon. That belief is founded on long experience and observation. A theory was lately (September 1824) set forth in the newspapers of a prediction of the weather from observing the quarters from which the winds blow at certain phases of the moon; it was stated with much confidence, but whether founded on meteorological observations or not, I don't know.

In my young days a little volume containing the observations on the weather and predictions concerning it from certain appearances in the atmosphere was published by the *Shepherd of Banbury*, in which common observers of the weather placed much reliance. The Shepherd spoke from constant observation in tending his sheep, and I have noticed considerable truth in some of the predictions which the phenomena he mentions led him to form.

The British talk about the weather ridiculed by foreigners; they do not consider how important a pleasure is conferred by a fine day, a pleasure enhanced in Britain by the variable climate of its insular situation.

## A NORTH-COUNTRY JEST

A NORTH-COUNTRY laird of considerable estimation in his county for sagacity and a dry sort of humour, who was thought to have for some time been rather tired of his wife, said after her death that the best piece of *cold meat*

a man could have in his house was a *dead wife*. One of the Lords of Session equally clever and not more uxorious than this laird was delighted with this story which a gentleman in a company of which I was one told after dinner, and laughing heartily at the humour of the saying declared he never heard a cleverer thing and he should certainly never forget it.

## ANOMALIES

RELIGION frequently associates with feelings and conduct of a very uncongenial kind. Instances in high characters [like] Cromwell, but goes through all gradations of rank. Our Seceding Elders in Scotland will cheat and over-reach their neighbours without scruple.

Similar anomalies in moral feeling. A Highlander in the old time would steal (*lift* it was called) the cattle of a neighbouring clan or district without feeling any immorality in it, but he might be safely trusted with money. An acquaintance of mine at Inverness had a manufacturing establishment in a remote Highland district to which he had often sent money by the lowest Highlander, always safely. He went to visit it, mounted on a pony [which] was stolen the night after his arrival; he assembled the people and told them if such practices were carried on he must give up the establishment, but he expected the pony to be returned the next night to the place from which it had been stolen. It was returned accordingly.

## NEWS IN THE HIGHLANDS

THE AMERICAN *I guess*, so much laughed at, is in truth just tantamount to the Scots address to a stranger, '*May be now* you will be going to the North',—or the Highland 'Your Honour will have come from the South'.—These are a concealed way of asking what a stranger is to do, covering the impertinence of the question with a doubtful sort of phrase.

Once in crossing the mountain road of Menigeg [Menegeg] I was overtaken by a Highlander of a better rank who was, like all his countrymen, anxious about news from

Edinburgh. He had been told eight or ten days before that the French were landed in the Firth of Forth, and having all that time no communication except with the boy that helped him to herd his cattle, he had never heard whether the story (a mere fable) was true or not. He was extremely grateful for my intelligence, which was quite fresh, as by a long ride I had reached Blair, within a few miles of which we met, only the day before.

I recollect my father telling a circumstance of a more serious kind which happened in Strathspey. A Mr. Grant who lived among the hills of that district, saw a stranger riding along the road at an advanced season of the year, when travellers are seldom seen there. He ran down to the road, and, laying hold somewhat roughly of the stranger's bridle, said in a tone so strongly accented as not to be intelligible to the English gentleman, 'You who live at the foot of Gamaliel, what are the occurrences?'—The Englishman, accustomed to the adventures of the London road, thought his accoster was a highwayman asking his purse; and striking the supposed robber with the butt end of his whip, struck out one of his eyes, and clapping spurs to his horse was fain to escape, as he thought, from this highwayman's attack.

## INDUSTRY

LIKE certain hot-house plants, industry must not be forced too much; public encouragement not restrained by this principle, not acting in aid of private adventure, often defeats its object. After the peace of 1763, Government, in order to provide for the Highlanders whose regiments were disbanded, built a set of small houses on the Cromarty Firth with little patches of ground annexed, and provided the inhabitants with boats, nets, and fishing-tackle, hoping that such as settled there would carry on the fishery for which the station was very favorable. But the plan succeeded very ill: in a short time the houses were deserted; the inhabitants sold the boats, &c., and run off with the money which the sale produced. Bounties may encourage, but can very seldom create industry. They must find the

seed prepared for their purpose, and then, by proper culture of the ground, make it produce a crop.

On something of the same principle, roads made by the public are allowed to go into disrepair. A turnpike gives a sort of freehold interest in the road for the adjacent country and to the passengers. In the late public encouragement to roads in the Highlands, this principle has been attended to, by making the advance of money by the public depend on a proportional contribution of the proprietors of the districts through which the roads are made.

## HIGHLAND ROADS

THE roads first made by Government through the Highlands were very ill conducted. General Wade planned them, and it is said from a military idea carried them over the heights instead of through the valleys to avoid the danger of being commanded by hostile troops, the Highlands being, at that time (long before the Rebellion of 1745), suspected of strong disaffection to the Hanoverian Succession. Whether this was the case or not, I do not know; but the same bad direction of the lines of road continued down to a very late period; they were conducted straight forward over many hills, from ignorance or inattention to a plain mathematical truth, that the circumference of a sphere (and a hill is in some respects a sphere) is of the same measured length whether a line be drawn straight over it or laterally.

## CRIME

MELANCHOLY change in Scotland; former peace and order of the country, no robberies and scarce any thefts. Now (1825) several committed in various parts of Scotland, and a man robbed and murthered near Coltbridge, two miles from Edinburgh.

Curious case of the supposed murther of Merrilees, a butcher at Leith who disappeared and was not heard of for several years. His murther was supposed from his dog being found dead in a lonely spot, then covered with whins, near a single cottage called by an old soldier who inhabited

it *Portobello*, from his having served at the siege of that place. The populous village of that name now stands there.

## SCOTS PARLIAMENT

DURING the subsistence of the Scottish Legislature the opening procession, called the Riding of the Parliament, marched down from the High Church to the Abbey of Holyrood; and the Chancellor, who lived in a house on the north side of the High Street, had a balcony in front of one of his windows where his family used to sit to see the procession. It remained till very lately. I have been often in the house when it was occupied by the Chief Baron Montgomery.

## A NATIVE GENIUS

CUMMING, the favourite manager and regulator of the King's watches, was a native of Strathspey, his father, whom I well remember, keeping the inn at Aviemore. Shewed an early genius for horological mechanism, having constructed a rude sort of clock or time-keeper when herding his father's sheep, the case of which, for want of more costly material, being the head of a dead horse. Farquhar, the master of the High School of Edinburgh at whose class I was, used to quote to his scholars the instance of young Cumming as an example of native genius and application overcoming the most untoward circumstances. Farquhar was a native of Strathspey, or of that district of Banffshire which adjoins it.

## CHAPTER II

# THE 'FORTY-FIVE

### DISCIPLINE OF THE HIGHLAND ARMY

NEVER was an army in better discipline as far as regarded pillaging or oppressing the inhabitants than the Highland army in the '45, rabble as they were. They pilfered nothing, nor compelled any whom they met to give them money or provisions. My father told me, he was walking about two miles from town with Mr. McPherson, the celebrated teacher of music, when they met one of the Highlanders with his side arms. He came up to them and in his native Erse spoke some words which, tho' they did not perfectly understand, they guessed to be asking money. McPherson, tho' a great Jacobite, was frightened, and would have given the Highlander money; but my father, indignant at this behaviour, would give him nothing and desired him to be gone. He left them accordingly.

### CUMBERLAND AND THE KING

JOHN HOME cut out one of the best portions of his *History of the Rebellion* from a fear of offending the King, on whose uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, that part, giving an account of the impolitic severities on the Highlanders after the extinction of the Rebellion, would have thrown censure. The Duke, of himself, would probably not have encouraged those severe proceedings, for he was naturally good-tempered, but he had bad advisers about him, to whom he unfortunately listened, instead of adopting the wise and conciliatory policy recommended by President Forbes. The young officers whom he sent with detachments of troops into the remote districts of the Highlands and Islands, proud of their authority, ignorant of the temper and disposition of Highlanders or indeed of human nature, and impressed with the idea that every Highlander was a rebel and that every rebel deserved the gallows, were guilty of outrageous cruelty to the poor people of the districts into which they were sent.

John Home need not have been so much afraid of offending the King by doing justice to the Highlanders, whose Rebellion was founded on loyalty to the antient dynasty of the Stewarts; for the King himself had great compassion for the rebels, and always spoke with tenderness of the unfortunate Charles Edward. So much was this observed at Court, that I remember a writer in one of the public prints giving an account of the state of parties, writing a paper in which he set out with the ironical declaration that he would not mince the matter, but would prove that *the King was a Jacobite.*

## A WHIG PROTEST

I WAS at Fowlis in Ross-shire, the seat of my cousin Sir Hugh Munro, when he was visited by a committee of the General Assembly who had been sent on a mission to the Western Highlands and Islands, in order to report to that reverend body the state of the Catholic religion in those districts. Those gentlemen, some of the most eminent of the Scots clergy, were zealous Whigs; the house of Fowlis was a most zealous Whig house; they were therefore certainly not willing witnesses against the conduct of the persons employed by the Duke of Cumberland. Yet they spoke, with the horror and indignation natural to good men, of the atrocious acts of injustice and cruelty perpetrated by those officers in those parts of the Highlands and Islands which they had just been visiting.

## SIR ROBERT MUNRO

SIR ROBERT MUNRO of Fowlis was one of the most popular men in the Highlands. He went early into the army and rose to the rank of colonel and had the command of a regiment at the head of which he was killed at the battle of Falkirk.—He was at the head of that regiment at the battle of Fontenoy, and being stationed by the Duke of Cumberland in a particular position where they were exposed to the fire of a French battery, he ordered the men to lie down to avoid that fire. Sir Robert was the only man who stood on his feet. One of the officers suggested to him the

same expedient as that adopted by the men; but being an uncommonly fat and unwieldy man, he answered in the words of Falstaff, 'Hast thou ever a lever to lift me up if I should lie down?'

He was taken prisoner at first by the Highlanders at Falkirk and not meant to be killed; indeed he was so popular with every Highlander of whatever party that they were not likely to refuse him quarter; but he had the imprudence to reproach in Gallic some of the Highlanders who surrounded him with their treason to the King, which so provoked some of them that they attacked him with their broadswords and almost literally cut him in pieces.

## COLQUHOUN GRANT

COLQUHOUN GRANT, afterwards a Writer to the Signet in great business, was concerned in the Rebellion, and after leaving the Clerkship to his friend and distant relation, then Lord Advocate, afterwards a judge under the title of Lord Prestongrange, and joining the standard of Prince Charles, became one of the body-guard, and was appointed aide-de-camp to John Roy Stewart, a general under the Prince. Long after the Rebellion, when a sort of general amnesty had taken place, he used to tell many interesting and curious stories about the Rebellion, and particularly some circumstances of the escapes which he and his rebel friends made from the pursuit of their adversaries, and the hardships and privations endured. One I remember of a ludicrous cast. They had wandered among the hills for several days, with scarce any food and little shelter; at last a staunch adherent of the Jacobite cause sent them, by a faithful Highlander, a *Haggis*, which I agree with Burns in thinking a good kind of pudding at any time, but which at that moment must have been doubly grateful to them. A rustic table was afforded by a bank on the summit of one of the Badenoch Hills, and the Haggis, of course a cold one, placed on it, was just on the point of being distributed among the party, when an awkward lad touched it with his foot, and it was rolled down the steep, with little chance of

its getting safe to the bottom. Mr. Grant's description of the despairing looks which the hungry party threw after it in its descent, was truly graphic; luckily the bag was a strong and a sound one, and it was recovered by the lad at the bottom of the hill, safe and uninjured, and laid before the guests for their dinner.

Colquhoun Grant, after the change of his profession, went to London to manage an appeal coming on before the House of Lords, and had frequent meetings with his counsel in the cause, Mr. Thurlow, then at the Bar, afterwards Lord Chancellor. Mr. Grant was cut out by nature rather for arms than the toga, being above six feet high, and with uncommon strength of body. 'Grant,' said Thurlow to him one day, after looking earnestly on his figure, 'I would give twenty thousand pounds to change persons with you—all but your *tongue*—I could not afford that.'

## AN EDINBURGH BALL

ON the evening, a few hours before the genuine account of the Battle of Culloden reached Edinburgh, there was a great ball given by the leading Jacobite ladies, where a false account reached them of the Duke of Cumberland having been defeated. But not long after they learned the mortifying reverse, and the gay assemblage were dispersed with sorrowful hearts.

## HAWLEY'S CRUELTY

GENERAL HAWLEY delighted in blood and in hanging any Highlander the least suspected of Jacobitism. When the Duke of Cumberland marched through Nairn a few days before the battle of Culloden, a little boy of only fourteen or fifteen went to the top of an eminence to see the army on its march into that town. Observing him, Hawley had him taken into custody as a spy, and would have hanged him next morning but for the intervention of Mr. Rose, minister of Nairn, who applied to the Duke, and representing the case got the poor boy off. The minister,—my grandfather of Kilravock was his chief,—was a zealous Whig. I am sorry to relate the sequel of the boy's story,

but I fear it is no uncommon instance of the want of gratitude among that rank: next term he left his master (who had saved his life) for a mark (one shilling, a penny and a third of a penny) of more fee offered him by some stranger.

A person who had business in the Highlands soon after the battle of Culloden told me another anecdote of Hawley's savage cruelty. This person, a traveller to a shop, had gone early to bed at an inn on the Highland road. Hawley arrived there about midnight. The landlady waked the sleeper and told him to get up immediately and make his escape, otherwise Hawley would hang him. He escaped accordingly; but Hawley found a less fortunate Highland traveller whom he hung without any trial or proof of disaffection.

## THE ROUT OF MOY

LADY McINTOSH, wife to one of the chiefs of the Clanchattan, was zealously attached to the cause of the Stuarts. She shewed remarkable presence of mind on one occasion when her prince ran a great risk of being made prisoner when on a visit at her husband's house of Moyhall near Inverness. An officer commanding a party of the King's forces not far from that place, having received intelligence that Charles was there unguarded, had formed a plan for surprising him. She was not informed of this plan till the adverse party was within a very little distance of the house, but she instantly took her measures. She got together a few servants and made them shew themselves at different passes of the road, so as to make the enemy believe the number to be ten times what it really was; they shouted too, at different corners of the wood, and seemed resolved to fight, which they could do at advantage from the nature of the ground. This stratagem succeeded. The commander of the King's party, who had expected no resistance, was alarmed at the idea of being surrounded by a superior force, and counter-marched his men back to their former station, while Charles Edward was mounted on a good horse and got safe to his friends who occupied ground in the flat of Murray. This is an anecdote commonly believed in that

part of the country, tho' I own I have doubts of its authenticity because I never heard my grandfather (who lived near the place and was a vigilant observer of the motions of Charles's partisans, himself a zealous Whig) mention the circumstance, which I think was too remarkable to have escaped his knowledge or recollection; and living with him when a boy I heard a great deal about the events of the Rebellion, and particularly of that period of it which preceded the decisive battle of Culloden.

## GREY OF ROGART

THE fears of Jacobitism were then the bug-bear of England. Lord Hardwick[e] never forgot them, and great and good as he was, they influenced his conduct in administration sometimes hurtfully. There was a Highland gentleman, possessing an estate in Sutherland, Mr. Grey of Rogart, who underwent a rigid examination before the House of Lords about the proceedings of the rebels, of which he had been a witness if not a participator. By the simplicity and seeming frankness of his manner and the nothing-ness of his answers, he foiled all his examinators. Glenbucket, the chieftain of a little tribe in the Highlands of Banffshire, who joined the rebel army with a few followers, had somehow or other acquired a character of boldness and ferocity to which he had not the smallest title, being in truth a poor old asthmatic man, zealous enough in the cause, but quite incapable of any exertion in its favour. Rogart was asked particularly as to the proceedings of Glenbucket.—'You saw him at Perth with the rebels?'—'Oh yes, often.'—'What was he doing?'—'He was aye coughing.'

## LORD SINCLAIR AND PROFESSOR MACKIE

THE absurd stories of the atrocities committed by Glenbucket and other leaders of the rebels, gave occasion to a *bon mot* of the witty Lord Sinclair. Mr. Mackie, the learned professor of History in the University of Edinburgh and a particular friend of Lord Sinclair's, tho' a keen Whig, was telling some of those absurd stories to a circle of auditors

in the street. 'Charles,' said Lord Sinclair, 'how can you demean yourself by recounting such ridiculous stories, which I am sure a man of your good sense cannot possibly believe?'—'I do not say, my Lord, that I gave them much credit, but telling them may have a good effect.'—'Oh Charles,' replied his lordship, 'd—n you for a *professor of History!*'

## THE OLD SCOTS MAGAZINE

MURRAY and Cochrane, printers, editors of the old *Scots Magazine*; they were the first to give the idea of a Statistical Account of Scotland, afterwards carried into execution by Sir John Sinclair. One or two articles of that sort were published in their magazine, particularly one very well executed, [on] the Parish of Kildrummy, Aberdeenshire. This magazine contained a very good collection of things particularly relating to Scotland; they were zealous Jacobites, yet their account of events occurring in 1745 was thought by my father and other Whigs to be very correct.

## PARTIES

THERE was then a great Whig Club in Edinburgh, called the Revolution Club. The Whigs of that day [would] all [be] called Tories now (1824) because attached to the monarchs of the Brunswick Dynasty. The only great distinction of parties then was that [between] Whigs and Jacobites.

## EDINBURGH CASTLE

THERE was cannonading by the Castle on the Town in the beginning of October. No mention of any bombs, but cartridge shot which killed and wounded several inhabitants. The firing had stopped at the intercession of a deputation from the City; but recommenced on the Highland sentinels firing at some persons carrying provisions into the Castle. It was indeed a ridiculous sort of blockade. An old woman named Nannie Johnston who had been a servant of my grandfather (who was an officer in the Castle) was sent from thence on the very important busi-

ness of purchasing lemons for the officers' punch, and was one of the persons fired at by the sentinels; but she received no injury from their muskets, but had her hand and arm hurt in climbing up the wall. Taylor's battery at Livingstone Yards was raised by a Jacobite enthusiast of that name, against the Castle; he was taken prisoner by a single sergeant, a maddish sort of person of the name of Nimmo, who went down armed in the common way except having besides two or three hand grenades with him; he brought in his prisoner near the spot where Nannie had scaled the wall.—'When I saw the rascal prisoner,' said Nannie, 'with the blood on his neck from a wound Sergeant Nimmo had given him, it healed my arm better than any plaister.'

## MODERATION

ARNOTT [says], 'A penny was all some of the Highlanders asked, with which they went away satisfied.' Perfectly true; my father was asked for a penny, but refused it on principle; and the Highlander went away without shewing any resentment.

## STEWARTS AND CAMPBELLS

TRIAL of Stewart of Appin [Acharn] for the murder of Campbell of Glenure, glaring injustice and partiality. One of the jury said the proof was so clear that they had no occasion to hear the prisoner's defence. The Duke of Argyle sat as Justice-General, a function of his high sinecure office never exercised on any other occasion. [The prisoner] was brought in guilty; several years after, the real murderer of Mr. Campbell confessed the fact, but long past the time when it could be of any use to the person tried. This confirmed the violent hatred of the Clan Stewart against the Clan Campbell.

A jocular anecdote of old blind Mr. Stewart. The boy who was reading to him from the book of Job mispronounced the word *camels*.—'If he had so many Campbells in his household,' said Mr. Stewart, 'I do not wonder at his misthriving.'

## NUMBER FOUR

AFTER the Rebellion of 1745, Acts of Parliament consequent on it imposed legal severity against non-jurors. The congregations were not to exceed four in number; thence the chapels got the name of *Number Four*. There were several chapels erected by the Jacobite Party which got that denomination; some of them had able preachers.

## AN HEIRLOOM

DARNLEY [was a man of] vast stature. Miss Smith of Salisbury with whom I travelled into Wiltshire in the Salisbury coach, was a great favorer of the house of Stewart. When shewn Darnley's large thigh bones, she slyly cut a piece off with her scissors and, she told me, had it set in silver and left it as an heirloom to her heir.

## LOCHIEL AND HIS BROTHER

THE fear for the Highlanders and memory of the Rebellion produced some cruel proceedings on the part of Government. Lochiel's brother, who was only so far engaged in the Rebellion as to attend his brother professionally, long after returning to Britain was prosecuted for treason and executed; this proceeding occasioned great odium even amongst some of the most zealous Whigs. Both Lochiel and this brother were most amiable men. See an anecdote of the brother's warning to Lochiel on Prince Charles's landing; but the warning was without effect, and his brother's prediction of the easy nature of Lochiel yielding to the Prince's solicitations was verified.

## HIGHLAND COURTESY

LADY CLERK in 1745 was an infant lying in the cradle at her father's in Northumberland. When the Highland Army made its irruption into England after its victory at Prestonpans, a Highland officer quartered in the house behaved with the utmost civility and attention to the family, and pinned on the infant's cap a white cockade which he said would serve as a protection from any party of the Highland Army that might afterwards come there.

## BORLUM

McINTOSH of Borlam [sic], leading a force of McIntoshes on the side of the Pretender in 1715, was besieged in the Citadel of Leith by John Duke of Argyll; blockaded, he made his escape with the garrison by taking advantage of a neap tide and marching outside of the pier to Dunbar. After his pardon and imprisonment in the Castle of Edinburgh, the Duke visited the Castle; Borlam waited on him there, [saying,] 'I owe your Grace this visit, in return for one from you to me when I was in the Citadel of Leith.'—Borlam bred pointers there in a house with tame partridges. He allowed my father to take his dogs out ashooting, who told me they were more thoroughly broke than any pointers he ever saw.

## THE PRINCE

CHARLES EDWARD was not esteemed a very brave person, but in undertakings he had a great deal of resolution. He landed in Scotland, in the district of Argyle called Moidart, on the 25 July O.S., now the 6th day of August 1745 (the day on which I was born), attended by a few faithful friends, several of whom, however, augured ill of his landing at that time, thinking that he should delay that measure till he should be accompanied by a promised fleet and army from France. He himself, however, was obstinate, trusting I believe to the circumstance of a great part of the British Army being then in Flanders, so that very few troops were in the country to oppose him. Mr. John Home in his *History of the Rebellion of 1745* relates the circumstances of his landing, and the remarkable conversation between him and Lochiel, the most gallant and amiable of all his adherents.

## CHAPTER III

# INSTITUTIONS AND CLUBS OF EDINBURGH

## EDINBURGH HIGH SCHOOL

THE state of the High School from 1751–2, when I was six years old, down to 1757, when I went to Steuart's [Stuart's] Humanity Class in the College at the age of eleven (too young certainly). There were in this institution then a rector and four under-masters.

*Rector Lee* [Lees], a very respectable, grave, gentleman-like man, father or uncle (I am not sure which) of Lee the Secretary for Ireland. He maintained great dignity, meeting the other masters somewhat *de haut en bas*; severe and rather too intolerant of dullness, but kind to more promising talents. It will not be thought vanity, I trust (for I speak in this collection of Anecdotes with the sincerity and correctness of a third person), when I say that I was rather a favourite with him, and used, for several years after he resigned his office and till near his death, to drink tea with him at his house in a large *land* or building at the country end of the suburb called the Pleasance, built by one Hunter a tailor, whence it got the nickname of *Hunter's Folly* or the *Castle of Clouts*.

[The master of the] first or youngest class when I was put to school, *Farquhar*, a native of Banffshire, cousin german of Farquhar the minister of Kildrummy, author of a volume of admired and indeed they may be called admirable sermons; and of Mr. Farquhar the vicar (or curate) of Hayes, a sort of parson Adams and favourite of the great W. Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham. My master was in great favour with his pupils, about sixty in number. [The master of the] second, *Gilchrist*, a good-humoured man with a good deal of comedy about him, also liked by the class, in number somewhat exceeding Farquhar's. The third, *Rae*, a severe harsh-tempered man, but an excellent scholar, a rigid disciplinarian and the only frequent flogger of the school, consequently very unpopular with the boys, tho'

from the reputation of his superior learning he had more scholars than either of the above-mentioned masters. The fourth, *Gibb*, an old man, short and squabby, with a flaxen three-tailed wig; verging towards dotage, tho' said to be in his younger days a very superior scholar, particularly conversant in Hebrew. He had then only twenty-five or thirty pupils, who liked him from the indulgence which his good-natured weakness and laxity of discipline produced.

The scholars went through the four classes taught by the under-masters, reading the usual elementary Latin books (for at that time no Greek was taught at the High School) and so up to Virgil and Horace, Sallust and parts of Cicero. They were then removed to the Rector's Class, where they read portions of Livy along with the other classics above mentioned. In this highest class some of the scholars remained two years.

The hour of attendance was from seven to nine, and, after an interval of an hour for breakfast, from ten to twelve; thereafter another interval of two hours for dinner, latterly I think in my time of three; returned for two hours in the afternoon. They wrote *Versions*, translations from Latin into English, and at the annual examination in August recited *Speeches*, as they were called, from some of the Roman poets. Mine at the Rector's Class was the episode of Nisus and Euryalus in Virgil, and attracted much notice from the impassioned manner in which I spoke it, having early a turn for theatrical studies.

## A COLLEGE LIBRARIAN

IN the College of Edinburgh about the middle or latter part of the seventeenth century there was a strange, vain, pedantic librarian, whose name, I think, was Henderson. He knew Latin well, but little of his own tongue, if that might be called English. When Oliver Cromwell was in Scotland, he visited the library of Edinburgh College, accompanied by the librarian, whom he cautioned that in the confusion of the times he must be very attentive and take care that none of the books were *embezzled*. After

some minutes of rumination, his conductor hoped his Highness would allow him to ask if that word *embezzled* was derived from the Latin *imbecillis*.

In the same spirit, a professor told me he understood that when the Professor of Mathematics of that time was shewing the librarian a comet through a telescope, Henderson said he believed that *cometa* was of doubtful gender. 'I believe,' said he, 'it is *hic aut haec cometa*.' So his pedantry, like the fine phrenzy of the poet in Shakespeare, travelled from earth to heaven.

The North Wall of the College then, as it continued to do even in my life-time, like the Tower of Pisa leaned very much outwards off the perpendicular; and there was a traditionary prediction that it was to fall on the wisest man in the College. Henderson would never pass this wall for fear of its falling on him.

## A SON OF SOLOMON

AMONG the clubs or societies in Edinburgh in my younger days was one of an odd title, whence derived I know not. It was called the *Sons of Solomon*,—I believe a purely convivial meeting, but enlivened by the wit of Henry Erskine and some other clever young men. One member not entitled to that character was a Writer to the Signet, Anthony Barclay, who was in some sort the butt of Mr. Erskine. Tho' considerably older than me and most of the other students of the Logic Class of the College, of which John Stevenson was Professor, Barclay was a constant but not very well informed attendant of the class. There was an exercise prescribed at certain periods, to shew what proficiency we had made in our logical studies; but this was so little attended to, as to become mere matter of form, and the students of a former year used to lend their exercises to those of the present year, who copied them and presented them to the professor. Anthony Barclay, however, had too much vanity for this and composed what he conceived a most elaborate logical demonstration made up of *syllogisms* and ending with a *sorites*. When presented with much self-complacency by Mr. Barclay to the professor, the latter

found it so viciously constructed, particularly the *sorites*, as to take more notice of it than he was wont to do, and to condemn it in strong terms. Barclay was extremely mortified; he was laughed at by the boys, some of whom nicknamed him *Sorites*.

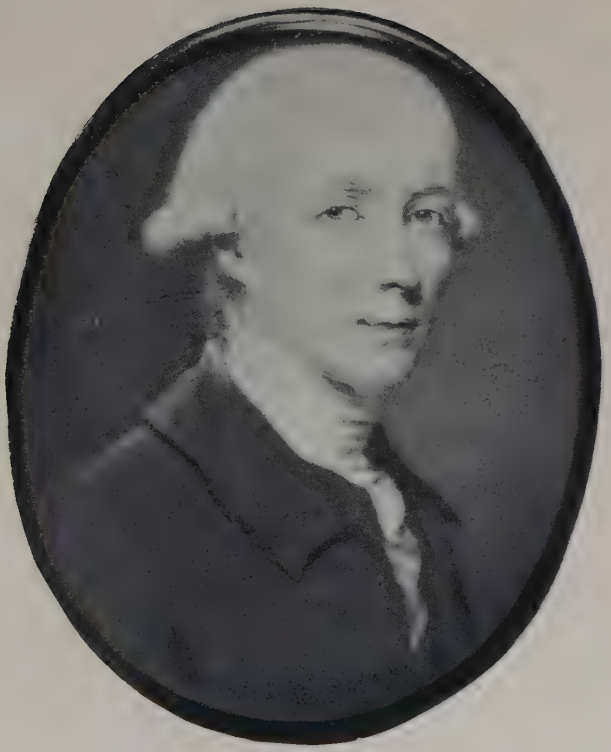
## LITERARY SOCIETIES AND SETS

I BEGIN with that of very little before my own time, about 1759 or 1760. The gentleman who instituted the *Speculative* [Belles Lettres] *Society* was Sholto Douglas, Advocate. My particular friend Dr. Donald Grant, Mr. H. Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville), R. Blair (afterwards Lord President), and two or three others. Dr. Grant attended to the interests of literature after his death. By his will he founded a bursary endowed at the sum of £6,000, for two young men of the name of Grant, students at the University of Edinburgh. This sum was laid out by his trustees (myself and Sir James Grant) in land which produces £100 per annum to each of the bursars, the largest and most useful establishment of the kind in Scotland.

The *second* [set was] of my own time, close on the heels of the first: Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Liston, Mr. Dalzell (afterwards Professor of Greek), Reverend Mr. Charters (afterwards minister of Wilton near Hawick), Mr. Andrew (afterwards Doctor) Hunter—one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and Sir H. Moncrieff-Welwood, one of the clearest-headed men I ever knew, which quality is fully inherited by his son James, now one of the first of our well-employed barristers. He derived from his father another inheritance not so valuable, a harsh dissonant voice, which makes it not so agreeable to hear either of them speak as to read the written sermons of the father, or the written law arguments of the son.

The *third*: Lord Woodhouselee, Dugald Stewart, Mr. Alison, W. Adam; to whom I may venture to add Mr. W. Grant of Congalton, who from nature as well as education was calculated for something much higher than a first-rate player at billiards or a dangler at a party.

*Fourth*: Sir James McIntosh, Mr. Grant (now Lord Sea-



YOUNG HENRY MACKENZIE

*From a miniature, probably by Smart*

field), Mr. A. Irvine (now Professor of Civil Law), Crawford Tait, and Malcolm Laing the historian.

The *fifth*: Sir Walter Scott, W. Erskine (afterwards Lord Kinneder, a Judge of the Court of Session), Thomson, Cranstoun, Grahame (author of *The Sabbath*), John Murray, Jeffrey; and a very little younger, H. Cockburn and John Richardson.

The present Speculative Society, I believe, includes in its members the two Wilsons, Sir W. Hamilton, P. Tytler, John Hope, and other clever young men.

Jeffrey was the founder of the *Edinburgh Review*, along with Sidney Smith, then resident in Edinburgh; when it began to have considerable effect as a political paper, W. Scott and Mr. Canning and Croker set up in opposition to it the *Quarterly Review*, for which they were so fortunate as to secure Gifford as the editor. The first, I believe, wrote only five or six articles, but so good as to make it justly regretted that he did not write more. Sir James McIntosh was an early contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, and during Jeffrey's absence in America (whither he went with a gallantry very unusual in modern times to marry and bring over his wife) conducted the work.

But at this present time (September 1824) the literature of Edinburgh (like a great common taken into culture) is productive of a great many works, periodical and in volumes, which are bought and read with avidity. Among their authors are several ladies, most of whom are known or shrewdly guessed at; but, like the beauties of Spain, come out veiled.

## SPECULATIVE SOCIETY

THIS was a society established by some young men of the University of Edinburgh as a preparatory school for public speaking, and some of our barristers and clergy received in that society the rudiments of the talents of discussion and debate which afterwards they had occasion to exercise in their respective professions. On occasion of the political discussions at the breaking out of the French Revolution, this Society was naturally enough divided into

the favourers of that Revolution, denominated Whigs (tho' I am disposed from the recollection of my youth to question their title to that denomination), and its opponents, who were called Tories. I had a son who was esteemed one of the chief supports of the latter class of debaters. He was afterwards called to the English Bar, where he attracted the same favourable notice as at Edinburgh. Lord Meadowbank, who was a keen Tory, in his visit of condolence on my son Hugh's death, said he was a public loss from the principles which he held and his power of enforcing them. But if I indulged some vanity in the suffrages to his talents, I knew and valued a higher merit, that of his virtues. I am aware of the egotism of thus recording his name, but it will be pardoned to a father now in his eightieth year, because talking is a sort of privilege of age, and talking of his children the privilege of a parent.

## THE GREEK CLASS

SO little was Greek taught when I went to College, that at the Logic Class, where Aristotle and Longinus were used as text-books, only another lad [and I] were able to read them in the original. I had an advantage over the other lads, having had a good private master for Greek for several months before I entered to the class. That class was taught by Mr. Hunter, himself a keen scholar both in Greek and Latin, but indolent and indulgent, and inspired no zeal or spirit in his pupils. He was a great man for politics and news. When I attended him, it was at that brilliant period of the Seven Years War, during the elder Mr. Pitt's administration, when every day brought us accounts of a victory, for which the guns of the Castle were fired. At the end of the class-room, opposite to and farthest from the professor's chair, was a wall so loosely wainscotted that a blow on it sounded like the report of a distant cannon. When the lads, many of whom were from the indolent inattention of the professor idle enough, wished to get out ten or twelve minutes before the end of the hour, one of them struck his back against this wainscot, which the professor taking for

the report of a gun, and anxious to hear the news, made some apology for adjourning the class, that he might hurry to the Cross to know the cause of the firing of the Castle guns.

## EMINENT MEN EDUCATED AT EDINBURGH COLLEGE

DR. ARMSTRONG, took his degree at Edinburgh, was noticed as a remarkably good scholar and a very successful student of medicine; but tho' [he] wrote an admirable poem on the subject, he was not very fond of its practice. His first poem was one of much genius and of considerable poetical merit, but too free and indelicate for general perusal, called *The Economy of Love*, now (it may be said favourably for his memory) forgotten.

He was not quite temperate enough for a careful physician; yet notwithstanding his love for a friend and a bottle, he acquired considerable practice in London; as might be expected from his talents and disposition, he was in great favour with a circle of friends. In criticism he blamed the want of simplicity in some of the most admired poetry even of his time (what would he have said now!) and did not like far-fetched figures or long words. One harmless word he had a great objection to, *inculcate*; that word, he said, should go to the *paviors*, alluding to its sound in pronunciation.

[James] Thomson, son of a clergyman in the south of Scotland, in the same district of which Armstrong was a native. He was a student at the University of Edinburgh, and his circumstances obliged him to have a sharer of his humble apartment whom Thomson's late sitting up, reading or writing, much incommoded; but his chum contrived to force Thomson into bed by blowing out the candle and working on his terror for ghosts.

The beautiful stanza in his *Castle of Indolence* describing the tones of the instrument then recently invented, the Eolian Harp, he had left on his table unfinished, the concluding line being wanting, for which, not having pleased himself, he had left a blank; it was filled up by a young man of very limited talents and not a spark of poetical

genius, who was the pupil of his intimate friend Murdoch, described in that poem as the ' little oily man of God ', young Forbes of Culloden, son of the illustrious President Duncan Forbes, who happened to come into the room in the absence of Thomson and filled up the blank with a most happy line. The preceding line, ' And [Who] up the lofty diapason roll '. Forbes's concluding line, ' And let it [them] down again into the soul '.

Note: The *Monthly Review* of the time took the words in Gray's *Ode on the Progress of Poetry*, 'Awake, Eolian lyre ', as meaning the modern instrument called the Eolian harp, which had been lately invented, I believe by Oswald.

## THE SELECT SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH

A LITERARY, or properly speaking a philosophic society, for they discussed all manner of subjects; initiated and supported by the principal literary men of Edinburgh. The regulations were like those of other debating societies: a subject was given out; if a question of doubt, a supporter and impugner were appointed who opened the discussion, and then the members and the few strangers admitted spoke at their discretion.

Charles Townshend lived one season at Dalkeith House, being married to the mother of the late Duke of Buccleuch; he was much in society in Edinburgh and was particularly attentive to its literary members. The evening on which he visited the Society, this great orator of the House of Commons was of course expected to speak. He spoke very indifferently, and the Society could not understand whence he acquired his great reputation in Parliament; but he afterwards said himself that a new audience, for which from their known talents he felt much respect, had overawed him so much as to choke his powers of speaking. Fortunately, however, after discussion of the question for that evening, some accidental topic occurred on which several members spoke; Mr. Townshend had by that time recovered his composure, and made an excellent impromptu speech, which redeemed his character for eloquence with the Society.

## RANK

AMONG the *poissardes* of Edinburgh are a set who hawk about oysters for sale, thence called *oyster-wives*. One of them, speaking of another woman a neighbour of hers, said she was but a poor low-lifed creature, being only in the *mussel* line.

## EDINBURGH MEDICAL SCHOOL

AT its first institution, the ablest professors of any medical institution in Europe: Drs. Sinclair, Monro, Whyte, and others. Their salaries were mere trifles; their emolument depended on the fees from the students. That produced the speech of Boerhaave, when told of the high reputation of the Medical School of Edinburgh: 'I wish them,' said he, 'a good wish, I am sure; God send them larger salaries!' —a very significant wish from a rival university.

## CHAPTER IV

# STREETS AND HOUSES IN EDINBURGH

## STREET CRIES

SOME of the old cries are now out of use. The cry of *Caller Laverocks* was always heard in severe winters, when, in very deep snow, the larks used to frequent in myriads the grounds in the neighbourhood of Newhaven and Laverockbank, which last-mentioned place got its name from that circumstance; but now all the ground in that quarter being occupied by villas, the larks have left it, changing the place for their emigration, as I have been told, to the neighbourhood of the Solway Firth, where the snow does not lie. The lark was never much used for the table in Scotland, tho' at the time to which I allude people whose scruples against eating the poor songsters did not prevent them, bought the larks from the women who sold them, generally the wives of Newhaven fishers, at a season when the fishers made but few excursions in the way of their trade. The laverocks were certainly at that season good eating, I presume from the circumstance of the frost preventing their feeding on bad fare. There was a joke on a dinner given by Mrs. Siddons, who was accused of narrowness, that one course was chiefly composed of larks. I believe the trade was given up some time ago (February 1826) to the great satisfaction of the lovers of the songs of these birds.

There was a summer cry which had a good deal of music in it, *Curds and Green Whey*, and another a little earlier in the season, *Wall Cresses*, which was also bawled with a musical cadence. When a boy I remember another cry brought here by an Englishman, of which the poetry was set to music:

> Wha'll buy my rare sausages?
> They're round,
> They're very sound,
> They're nothing but fourpence the pound.

This might have been made into a catch like the *Yellow Sand* and *Banbury Ale*, [but] catches are now out of fashion.

## DOUBLE ENTRIES

SOME of the houses had a double entry from Niddry's and Merlin's Wynd. I remember a mistake of a lady's chairman carrying her, first to a wrong door in the one wynd, when she was ushered into a drawing-room, where, when she discovered her mistake, she made her apology and returned to her chair, the bearers of which were directed to the house she wished to go to, of which the proper door was in the other wynd. She was carried thither accordingly, but unluckily to the other entry of the very house she had left, and on being admitted was ushered into the self-same drawing-room.

## THE POULTRY MARKET

IN that market, how connected with poultry I know not, was sold a kind of brown bread made of rye brought from Musselburgh, called from its shape *ankerstocks*. That little town was also famous for a particular kind of bread, a sort of roll called a *fudge* or *fadge*. When James I was on his way to England, passing through Musselburgh, the Chief Magistrate (it was what is called in Scotland a burgh of barony) met him to do the honours of the town, holding in his hand a cup of ale (another celebrated manufacture of Musselburgh in those days) over which the Baillie held a fadge. 'I have the honour,' said he, 'to do the homage of your good town of Musselburgh, and to drink a happy journey to your majesty *sub tegmine fagi*.' (Here he lifted up the fadge.) This speech delighted James, who loved Latin, and was no less an admirer of puns.

## SQUARES

THE first Alison's Square, then Argyle Square, then Brown Square, and long after George Square. George Square one of the largest in Great Britain, if not the largest, with the exception of Lincoln's Inn Fields, if it can be called a Square. The south side of George Square at first left open, but Mr. Brown asked £4,000 to allow it to continue so, a sum which the proprietors of the other sides would not give; so it was filled up by better houses

than the north side and produced a large sum of feu duty to the proprietor. The new drain has been extremely beneficial to the houses of the Square, particularly on the south side, from which there is a beautiful prospect of Braid and Pentland Hills. This Square is well adapted for the residence of gentlemen whose estates are situated in the south of Scotland, and accordingly several do inhabit it; and indeed the houses are very good in themselves and supposed to be better and more substantially built than those of the New Town, where building became a trade, and profit was of course often more considered than convenience or substantial building.

## HOPE'S PARK OR MEADOW

THE public walk to the south of the Old Town was planned and executed on a grant of a lease from the Magistrates, by Mr. Hope of Rankeillor, and was long frequented as a Mall, having a gravel walk round it of about a mile and a half. Mr. Hope had a house at the north-east end of the Meadow, which was then called after him Hope's Park. This house was ornamented so much beyond the practice of that period as to attract much notice, and rather more admiration than good taste would have warranted. Of this even the owner was aware, and put an inscription on the front of his house, which I have often read when a boy: 'Spectator fastidiosus sibi molestus'.

The walks received some improvement afterwards for which a subscription was set on foot, principally by the exertion of Lord Swinton, one of the judges of the Court of Session, who living in Brown Square in that neighbourhood used to walk there every day; but it lost at the same time more than it gained, some of the best trees which Mr. Hope had planted round it having been cut. It had always one great disadvantage arising from the want of any level by which to make drains, so that in hot weather the smell of the ditches was very offensive. This is considerably remedied now, when from its distance from the New Town nobody ever walks there, except now and then a few inhabitants of the neighbouring squares.

## THE WEST BOW

THE West Bow, says a chronicler of the former state of Edinburgh, abounds more in antiquities than any other street of Edinburgh. Its state and appearance, says he, made it be the scene of many traditionary tales of wonder, and it was believed to be well calculated to maintain a witch or a ghost in its community. The story of Major Weir and his sister, rather too indecent in some of its circumstances for modest ears, had made such an impression that when I was at the High School there was a maker of cross-bows who lived there whose workshop we boys used to frequent to provide ourselves with that weapon, which at that time was our favourite amusement; but none of us would venture to go there at night-fall, except in parties of five or six.

For a long time the West Bow was the quarter of the coppersmiths, and entirely occupied by them. The place and the sound of their trade I mentioned in a little juvenile poem called *The Street*, descriptive of my walk home in the evenings from our office in Niddry's Wynd by the High Street, and down the West Bow to the head of the Cowgate where my father lived:

> A little on in my accustomed walk
> The busy coppersmith's incessant clink
> Invades my ear.—Such distant sounds were heard
> Upon the eve of Bosworth's fatal field,
> When for the bloody business of the morn
> The armourers accomplished the chiefs.

Mr. Crosby [Crosbie], the eminent counsel, lived in a house in the West Bow; and when he moved to his house built by him in the New Town, he was so disturbed by the quiet of the situation, having lost the morning clink of hammers from his friends the coppersmiths, that he could not sleep.

## THE HIGH STREET

THE High Street was formerly bounded by the Luckenbooths, a range of shops and houses fronting the east, taken down some years ago; and at the other [end] by one of the City Gates called the Netherbow Port, which had

a portico on each side of which was a stone bench, generally occupied in the evening by some of the street dealers in small articles, among others one now unknown, *Pease and beans hot and warm*, as the cry described them, which a stout virago of a woman hawked about in a basket of which a measure (of a pint English, a mutchkin Scots) cost a halfpenny. She gave besides to encourage purchasers a curious *bonus*, not of the most delicate kind, a suck of a piece of bacon to relish the pease and beans. It was alleged that some of her more robustious customers went beyond her grant of *usufruct*, and actually bit off the piece which they were only entitled to suck.

Mutton pies, which are still known tho' not so regularly called, formed another article of street merchandise. They were composed of scraps of mutton and a mixture of onions, and were sold for a halfpenny. It was strongly suspected that they were sometimes made of horse-flesh, and I certainly saw, in coming home from the Water of Leith one moonlight night, two bakers whom their jackets whitened by flour discovered to my view, performing some operation on the carcase of a dead horse, left, as was commonly the case at that time, after being skinned, on the bank at the back of the Castle; but what they were doing I had no leisure, nor indeed would it have been very safe, to examine.

## WYNDS AND CLOSES

THEY were too narrow and steep for carriages; therefore very few carriages were kept in Edinburgh, the conveyance of dressed people being sedan chairs. The chairmen were chiefly Highlanders, and in carrying had the short quick trot used by the Highlanders in travelling, quite the opposite of the long swinging gait of the Irish chairmen in London.

The *patten* saved the lower orders from the mud. The Old Assembly Close, where the original Assembly had a dancing-room (before my time), was among the first of the closes well paved, and therefore the great thoroughfare from the High Street to the Cowgate. It was astonishing how the servant girls would run down it, steep as it was, with

their high pattens on. I overheard one day a girl saying to her companion as they ran down that close, 'Jenny, do you not like to gar (make) your pattens clatter?'

## THE LAWN MERCAT

THE Lawn Mercat the chief quarter for persons of distinction. It used to be a sort of sight to go to a window there and see the ladies walking (which they always did in fair weather) along that street to the tea-parties at five in the afternoon. Dr. Munro the first of that name, one of the founders, it may be said, of the Medical School of Edinburgh, had a house there. I remember a droll circumstance about him. He had a favourite parrot, which spoke with great fluency and distinctness, and which hung at one of his windows, and was a great amusement to the walkers in the Lawn Mercat. The Doctor was called to some distant patient, and remained absent for some weeks. The Doctor was a zealous Whig; his wife, a daughter of the McDonald family, was a not less keen Jacobite. The Doctor had taught the bird the loyal song of *God Save the King*, which was not quite agreeable to the ears of Mrs. Munro. During the Doctor's absence, when the bird began to sing that song, she always silenced him with a 'Hush, you rogue!' On the Doctor's return, he was surprised at the silence of the bird who never sung the loyal song. The Doctor begun it himself, when the bird instantly rebuked him with the words, 'Hush, you rogue!'

## THE NETHERBOW

IN 1764 the Netherbow Port was taken down, and the High Street levelled, much about the same time when the new paving of the streets in London commenced. Before that time the jumbling of a hackney coach in London was a dreadful exercise. Lord Bute was Minister, and was said (most unjustly) to have provided for most of his friends by giving posts to Scotsmen; thence a Cockney pun, on the levelling the streets and taking away the large clumsy wooden *posts* which guarded the foot pavement, 'This Scots Ministry have taken our *posts* from us'.

Two remarkable well sculptured heads of the Emperor Severus and his consort Julia had been built into the wall of a house near the Netherbow, in *alto relievo*; a pretty large sum was offered by an amateur for this stone, but the owner of the house would not consent to its removal; but I believe a sulphur cast was taken of it.

## JAMES'S COURT

THIS was one of the first little squares built in Edinburgh, but it was made up, on every side except the north one, of meaner buildings occupied by persons of inferior rank; the north side, however, consisted of a very large building, four principal stories and garrets nigh to the square, entered from the Lawnmarket, and three stories more from the garden to the north. It was divided into two parts, each of the same height, and each story consisting of two separate dwelling-houses, which in the earlier times of Edinburgh were occupied by the most respectable and fashionable families. This numerous population induced some of the principal individuals of it to constitute the inhabitants of this Court into what they called a *Parliament*, which held pretty frequent meetings for the good government and police of the Court, and exercised a summary jurisdiction in such matters. I do not believe this Association now exists, but it did long after I was a man, and I was intimately acquainted with several of its members. The view from the back front of this building was most superb and is still, tho' with the foreground of the New Town, very extensive from the higher stories, so lofty as to overlook Princes Street, and all the buildings of the New Town. Each staircase was divided into short flats or landing-places, two to each story.

I remember a trick played by some boys, children of the Court, who were playing there when a coalman entered with his burthen of coals, then brought to town chiefly on horses' backs, and carried up his load to some family at the top of one of the divisions or staircases, so as to occupy a considerable time, and gave to the boys the opportunity of a singular trick. They took the horse, now freed from his

load, and by dint of great exertion made him mount up to the highest story of that staircase which his owner had not entered, and tied him to the window-board, so as to allow of his head being thrust out. When his master returned and missed his beast, he ran about everywhere in search of it, but in vain; till at last the animal, who probably recognised its master, began to neigh most powerfully, to the amazement and horror of the poor coalman, who might well say with Pope, 'We wonder how the devil it got there.' When his astonishment was somewhat abated, he mounted the stair to get down his horse, a thing not very easy to be accomplished, but which the boys, satisfied with the joke, now helped him successfully to perform.

James Boswell lived in James's Court when Johnson visited him in Scotland, and entertained the great philologer in his house there.

## HOUSES

ONE of the first houses from top to bottom, then reckoned fine and fashionable, was built on a property to the south of the City Wall, called for the name of the proprietor Lady Nicolson's House. My grandfather rented it one year. On the base of the column which she erected (taken down some years ago to make room for the houses which were to be built there) she caused an inscription to be placed bearing [the statement] that out of regard to her husband's memory she had planned a street, to be called Nicolson's Street. Before this column was raised and the buildings of which it pioneered the erection, we the lads of the College used to play at football on the grounds now covered with those streets.

The difference in size and value of houses in Edinburgh since the comparison stated in Creech the bookseller's work on that subject, tho' not so suddenly changed as when he wrote, is still progressive in a considerable degree. The increase in number of streets and buildings is wonderful; and not less so the change in the style and accommodation of the latest built houses. They are calculated for show, not convenience, with two or three drawing-rooms for parties,

which now are much more common than formerly; in my early days indeed they were unknown, suppers being then the common place of meeting in the evening. The houses were not, as now, calculated for large parties.

Three houses reckoned the best in Edinburgh,—Ross-House, Fyfe-House, and Minto-House, all built by the same architect, Mr. John Adam, a man of great sagacity as well as genius. These three houses were not very distant from one another; Minto-House within the Town,—the other two to the south, outside the Town Wall. The estimate of all the three, being built on the same plan, was of equal amount; but the builders of the two first departed from the original plan, and the architect brought in a large additional account. Lord Minto was more knowing; when Mr. Adam proposed some alteration, as a great improvement, he answered that he was perfectly well pleased with the plan as it stood and would keep by the estimate, which he did, and so had a very cheap house.

In other houses the ladies' bedroom was used as a drawing-room.

One cannot find much fault with a person of moderate fortune going a little beyond that fortune in the article of a good house, particularly in advanced life. So much of his daily comfort depends on it; it is so much the castle of his health as well as his safety, that if he can spare a little more money than prudence might dictate for a house (provided it does not go extravagantly out of his means or station), he may be allowed so to bestow it.

Few fires formerly. Accounted for by every place being occupied, and the Old Town, tho' not having spare rooms, being then occupied by respectable people. More frequent fires now, occasioned by these respectable tenants having moved to the New Town, and mean and sometimes black-guard tenants come in their room.

Stealing a room: that theft was committed by a tenant of a house in the Lawn Mercat, who contrived to remove a partition from the adjacent house on the same floor during the proprietor's absence in the country. I have no doubt of the fact, improbable as it is.

Boys never employed as chimney-sweeps till about the year 1760. The old chimney-sweeps now again more employed (1824).

Wainscotting till the New Town began to be built. It harboured vermin; dead rats the greatest nuisance. The black rat now unknown; all destroyed by the large Norwegian rat, formerly only seen in small number at Leith, imported in North Country ships.

Inscriptions on principal houses of people of rank in Edinburgh very frequent, generally in gold characters on a black ground. Antient inscription on a brewery fronting the College Wynd to the east, 'Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum'. Such inscriptions, of a religious tendency nearly approaching to the Romish ritual, seem to have been very common on the principal houses of the Old Town.

There is an inscription on a house in the Canongate, nearly opposite Queensberry House:

> Cum victor ludo, Scotis qui proprius, esset,
> Ter tres victores post redimitos avos,
> Patersonus, humo tunc educebat in altum
> Hanc, quae victores tot tulit una, dumu[m].

The house, I have heard it said by the old inhabitant of an opposite house, was built or begun to be built with money won by its builder at the game of Golf. The author of an entertaining little book entituled *Traditions of Edinburgh* gives a tradition of a more dignified ground for the inscription; but I think the account which he gives, if considered in all its parts, does not authorize, but rather contradicts the tradition which he gives of the Duke of York having built the house and bestowed it on an associate of his in his favourite game of Golf.

## ROADS

THE roads round Edinburgh are as much changed as the houses, and are more useful as a public luxury. McAdam's mode of making them has changed them from being the most uneasy and jolting to being the smoothest

in motion and the least noisy in the driving of a carriage. Now that I am an invalid and lame, I may say (*Parva componere magnis*) in the words of Virgil, to McAdam, 'Deus nobis haec otia fecit'. I could not have borne the jumbling of the roads round Edinburgh as they were some years ago. Nor of less convenience to the middling rank of people are the foot-paths, which now all Turnpike Acts of Parliament oblige the Trustees to make. In one only of those foot-paths I find something (foolishly enough perhaps) to complain of. At Jock's Lodge, a mile from town on the Great London Road, was a cottage or rather hut erected by an old beggar called John—familiarly Jock, from which he gave it its name, and when the neighbouring houses were built the village adopted the appellation. It affords the best point of view for seeing Edinburgh, which there is so fore-shortened to the eye as to have the appearance of rising in tiers surmounted by the Castle. I could not but regret when this beggar's hut was taken down in order to level the foot-path, as was another which the children, I believe, had erected on the road to Linlithgow. Each was shaded by a large old thorn and formed a very picturesque object. I feel a sort of reverential fondness for these antient deformities, as most people may perhaps call them. They are like a mole on the fair one's neck, not pretty in itself, but it sets off the whiteness of the skin around it.

## PLACE-NAMES

AT the distance of less than a mile from Edinburgh, there are places with Jewish names,—Canaan, the river or brook called the Jordan, Egypt,—and a place called Transylvania, a little to the east of Egypt. There are two traditions of the way in which they got their names: one that there was a considerable irruption of gypsies into the county of Edinburgh who got a grant of these lands, then chiefly a moor; the other, which I have heard from rather better authority, that some rich Jews happened to migrate into Scotland and got from one of the kings (James I, I think it was said) a grant of these lands in consideration of a sum of money which they advanced to him.

There are a good many places with names derived from the Gaelic, even near Edinburgh,—such as *Kaimes*, meaning a *bay* at sea or an opening between two rising points at land; *Dalmahoy*, the *plain* of I am not sure what, but I believe a plain of or near to a hill; *Lamfoy* [Lymphoy], a hunting seat of the kings of old, which I rather think is derived from *Lamh foy*, *the hand of the deer*, i. e. the hand that killed or opened the deer.

## THE NEW TOWN

PLANS for it, pamphlets shewing its advantages, and subscriptions opened for its encouragement as early as 1778. Not long after, the foundation stone of the North Bridge was laid by Provost Drummond, always the patron of any improvement of Edinburgh, attended by the Town Council and a numerous procession of the citizens. The progress of the New Town rapid, tho' an early stop by the fall of one of the arches of the North Bridge, by which various lives were lost.

## SELF-CONTAINED HOUSES

A HOUSE within itself, now called self-contained; that is, from top to bottom, not a floor (or story, as called in Edinburgh). Formerly a few in the suburbs, particularly at Fountainbridge, for which reason strangers, Commissioners of the Revenue, and others lived there.

## STAGE COACHES

THERE was in my younger days but one stage coach betwixt Edinburgh and Leith, which took three-quarters of an hour or, if the coachman was much given to dram-drinking, an hour to perform the journey. At night, a lanthorn was provided by the coachman, for which cost a passenger paid an additional penny, and it was held within the coach by some one of the passengers.

A stage coach journeyed from Edinburgh to London once a month; it was three weeks on the road. The celebrated Lady Jane Douglas, sister of the then Duke, and mother of

the present Lord Douglas, went to London in that vehicle, and some of the principal evidence in the famous Douglas Cause was got from some of her fellow-passengers, which were six in number. There were at that time no outside passengers.

Falconer of Phesdo in Kincardineshire, M.P. for that county, used to journey to London to attend Parliament in that stage coach. He had travelled much abroad, was a humourist, and fond of talking. A gentleman who knew him told me that at the beginning of one of those London journeys he addressed the companions of his journey in the following terms: 'Ladies and gentlemen! We are to be companions for three weeks; it will add much to the comfort of our society to know something of each other; I am Falconer of Phesdo, going to London to attend my duty in Parliament; if you gentlemen and ladies will be as communicative as I, it will point our conversation to the topics which each person is best qualified to speak on, and may instruct or amuse the rest of the company.'—But the Scottish shyness prevented all but one other gentleman from following his example.

Boswell bragged of having detected a fellow passenger in the London stage coach who had preserved a cautious silence during the journey till they were travelling the stage between Northallerton and Durham, where the two great Yorkshire rivers cross the road and, being then in flood, attracted the notice of the company. The silent passenger was struck with the scene. 'This here river,' said he, 'is of the same *cut* with that we passed a little while ago.'—'A tailor!' exclaimed Boswell in triumph; and he was right in his conjecture.

## TRINITY HOUSE, LEITH

IN the Trinity House at Leith is a portrait, a present to the Corporation, of Mary of Lorraine, which was for a long time mistaken by many people for the beautiful but unfortunate Queen Mary, and visited under that mistaken impression.

## CREECH'S SHOP

CREECH, the author of a *Comparative Account of Houses in 1763 and 1783*, had himself his shop in the most commanding situation for a view of the High Street; it was situated at the end of the building now pulled down called the Luckenbooths from the booths or shops of which it chiefly consisted, and enfiladed this principal street of the town so as to afford an excellent place for strangers seeing the people who assembled every Wednesday in front of it at the Cross, and all shows and processions which passed through that street.

## ROYAL EXCHANGE

THE New or Royal Exchange was built with the idea of assembling within it people of business after the manner of the Exchange in London; but the men of business would not leave their old haunt of the Cross tho' attended with much inconvenience,—cold wind and rain, a wet pavement, and the interruption of carriages and carts passing through it,—to go to the more commodious square of the Royal Exchange, well paved, well sheltered, and with the piazza at the north side protecting them from the weather. One reason a sagacious money-dealing man gave me for this preference, which was that at the Cross they occasionally saw passing their debtors and had the opportunity of dunning them which the retirement of the Exchange would have put out of their power.

## THE PLAGUE

THERE was a traditionary belief that the seeds of the plague remained, shut up in some vaults in a close called Mary King's Close below the last wing of the Exchange, so that they must not be opened for fear of spreading the infection. The real danger was incurred, however, by allowing the greatest part of the passengers in a vessel which arrived at Leith about forty-five years ago from a violently affected port, to land without any quarantine. After they had landed, however, the alarm was so violent that centinels were placed

at the door of houses where they had lodged to prevent any communication with the inhabitants of the town. This precaution would have been rather too late had there been really any infection among them; but no consequences followed, and it was said that all the crew and passengers on board were in perfect health.

When the plague was in Edinburgh in 1633 [1645?], it never visited the prison called the Tolbooth. A physician long in Turkey and well acquainted with the appearances that indicate the plague told the Magistrates that a patient to whom he had been called was certainly affected with the plague; but the Magistrates disregarded the warning, and sent the doctor to prison as a slanderer of the town. The event shewed that his information was correct; but by his commitment to prison the Magistrates unwittingly did him essential service, because his residence in the Tolbooth, which the plague never visited, saved him from being affected.

Note: It is said that the plague never affected the parish of Kirknewton about ten miles west of Edinburgh, tho' frequent in the surrounding parishes. I enquired about this at some very old inhabitants of that parish, who all agreed in their knowledge and implicit belief of such tradition. Most of the parish (at least all the southern part of it) is high and of a cold wet soil. I might apply therefore to the plague not visiting it the *bon mot* of General Cunningham, Governor of Kinsale, who in his passage to Ireland having met with a violent storm one night, and a sailor coming hastily into his cabin, the General asked him what had happened. 'The anchor is come home,' answered the sailor.—'I am not surprised at that,' replied the General; 'what thing would remain abroad in such a night as this?'

## CHAPTER V

# MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF EDINBURGH

## FOOD AND PROVISIONS

A DISH, now I believe hardly known, was common in my younger days, *powdered mutton*, probably owing to the comparative scarcity of beef, when grass fields were few; I should like to see a leg of mutton so demi-salted for the sake of auld lang syne. My recollection makes it more tasty to the palate, and lighter to the stomach.

When there were two regular services of the Church on Sunday and an interval of about two hours between (which I believe an unrepealed law of the General Assembly ordains), it was the custom to have a sort of meal during that interval, which would now be called a luncheon, consisting of some dishes which required little preparation, such as minched collops, rizered (half dried) haddocks, or a piece of cold meat. The Sunday's supper, a genuine Presbyterian meal, came in place of the dinner, and was served about the time of modern dinners, 7 o'clock, and consisted of boiled and roasted dishes, in short a substantial dinner, washed down with a moderate quantity of wine or punch; for intoxication, frequently indulged on week-days, would have been indecorous on Sunday. I was one of an excellent Society which met at Sunday's supper at the house of an old lady of uncommon talents, where the conversation was of the best kind, instructive without being pedantic, and lively without licence or irregularity.

Arnot gives the price of provisions at different periods. There are some articles which it is rather curious to find have remained at one stationary price for more than a century. *Oysters* and *soland geese* are two of these articles; this is wonderful as to the oysters, being of such universal demand; as to the soland geese, they are rarely eaten, much seldomer now than formerly. Several reasons may be given for this. The more delicate senses of our dandies and their Epicurism,—their Epicurism because this bird is not a

luxury, or little so, in itself—but as a supposed whetter of the appetite, which I presume our *bon vivants* do not give credit to; then our *salons a manger* are such nice rooms as not to be polluted with strong-smelling viands; even herrings, formerly reckoned one of the nicest fishes, are now, on that account, excluded from all fashionable dinners. But why do not those young Apuleiuses establish the custom of soon leaving the dining-room, and going to the dessert and wine in another room? I saw this done at Mr. ——'s in London, where after an excellent dinner he desired each person to take up his glass and follow him. We did so, and were ushered into an elegant room, at the end of which was an aviary, full of the finest singing birds, with roses scattered through it, so that we had three senses gratified at once. In Edinburgh we had of old one at least grievously offended, in the evenings especially, when the beastly custom of throwing every *immondice* over the windows prevailed, which it did till lately. (Vide Smollett's *Humphry Clinker*.)

The old English cooks were supposed to excel ours, yet the fact was quite the reverse. The old English cookery was only roast and boil, the roasts very raw; blood and butter were the savage accompaniments of their cookery. Ours in Scotland was much improved by our constant communication and alliance with France. From France we got several excellent soups, such as *Hodge Podge*, *Friers Chicken*, *Hare Soup*, *Lambs Stove*, *Cocky Leeky*, and a *soupe maigre* called *Pankail*. Our Hare Soup is composed of parts of the hare cut down, and the blood; so that a hard new hare scarcely furnishes it, a shot hare being much better adapted for this purpose; this *potage* is not known in England, tho' they have a substitute not, in my opinion, nearly so good, Jugged Hare. Lambs Stove consists of lamb's head and its appurtenances made into soup with spinnage, sometimes accompanied by prunes. Cocky Leeky is a soup made of fowl with leeks, to which an alliance with a piece of beef is very advisable; the leeks are very little shorn, so as to make it difficult to eat it without offence against delicacy by some slobbering. I remember an English gentleman who was mentioning a dinner he had got in Edinburgh in which tho'

the soup was excellent he could not recollect its name. 'But it was a soup,' said he, 'of which a mouthful was one half in the mouth, and the other half out.' Pankail is made with greens, butter, and a small quantity of oatmeal.

It is needless to mention the *Haggis* (called by Burns 'Chieftain o' the puddin-race') which was chiefly a rural dish, when a family killed their own mutton. There was also a local sort of fish pudding, chiefly used on the north-eastern coast, called *Crappet Heads*, made of the giblets, if I may so call the inside parts of fish, generally haddocks, mixed with oatmeal and stuffed into the heads of the haddocks, well cleaned out; there was generally a small mixture of onions. It formed a savoury sort of pudding; like other savoury things, somewhat heavy and hard of digestion. I remember a *bon mot* of a gentleman, one of an English party who came on a shooting excursion to Cawdor Castle, for whom Lord Cawdor's servants (whom he had left in his absence to minister to his guests) presented it. They liked the dish much, but one of them complained next morning that he had still the taste of it in his mouth.—'Very well,' said one of his companions, 'and what better taste could you have in your mouth?'

The bread of Edinburgh was formerly much esteemed; now (1825) it is miserably fallen off, owing, I believe, to the difficulty of procuring yeast, the distillers now using it themselves to make a liquour termed *bub*, which increases fermentation. When *Monsieur* and his suite were in Edinburgh, they employed for their baker a man living close by Holyrood House, of the name of Greig, to whom Madame Polesiron, the *chère amie* of Monsieur, a very amiable woman, taught the art of baking with leaven a flat-shaped loaf, which he called after her a *polesiron* loaf, the best I ever eat; but after the French left Edinburgh he lost the art which this lady had taught him, and made as bad bread and as sour as all the rest of his trade.

When I was a boy, tea was the meal of ceremony and we had fifty-odd kinds of tea-bread. One Scott made a little fortune by his *milk-bakes*. His shop in Forrester's Wynd (where my father also had a house) was surrounded at five

o'clock by a great concourse of servant maids,—at that time there was scarce a footman except in families of the first distinction. A similar reputation was enjoyed by the rolls of one Symington, a baker of Leith.

*Corstorphin cream* is so called from the village where it was first made. Butter-milk is poured on milk warm from the cow, and the *whig* (the thin part) is let off by a spicket at the bottom of the vessel in which it is made; or, as I learned from a woman who had the reputation of making the best Corstorphin Cream, by a little difference in one of the ingredients, to wit by using milk acidulated by keeping it in a warm place, vulgarly called *Cappered Milk*, instead of butter-milk.

## FUEL

EDINBURGH is surrounded by large fields of coal, yet they are never so cheap as might be expected from that circumstance. Antiently they were brought to town chiefly on the backs of horses, the wynds and closes (larger and lesser lanes) being too steep and narrow to admit of carts. When carts at last came to be universally used, the ordinary cart contained twelve cwt, and the current price five shillings. Latterly, however, in the midst of winter when their carriage was attended with difficulty, and the demand great, their price was more than doubled; one winter I remember their being sold at a guinea the cart. Now (1824) the Lothian Canal has reduced the price very much, to about ten shillings the ton, tho' the quality of the coal transported by it is not reckoned quite so good as that of the coals brought from the pits in the neighbourhood of the Town, which some people, however, deny. Much more use also is now made of Newcastle coal since the duty of it when sea-borne has been taken off. It is not so cheap as the Scots coal, but a stronger coal for the kitchen, if the cook (not always the case) understands the management of it. I have observed a remarkable difference in the clearness of some of our beautiful prospects, that from the Calton Hill for instance, from the sea-coal smoke dimming the atmosphere all around, an effect which the smoke of Scots coal produced in a much inferior degree.

## CADDIES

THE Society, it may be called a Corporation, of Cadies [sic] of Edinburgh was in old times a very respectable one. They were like the ticket porters of London, but much inferior to them in manners and information. They waited on strangers, took note of their lodgings, shewed them all the sights and curiosities of the place, and engaged if they chose it as their *valets de place*. I remember when they were so numerous and so stationed in various quarters of the city, that if a person called *Cady!* in any of the principal streets or lanes, he was immediately attended by one of these guides or messengers. They exercised the functions of Mercury in offices more confidential, tho' less moral and honourable than that of a messenger.

Lord Drummore, the very popular character, was admitted a Member of this Society, and at one time when he was confined by indisposition their Treasurer sent him the usual weekly sum destined for the support of their sick brethren.

They are now almost obsolete, except that at the beginning of each winter session one may see their boxkeeper standing at the door of the Parliament House with the box of the Society in his hand for a New Year's gift to be added to the funds of the Society. They gave, when in their more flourishing state, a purse at the races to be run for over the Leith Course, at which race I have been present, but that has been long discontinued.

## CARRIAGES

WHEN I was a boy there were but three or four gentlemen's carriages kept in Edinburgh. Indeed the state of the city at that time, its narrow steep wynds and closes, did not admit of carriages; and like Bath formerly (from the like cause, the *Parades* not admitting of carriages) the conveyance of fashionable people was by sedan chairs. The proportion of carriages now, since the building of the New Town, is, in comparison with that former period, I really believe, forty or fifty to one; but the great increase of

carriages used by the middle ranks is that of gigs; every tradesman of tolerable trade now has his gig, which is an appendage of another luxury, a country house, to which he retires of an evening,—many of them immediately after dinner. The consequence of this is often complained of, neglects and omissions in their clerks and apprentices, and inaccuracy in their accounts resulting from such neglects. I always find it necessary to file my receipts for payment of their accounts.

## SERVANTS

THERE is a similar increase in another part of a citizen's establishment. Formerly very few people except of rank or fortune kept a male servant; it is still a joke to say, 'We shall send for you the *lass and the lantern*', which was antiently the mode of conveying a family home in the evening. Now men servants are kept in much greater numbers. It is not so in Glasgow, where mercantile luxury is in eating and drinking, not in establishments.

The maid servant at the time which I am recollecting dressed herself and waited at table even in houses of considerable rank and fashion; and excellently well she did wait, more quietly and handily than many modern footmen do; and there was one advantage in the sex of the waiter,—the maid was always sober, which I have sometimes seen not the case with the waiter of the other sex, to the great annoyance of the guests by spilling of soup, creams, &c. Only one inconvenience arose from the old custom, the discourse of the gentlemen being often such as to be offensive to a female ear; but this ought not to be the case, and a man of feeling and delicacy would not offend in that way even the ear of a chambermaid.

## BEDS

THE high beds, so high as to endanger the limbs of old or delicate people in getting into or out of them, are a late introduction into Scotland, derived from our Southern neighbours and by them from the French. Formerly in Edinburgh they were low and of down, not as now with

a mattress atop, a more healthy custom. There was then no drawing-room, the lady's bedroom serving the purpose of a drawing-room, to which the company resorted after dinner, if there was a dinner, which was very seldom, tea being the meal of ceremony, and sometimes a supper, either connected with tea and cards between, or independent of tea with an hour or two of cards before it.

Among the antient Jews it would seem that beds were of considerable height; for King David in his Psalms has the expression 'climbing up to his bed'. (Psalm 132, 3.)

## DELICACY

THERE was one delicate piece of politeness, which I never saw carried so far as in Edinburgh in my younger days, that of never producing children before any lady who had no family or who had lost her children. I well remember being forbid to come to tea when any friend of my mother's in either of those predicaments came to visit her.

## MISERS

THERE was a Mr. S. well known in Edinburgh about the middle of last century, who carried his inventive avarice rather farther than the noted Elwes or any other miser on record. He lived in one part of a floor only divided from an apartment in the neighbouring house by a wooden partition. He bored a hole through and read or wrote what he was forced to read or write by candle light, by the glimpse he borrowed through that aperture. Instead of fire, he warmed himself with a large piece of coal not burnt but carried on his back at a quick pace, which exercise warmed him without any waste of the fuel.

An old gentleman of my acquaintance told me that having occasion to settle an account with him, which business was at that time always done in a tavern, my friend, who had been the borrower, was, according to the well understood custom, to pay the reckoning. They had nearly finished their business with the first bottle; he was about to ring the bell for another. 'Stop a moment,' said Mr. S., 'till I ask

you a question. What is the price of the wine we were drinking?'—'Never mind the price,' replied the other; 'I think it is good, and you know I am to pay for it.'—'But I have a particular reason for wishing to know.'—'Two shillings, I believe.'—'Then, instead of drinking this bottle, if you will give me one shilling and keep the other, we shall both be richer.'—His wish was complied with.

Another old gentleman of a somewhat later period was sheltering himself under one of the piazzas at the Cross; and while he was wiping his hat with his handkerchief, was overheard by a young man, who told me the circumstance, to utter the following soliloquy: 'Alas! My good new hat! It has not met with such a shower these seven years.' He was told of the death of an intimate acquaintance at the age of eighty-eight.—'Ah!' said he, 'what an age for accumulation!'

This last *Harpagon* had a singular fancy. He did not often frequent taverns, tho' sometimes he was obliged to be there according to the fashion of the time above mentioned, and he took it exceedingly ill if he was not allowed to pay the whole reckoning. He was a very good-tempered man and fond, notwithstanding his narrowness, of making people around him happy. I was sometimes carried to drink tea at his house, his wife, an excellent woman and of considerable talents, being an old friend of my mother's. There was a feast of its kind; every sort of cake and sweetmeat that Edinburgh afforded accompanied the tea, and our host pressed us young people to eat them with the greatest eagerness.

In misers there is a sort of unwillingness to bequeath money to any but their heir, with whom they very oddly seem to identify themselves. I knew a lady of this disposition who, having made her will leaving several legacies, when she heard of the death of any of her legatees came to a friend of hers who told me the anecdote, in great joy exclaiming, 'Such a person is dead; there is a lapsed legacy!'—She did not think of altering her will or scoring through the name of any legatee, but thanked Heaven for saving her that trouble by the death of the person.

## POLITICS

WHEN it was proposed by the Provost of Edinburgh to make a great addition to the pier of Leith, he found his scheme opposed by several of his brethren of the Council, the leader of which party was the Deacon of the Shoemakers. At a meeting at which the subject of the new pier was under discussion, the Provost said he was confident the plan would be of the greatest benefit to the harbour of Leith, by which the expense would be more than compensated. There was one part of the expense which had not been anticipated, which he would candidly mention. It had been stated that the workmen about the pier, standing as they must do in the water, would have their health affected by that circumstance; but it had been suggested that providing them with strong boots, such as the fishers used, would prevent that bad consequence. He therefore proposed, hoping that his plan for the new pier would be adopted, that a sufficient number of such boots should be provided by the Council. The Deacon, aware of the profit which would accrue to him officially from the making of the proposed boots, withdrew his opposition, and the Provost's plan was unanimously agreed to.

## COURAGE OF A SHOPKEEPER

I HAVE been told, and have no doubt of the correctness of my information, a remarkable instance of cool and heroic resolution,—it might be called self-devotedness,—in a shopkeeper in Edinburgh who sold gunpowder; his name my informant mentioned, but I have unluckily forgotten it. It was before the period when, by a very proper regulation of the Magistrates, no quantity of gunpowder above a certain moderate weight was allowed to be kept in any shop or warehouse; the stock of the trader to be kept in the public city magazine where every precaution for its safety was taken. The shopkeeper in question had a barrel of gunpowder in his cellar under his shop, which, if I recollect right, was in the street called the West Bow. He had occasion to send his maid servant, an ignorant girl, for some article from his

cellar at night. When she returned, he asked her what she had done with the candle. 'As I was to go back to the cellar,' said she, 'I stuck it in a barrel of birdseed, which was half open in a corner of it.' Her master immediately knew that the birdseed was gunpowder. Without betraying any alarm to the girl, he went down to the cellar, found the candle in the situation she had mentioned, and gently getting hold of it between two of his fingers, so that his hand was a sort of guard to the snuff if it should fall, brought it safely out of the cellar, which he locked carefully till he should have time to place the gunpowder in some safer place. This sounds less heroical, but is not substantially less gallant than the anecdote told by Boswell in his *History of Corsica*.

## AN ALCHYMIST

NOWADAYS every girl in Edinburgh who plays on the pianoforte learns Italian, and Italian masters are to be found in every street. When I was a lad and wished to learn Italian, there was no master in Edinburgh; but I found out a man of noble birth, an uncle of Lord Aboyne's, who was a Roman Catholic priest and had long resided in Rome, who consented to teach me: but he was above accepting any fee, which piece of delicacy, however, cost me rather more money in a present for the favour of his instruction.

He was an alchymist, alchymy being then not quite unknown, and had frequent meetings with a brother alchymist and namesake, whom I saw occasionally with him, consulting the learned books of that occult science. 'Sir,' said I once with a boy's impertinence, 'did you ever make gold?' —'Once,' said the philosopher with a hesitating voice; 'we had a fortunate projection, and a portion of gold was the result.'—'And may I ask, Mr. Gordon, what the experiment cost?'—'Very little more than the same piece of metal, if bought at the goldsmith's.'

Mr. Gordon was a critic as well as a philosopher and an enthusiast in Italian poetry. His impassioned recitation of Guarini's celebrated Soliloquy imprinted it so strongly on my memory that I can still repeat the beginning.

## A TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE

THE Magistrates of Edinburgh sometime about the year 1750 wished to introduce the system of *Poor's Rates* into Edinburgh, and the measure would have been carried but for the opposition set on foot against it by Mr. Chalmer, a distinguished Writer to the Signet (father of my friend Mr. James Chalmer, the oldest solicitor now before the House of Lords). Got a resolution of the Society of Writers to the Signet passed at a general meeting of that body, setting forth the hurtful consequences of such a plan for the provision of the poor, of which the fatal effects were experienced in England. To Mr. Chalmer therefore we are indebted for our freedom in Scotland from this tax, of which since that time the evils have so much increased as to threaten a burthen ruinous to the agricultural interest of the country. Mr. Chalmer was a sturdy opposer of all public measures which he conceived hurtful to the community. He was a zealous Whig and assertor of the liberties of the subject, and thence got the title of *Tribune of the People*. He also opposed and defeated a proposed tax on the inhabitants of Edinburgh for an increase to the stipends of the clergy, which at that time was thought unnecessary.

He built or occupied the first house that was built on the ground near Dalry, half a mile west from Princes Street, then thought a fine house, tho' now esteemed only a meanish sort of cottage compared to the numerous superb houses built in that neighbourhood.—Gardners Hall, the property of the great friend of my family, Mr. Fraser of Balnain, stood long the single house of that quarter, and had then, before the other buildings shut it up, a most delightful prospect.

## ABUSE

SILENT contempt is the most mortifying reception of abuse to the abuser. One of our *poissardes*, a fishwife of Newhaven, heard with seeming indifference and in silence the violent abuse of a sister of the trade. After trying in vain to rowze her into anger or provoke her to a reply, the

violent dame put her hands on her sides; her face grew red as a coal, and she uttered with a violent scream, 'Speak, you b——, or I'll burst!'

A similar story I remember of one Munro, a schoolmaster at London, who laid a wager that he would silence a famous Billingsgate shrew. He went to her stall, and looking at some fish said they stank; that was enough to open the sluices of the other's abuse. She began to belabour Munro in language the most violent and provoking. He took a small copy of Homer from his pocket and read with perfect sang-froid a passage from the Greek. The scold was perfectly overcome; and throwing a lobster at her antagonist, she run out of the market.

## BEGGARS

A SINGULAR imposture, a beggar in Edinburgh pretending to want feet; enlisted at last, and a stout soldier. Another impostor of the same sort a female; she also had frequented the streets for several years, acting convulsions to the life. I saw her at the door of a house in which I was to dine, but objected to giving her anything, having detected the imposture by a trying question.

## THEFTS

GIDEON CRAWFORD, a bookseller in Edinburgh, had (as I believe is the case with all booksellers) lost a good many books from his shop which he supposed to have been stolen. At last he opened an account under the title of *Thief, Debtor* in which he entered every book which he missed and believed to be stolen. Some time after, a gentleman who had the unfortunate propensity of pilfering slipped a book into his pocket and was going out of the shop when Gideon stopped him, and begged him to come into his private room to settle an account of some standing. 'I have no account with you, Mr. Crawford,' said the gentleman.—'Pardon me,' said Crawford, 'here it is, and I hope you will pay it; otherwise I shall be obliged to take disagreeable measures in reference to the book (naming it)

which you have in your pocket.'—The gentleman, caught in the manner and unable to deny the fact, paid the account accordingly, tho' it is probable a small part only had been taken away by him.

Innate ideas have been exploded; but it is still more odd if there are *innate crimes*. Yet there have been odd examples of something like that. A Peer of Scotland had such a passion for stealing that he used when dining abroad to pocket silver spoons, or silver knives and forks; his family knew this strange propensity, and took care to get the stolen articles from him when he went home and return them to the right owners. A gentleman one day dining where his Lordship dined, surprised the company by putting a silver spoon through his buttonhole. On being asked the meaning of this, he said that he saw Lord —— put one in his pocket; he supposed, being a stranger in this country, it was the fashion here for the gentlemen to get a silver spoon, and not choosing to put his spoon in his pocket, he put it like a bouquet in his buttonhole.

I forget which of our criminal judges it was before whom a man was tried for theft, and made the singular defence that he was born with this propensity and had just got a *habit* of stealing.—'Well, Sir,' replied the judge, 'and we have a habit of hanging such persons.'

## DUELS

DUELS rarely happened in Edinburgh; I remember when a boy to have heard of one, fought or rather meant to be fought in the King's Park, which was the Hyde Park of Edinburgh for that purpose. One of the combatants, tho' the senior, was more punctual to the hour of appointment than his adversary, and, the morning being warm, he sat himself down on the grass to wait. His antagonist arriving, made an apology for the delay, and drawing his sword desired the other to rise and defend himself. 'You surely would not attack a man sitting thus,' said the senior combatant.—'No,' replied the other; 'I should scorn to take any such advantage.'—'Then,' rejoined the other,

'I shall not rise from this place till noon.'—The singularity and good humour of the speech disarmed his antagonist; they were reconciled, and walked away together to breakfast.

I remember, on my telling this story, a gentleman from London who was in the company said he remembered a circumstance of a somewhat similar kind that happened to an acquaintance of his, who was second in a duel and was going soon after sunrise to Hyde Park for the rencontre along with the two principals, when they met in Piccadilly a hearse returning from a funeral in the west; and this second, stopping it, desired the driver to turn round and wait for a little while at Hyde Park Gate;—'Because,' said he, 'it is possible you may get a job.' The drollery of the speech overcame the seriousness and hostility of the two principals; a compromise was made, an apology accepted, the hearse driver got a shilling, and the quarrel was heard of no more.

May be called a barbarous custom, yet it has some advantages in civilizing society; the vulgar abuse of the Romans was perhaps in a great measure owing to their having no duels. The code of duelling is necessary or highly expedient in a state of highly polished society, which applies the law of honor and delicacy, well understood though unwritten, to life and manners.

The story of the duel of Captain Douglas in the *Mirror* is not a fictitious but a real anecdote which I heard in Paris; I rather think, tho' I am not sure (so infirm is now my memory), that the principal party was in fact called Douglas, tho' supposed to be assumed in that paper.

Another paper of the same book, that on Advertisements, has only one of the writer's invention, the advertisement about medicine; all the rest are real advertisements copied from newspapers.

## DEACON BRODIE

THERE is a strange profligate sort of pleasure in villainy for its own sake, like the deep play of a whist-player who enjoys his superiority over his fellows. The noted Deacon Brodie, who was executed at Edinburgh for robbing the

Excise Office, was an example of this. He and his gang were also (I believe without any doubt) suspected of the murder of one Reid, a cook, whom they believed to have that day received a large sum of money. Brodie was of a very respectable family in the county of Elgin, and I met him therefore in company with his uncle, a surgeon of eminence in Edinburgh, who was making a round of visits with him to introduce him to his relations. He was a joiner and house carpenter, as was his father, and from the patronage of his relations as well as expertness in his profession had so much business that he had made, before the fatal close of his life, a considerable sum, and was likely to accumulate, as some of his successors in that line of business have done, a large fortune; but he put a higher value on five pounds acquired by cheating at play or robbery than on a hundred pounds gained fairly in the honest exercise of his trade.

After the robbery for which he afterwards suffered, he escaped into Holland; but his being a sort of public crime, the Dutch were persuaded by the remonstrance of our Ambassador to deliver him up, and he was brought to Edinburgh where he was tried and executed. The place of his concealment was unknown (indeed it was supposed he had gone to America, the common refuge of such offenders against the laws of Great Britain), but discovered himself by writing a letter to one of his associates in cock-fighting (that being a province of gambling which he was supposed to be master of), anxious to know the issue of a battle at a *main of cocks* then going on in Edinburgh between two cocks, one of which was a favourite of his. His hand-writing being known, the letter was opened at the post-office and thence the place of his retreat discovered.

He employed part of his wealth in bribing (as was suspected) the executioner to favour his escape, by allowing him to have a steel collar under his neck-cloth to prevent strangulation; and after he was cut down he was drawn rapidly to the village of Musselburgh by the advice of an anatomist, the shake of the motion being supposed favorable to reanimation. By the same advice he had eaten a solid

meal of beef-steak before his execution, another expedient for the same purpose; but these means did not avail, and he died like any other less favoured felon.

Creech the bookseller, who was upon his jury, published an account of his trial which had a considerable circulation in Scotland.

I knew another instance of a man, who did not, in the heroism of villainy, risk his neck like Brodie, but who, in the vanity of knavishness, used to tell lies against himself. I heard him relate one of those stories in a visit to Mrs. Yates, the celebrated actress, when in Edinburgh, who after he was gone expressed to me her horror at the profligacy of the action, and could scarce believe me when I assured her that the story was almost wholly a romance.

## THE PORTEOUS RIOT

THE Porteous Mob is a remarkable incident in the history of Edinburgh. Never was a plan better organised or more ably executed. Provost Wilson, an eminent brewer, was then Chief Magistrate of Edinburgh, whose daughter was an intimate friend of my mother's, from whom I had many particulars of that business. (See *The Heart of Midlothian*, passim.) When the mob had got possession of their victim, they carried him to the Grassmarket, the place of execution at that time, and hanged him over a silk dyer's pole. They broke open the shop to get a rope, but left money for it on the counter, and secured the door when they left the shop.

A Mr. Ronaldson, whom I saw often of his return from the West Indies, whither he had fled to avoid the consequences of having been one of the leaders of the mob, came back to Scotland, from that sort of relegation, with a handsome fortune, and purchased an estate in Fife.

Provost Wilson was examined by the House of Lords, having been called to London on his responsibility as provost for this outrage on the Laws, which was resented the more strongly by Government as it happened during Queen Caroline's Regency, in the absence of her husband in Han-

over. When he was asked by a noble duke what sort of *shot* the town guard soldiers' muskets were loaded with at the execution of the smuggler where Captain Porteous commanded the town guard, the Provost answered in his Scottish dialect, 'Such shot as in Scotland we shoot dukes (ducks) and other fools (fowls) with,' at which there was a peal of laughter in the House.

Porteous was a good officer of the town, but proud and passionate. At an execution some time before that of the smuggler, he had been thought not severe enough in duty, and had a reinforcement of military ordered to assist his guard; affronted at this, he resolved to shew his vigour at this execution of the smuggler, who from the nature of his crime was not looked upon by the people as much a criminal. Porteous, over and above this, had fortified himself with liquour, and was more than half tipsy when he marched to his unpleasant duty.

The Town Guard consisted at first of sixty, in 1648. In 1682, the number was increased to one hundred. They were armed like the regular army, and had field days pretty frequently. Besides the musket and bayonet, they had for a police weapon a Lochaber axe, a powerful arm, an axe of a peculiar shape affixed to a long pole, and at the end there was an iron hook, like a shepherd's crook, for catching fugitive rioters. Their Guard House was in the centre of the High Street. On the night of the Porteous Mob the rioters surprised the guard, and confined them to the Guard House till they had wreaked their vengeance on Porteous. Many of the mob were in masquerade, men in women's clothes, and gentlemen clothed in the coarsest and dustiest habiliments. Notwithstanding of the great reward offered for discovery, none was made, and only slight suspicions were entertained of certain individuals.

## CHAPTER VI

# AMUSEMENTS OF EDINBURGH

## DANCING AND DANCING MASTERS

I HAD an aversion at dancing, because I was not strong enough in my limbs when a boy to dance well, and I hated to do anything ill. But I was sent of course to a dancing master, when at the highest class at the High School. There were at that time three dancing-masters in Edinburgh,—Lamotte and Picq, Frenchmen, and Downie, a Highlander originally from Strathspey or its neighbourhood. Lamotte had all the people of fashion for scholars, but was thought not to make good *men* dancers; Picq was supposed to teach males better, and so was Downie, a muscular and powerful man who taught the strong active Highland dances, but with little grace. When I was at Downie's, his school was in Niddry's Wynd underneath a room belonging to the Corporation of Mary's Chapel, in which was held a principal Mason Lodge. When the *supplosio pedum* which attends some of the Masonic ceremonies was heard above the inner room of our dancing school, there was a mixed feeling of curiosity and terror among us boys. 'The Devil,' said some of the most timid or most fanciful, 'ascends through that inner room at the call of the Masons.' That inner room was not lighted except from the dim lamps of the outer room where we danced, and was called the masking room, masks being at that time worn at the dancing-school balls. But he was a bold masker that would venture into that room alone while the Masons were assembled in the room above.

Picq or Le Picq was, I believe, a near relation, a grandfather or grand-uncle, of the celebrated dancer of that name who afterwards figured with so much *éclat* in London, and was celebrated for his *pirouettes*, standing on the toes of one foot. The Edinburgh dancing-master had a son, also a remarkable dancer, who died in his calling in a melancholy manner. He was invited on board a man-of-war then lying in Leith Roads, and when exhibiting to the officers of the

MRS. HENRY MACKENZIE

*From the portrait at Castle Grant*

ship a high dance in the cabin made what is called a *cut* so high as to strike his head against a nail or staple in the ceiling of the cabin, which caused his death by a contusion of the brain.

Lamotte lived to a great age, and was a gentleman-like well-bred man, in great favour with the ladies his scholars and their families; he bought a little cottage and a small patch of ground near Newhaven to which he gave the name of Lilliput, which name it still retains.

After all the above masters had retired, Strange, originally a west-country mason, became the crack dancing-master of Edinburgh and made a considerable fortune. He was an enthusiast and pedant in his profession, and thought dancing the paramount accomplishment in man or woman. He used to employ high-sounding phrases for the illustration of his art to the amusement of his scholars, but with a face of imperturbable gravity and importance himself. He had, it seems, a family and hereditary title to excellence in dancing; his sister, as I was informed by a gentleman of Ayrshire who lived in the neighbourhood of their father, being so famous for her dancing that gentlemen used to go to *penny weddings*, on purpose to see her dance.

Strathspey is the native land of Highland dancing, as the name of the dance most admired in the Highlands denotes. Tho', as danced there, it seems a violent exercise, yet it appears rather to recruit the wearied limbs than to add to their fatigue. The post at Castle Grant, who travelled three days in the week to Forres, a distance of twenty-two miles, for the letters and returned in the evening, besides many extra errands in that town and neighbourhood, I have seen in the Hall, after his return, dancing for several hours with admirable agility, and, as Goldsmith says, ' dancing down ' some of the stoutest of his partners.

## THE CONCERT

THIS Concert was first established in 173– [1728]; it was first held in a middling-sized room in Niddry's Wynd, called St. Mary's Chapel, belonging to one of the Corporations. It was styled the *Gentlemen's Concert*, because

the original plan was that the orchestra should consist chiefly of amateurs; but the assistance of masters was soon afterward taken, tho' their salaries were very small, the subscription at that time admitting of a very moderate expense. Mr. Gibbon was the first leader, a man, according to my father's account (himself a great musician), skillful in musical science, a bold steady violin, a good timeist, and a good regulator of the orchestra. After the building of a new hall at the bottom of the same wynd, which was accomplished by subscription, a number of new members were admitted, which by their annual subscriptions enabled the Society to give such salaries as occasionally to procure from London good performers, when by any accident or the capriciousness of the public taste they had no engagement in that city.

The first leader whom I remember was Arrigoni, who was also a teacher of the violin,—a firm, ready, and true performer on that instrument. After him Puppo filled that situation, a clever acute man, with great taste and delightful tone; lastly Stabilini, who was a violin player of considerable eminence, but indolent and indifferent about the performances except his own solos.

For the *prima donna* the first in my time was Signora Doria, a very pleasing woman, but not a capital singer; to her succeeded Signora Corri, wife of Domenico Corri, himself a singer with an indifferent voice but correct and tasteful. Along with her was employed Tenducci, at that time perhaps the first singer in Britain, who entered zealously into the conduct of the Edinburgh Concert, and admiring, the national airs of this country, delighted the audience, always full, with his admirable performance of them. He sung them in the style suited to that tenderness and simplicity which are the characteristics of the antient Scottish air, without any of those graces or ornaments which are foreign to them, and which destroy the effect they are calculated to have on the hearer by the gentle pathos they almost all possess. Tenducci, in his zeal for music, established an Academy, at which his pupils, both male and female, sung. It was held in the morning and became a very popular amusement.

The Concert Hall (now, I believe, a place of worship for one of the sects dissenting from the Established Church) was built after the Society had increased much in number; it was a room of considerable size, of an elliptic form, and had the property of shewing off the ladies to great advantage. At first it had a defect arising from that form, as the music of the orchestra, reverberating from the *foci* of the ellipse, struck disagreeably on the ear; but that was cured by the erection of pilasters along the sides, which had the effect of breaking the progress of the sound. After this improvement, I never knew any room in which the music was heard to more advantage.

The concert was, from its early hour (beginning at six, afterwards at half past six, and latterly at seven, and ending at nine or half past nine) and the unceremoniousness of only a common dinner dress being required, an entertainment excellently well adapted to men of business, of whom most of the resident members consisted. Lord Kames was a constant attendant, relaxing at the concert from his labours both judicial and literary, and indulging in that playful homage to the ladies which he was proud to indulge in and to exhibit. His great favourites, the daughters of Chief Baron Ord, were very seldom absent, and being all extremely musical, and speaking Italian, then no common accomplishment in Edinburgh, they sat in a particular seat near the orchestra, and had much communication with the principal performers.

I was admitted a member about the year 1778, and a director ten or twelve years after. I had the honour of being a director for a good many years, in conjunction with Lord Haddington, governor of the institution; Sir W. Forbes; Mr. Mitchelson and Mr. Tytler, both uncommonly good performers on the German Flute; and we used to meet occasionally at very pleasant suppers, on the business of the Society.

When the New Town attracted the people of fashion, when Stabilini ceased to be a novelty and grew very careless about the Concert, the place of their hall was felt as extremely inconvenient, and the concerts began to be neglected, tho' the directors did all they could to bolster

them up, by giving tea between the acts, and appointing some musical lady of rank and fashion to be a sort of patroness for the night; but all their exertions were fruitless. I was very desirous, on account of my old friend Mr. Tytler, whose favourite object the Concert had been for more than half a century, that it should survive *him*. This object I attained; one of the last full concerts was a funeral one to his memory, and after languishing a short time it expired; the property was sold, and the subscribers lost nothing by the adventure.

My father knew Mr. Gibbon well; had played the German flute along with his violin, and got from him a volume containing the best sets of Scots songs, which I gave to Mrs. Rose of Kilravock in compliment to her musical talents and don't know if her son has it still. Mr. Gibbon taught Mcpherson (also a musical intimate of my father's and a brother sportsman, both being most expert anglers), a man of great taste and a delicate player on the German flute. He was very long a teacher of music in Edinburgh, much liked by his scholars, who made a benefit for him every year, a most gentleman-like man both in mind and manners. He was connected by marriage with some very genteel families, by whom he was always treated with the greatest respect and attention.

Sir Archibald Grant of Monymusk, one of my colleagues in the direction, [was] very indignant at an oyster-cellar near the Concert Hall (called St. Cecilia's Hall) being called St. Cecilia's Tavern.

Samuel Mitchelson, another of the directors, mentioned in *Humphry Clinker*; his wager on a race by his poney rode by himself down Leith Wynd against a young man well mounted.

Schetky was brought over to be the Violoncello of our Concert about the time I became a director; he was a good deal my senior and lived to near the age of ninety. I never lost his acquaintance. He always maintained an excellent character, and his family was remarkable for genius; his surviving son is a good miniature painter, and his two daughters are excellent musicians and teachers of music.

## THE SONGS OF OLD

THE feeling which I have, not very happily, called, in the poem entituled *The Pursuits of Happiness*, 'memory rushing in the songs of old' is a very natural one at an advanced period of life. The simple airs which we knew in childhood or in youth come to our recollection associated with many events in early life, with the memory of many friends now no more, and productive of the tenderest emotion. Some of these ring in my ears at this moment, and visit my sleeping or waking dreams when midnight has silenced everything around me.

My father was a remarkably good singer, and during some of our journeys used to hum some airs, his favorites, which now swell my bosom and almost draw tears from my eyes. Such was the air called *Gilderoy* now sung to the words, 'When first I saw thee graceful move'; *Lochaber no more*; *My apron dearie*, modernized in the words by Sir Gilbert Elliot, grandfather of the present Earl of Minto, to the words, 'Why left I Aminta, why broke I my vow'; and *The Flowers of the Forest*: of which my father possessed the best sets, given him chiefly by his old musical friend, Mr. Gibbon.

The ladies of Edinburgh used to sing those airs without any accompaniment (indeed they scarce admitted of counterpoint, or any but a slight and delicate accompaniment) at tea and after supper, their position at table not being interrupted as now by rising to the pianoforte. The youngest Miss Scott of Harden (called from that circumstance *La Cadette*, thence vulgarly corrupted to *Cadie Scott*) sung some of these songs with the greatest expression and effect. She was the reigning beauty of the time, and so much a favorite with the then Duke of Hamilton that he had her picture painted, which is one of the Hamilton collection, and, it was confidently said, wished to marry her. Why he did not, I never learned. I knew her only when above middle age, still a fine, interesting, and amiable woman, but her face spoiled with a scorbutic affection; her voice, however, was as good as ever, and her singing as full of taste and pathos.

Her *Lochaber no more* (of itself indeed a most tender and expressive song, quite appropriate to the pensive melancholy of the words) bro't tears into her own eyes, and seldom failed of the same effect on her audience.

## INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

THE introduction of the harp is but recent in Edinburgh, and even yet there is scarcely a master for it, and but few scholars of excellence. In my younger days the guitar was the common instrument for beginners, and sometimes bounded the progress of such ladies as did not aspire to great attainments in music. The ease of acquiring a certain degree of power in performing on it recommended its use, and in the accompaniment of a song it had a good deal of effect. My cousin Mrs. Rose of Kilravock [was an] excellent performer on it; she gave it a strength and expression which I never heard any other attain. It has now been laid aside, except that the Spanish guitar has been lately brought into some reputation among fashionable people. I have lived long enough to see a progressive change and improvement in musical instruments as well as science: the Guitar, the Lute (tho' rarely played on), and the Harp; the Virginals, the Spinette, the Pianoforte. In performance [from] singing plain Scots songs without accompaniment to singing Italian music accompanied, and now bravuras with loud accompaniments that 'rowze as with a rattling peal of thunder'.

## MUSIC AND LOCAL CIRCUMSTANCES

MUSIC inspired by the local circumstances of the country. Who could compose the pastoral strains of *Tweedside* or *My apron dearie* under the roar of the fall of Fyres, or the cataracts of the Clyde?—or, on the other hand, compose those warlike strains of some masters, with their accompaniments of trombone and the kettle-drum, in the pastoral vales of Eskdale watered by the Esk or those on the banks of Yarrow?

## TOASTS

AMONG the descendants of Dr. Pitcairn[e] was the family of the Earls of Kelly [Kellie], one of whom, who was Governor of the Musical Society of Edinburgh when I was admitted a member, was celebrated for his musical talents and compositions, and also for his wit, which was often very amusing, tho' dealing rather too much in *puns*. He had a singular custom, in which he took great delight, of coming prepared into companies and clubs where he presided, with odd combinations of *toasts* which perplexed and annoyed others of the company. One evening he proposed *A Gentleman and a Book*; a plain country gentleman was one of the party, who said he really had few acquaintances among the celebrated toast-worthy men of fashion, but he would give a book, leaving the name of the gentleman to be supplied by their worthy Chairman. He gave *The Fool of Quality*, a strange extravagant novel then much read and admired.

Another very happy toast of a gentleman quite unprepared for Lord Kelly's call of *A Murtherer and a Musician* was *Cain and Abel*.

Beastly custom of the Catch Club of *Saving the Ladies*, their tickets being gone over by the Praeses; and custom of *saying more* if some gentleman wished to drink some favorite fair who was toasted by another; the largest *saving glass* held more than a quart; drinking off that, generally of punch, acted like an emetic. Such were the manners of that time; amidst changes not so favorable the change in this is laudable.

## PANTINES AND BANDELEURS

I REMEMBER when a boy accompanying my mother to tea tables; the ladies, instead of the fan which was the old simple engine for employment of the hands, had each a little figure cut in cards and played by means of a string or ribbon at the back, called a *Pantine*; the name was derived, I have been told, from a celebrated French dancer, a Monsieur Pantin. This little Harlequin figure they played

by way of amusement, as was done many years afterwards by the *Bandeleurs*, at which the then Prince Regent, now King George IV, was so expert. The Pantine, however, was chiefly confined to the female sex, tho' as a boy I was sometimes allowed to put it through its movements; the Bandeleur was common to both sexes.

## INDOOR GAMES

I HAVE already mentioned a trifling sort of amusement at the tea tables of playing a Pantine. The more dignified amusement of the ladies was (besides the gossiping) singing; there was then very little instrumental music, but they sang without accompaniment. Sometimes a game at cards among the older, and dancing Scots reels by the younger ladies of the party. In this last the men joined if they were of the tea-party; among themselves they played cards (at that time Quadrille was much more in fashion than Whist) or at Backgammon. There was scarcely one private billiard-room; indeed the houses of that period did not admit of it. Battledore and Shuttlecock was a winter house exercise, for there was no Fives Court; that game was played in the open air, the boys of Heriot's Hospital being the most expert at it, principally owing to that building with wired windows giving an opportunity of playing which scarce any other building afforded. The Whist of those days was the old-fashioned Scots game; ten points the game, double if the adversary was not five, and treble if he had not made *one* point. I have described the new-fashioned Whist called Short Whist, which makes for more gain and loss. There is, however, little deep play in Edinburgh; at the New Club (for it has yet got no other name) the young bucks play guineas and bet on the odd trick, but moderate men play for crowns and half-crowns.

## CARD GAMES

BETWIXT tea and supper, formerly, the elder of the tea party commonly sat down to cards; in summer the younger division went often to walk, in winter they amused themselves with music (which, except with a few of the

taught amateurs, consisted of singing only) or at some game such as Questions and Commands, Enigmas, &c. The game of cards was generally Quadrille or Ombre, Whist only with those among the men who valued themselves on skill in the game. At Quadrille there was no suspicion of a dishonest management of the pool, and therefore each player put in a certain number of counters, or their value (very moderate) in money; it was not till very lately, and not often in Edinburgh, that certain pilferings of the pool induced the players to abolish the practice of pooling at the beginning all round, and exchanged it for the dealers only putting in a single stake.

A lady well known in Edinburgh for her masculine forwardness of manners and unsparing sarcasm was playing Quadrille at Bath with a party in which was a Dowager, accustomed to all the sharp practices of the game, who observed the first-mentioned fair one (if her sex may somewhat unjustly entitle her to that denomination) slyly take out from the pool a half-guinea piece, of which act of larceny she immediately accused her. It was difficult to answer such a charge; but the other with unabashed *sang froid*, looking fixedly on her antagonist, said, 'Oh madam, I have often heard you were given to drinking, but I never believed it till now.'—The other was confounded with the impudence of the retort, and was silent.

Whist was reckoned an English game, and Richardson in *Sir Charles Grandison* makes it typical of the English Constitution. About twenty years ago (1826) a new sort of Whist was introduced called *Short Whist* in which five was the game, and if the winning party went beyond five he took credit for the odd points next game. This new way had one advantage to gamblers, that more money was won or lost; another way of attaining that was by betting on the odd trick; but if two of the party betted so, it was unfair to their partners because they often attended more to winning the odd trick than to furthering their interest in the game.

## CUNNING AT CARDS

I HAVE mentioned in another sheet the instance of a man who liked the reputation of cunning and cleverness so much as to tell stories of knavery against himself for which there was no foundation, and compared it to the reputation for skill and deceiving the adversary at certain games at cards, at *Whist*, for example, and still more directly at *Brag*. This may be held an argument against certain games as having a sort of remote affinity to knavery and hypocrisy. *Brag* is the game most liable to this imputation, the *hypocrisy of the countenance* being absolutely necessary to the success of the player. For this reason I hate to see a lady playing at Brag, tho', in Scotland at least, some ladies of high rank have been fond of that game, and highly enjoyed the triumphs over the other players by that *falsehood of face* which enabled them to win.

## DRAUGHTS

WHY are Draughts called in French *le jeu de dames*? Is it because the game requires less thought than Chess and therefore is thought fitter for ladies?

## HUNTING

BETWEEN sixty and seventy years ago, when I first took an interest in all kinds of sport, the only pack of fox hounds in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh was kept by Mr. Lockhart of Carnwath, descendant of the well known diplomatist in the time of the Commonwealth. He hunted them himself, riding on a strong horse of the old breed of hunters of England, fit for a carriage or the cavalry; but the dogs went at a pace proportioned to that of the horse, very different from the coursing pace of modern fox hunting. On this powerful hunter Mr. Lockhart used to follow his hounds across the Pentland Hills, a course which the fox often took. He was a remarkably good horseman, tho' sixteen or seventeen stone weight; and to shew his horsemanship he used to put a sixpenny piece between the sole of his foot and his stirrup-iron, which was never moved during the whole of the chase.

The art of shooting flying is now (1824) brought to a degree of perfection infinitely beyond what it had reached in my younger days. Fielding in his *Tom Jones* has recorded the rarity of that accomplishment at the time his story is dated in 174[9] by making the Man of the Hill say to Jones that his brother was so expert in the use of his gun that he could not only hit a standing or sitting mark with certainty, but that he could actually bring down a crow flying.

My grandfather, Mr. Rose of Kilravock, was reckoned one of the best shots in the north of Scotland; yet even he never ventured to fire at a bird flying sideways to his right hand.—'Plague on it,' he would say, 'she has flown the wrong way,' and took down his gun without firing.

Grouse-shooting is now grown such a rage as to afford an article of considerable emolument to proprietors of Highland estates by letting for large sums the privilege of shooting on their moors. Those lessee sportsmen having no interest beyond a year or two's lease would extirpate the moor game, were not their destruction repaired from distant hills to which they do not resort.

## ANGLING

I HAVE lived from my earliest days among sportsmen. My father was the most expert angler I ever knew and continued that sport till near fourscore, having walked to a friend's house near Musselburgh and killed a salmon about that age. I continued to cultivate my talents for sport as affording a motive for exercise till a few years ago when an unfortunate lameness cut me off from it.

## BOWLING

THE first bowling-green in Edinburgh, affording a favourite game to our ancestors and one recommended by Bacon as an extremely healthful exercise for sedentary men, was in the centre of Argyle Square, the first square in Edinburgh, and was well frequented by some of the citizens of respectable middling rank. I was scarcely old enough to play myself, but was frequently a spectator. A little later, the bowling-green most played at was that of Heriot's

Gardens, which continued to flourish for many years and produced several excellent bowlers, the diversion becoming quite a rage among the lawyers, and being also honoured with the company of some of the most fashionable gentlemen of the town, among whom were Lord Kelly, Mr. Nisbet of Dirleton, and others. Of the lawyers were Mr. Blair, afterwards President of the Court of Session; Messrs. Abercromby, Craig, and McLeod Bannatyne, afterwards judges of that Court; and Mr. Hay, better known afterwards as Lord Newton, his judicial title, who used to mix business with his amusement, his clerk often attending and writing to his dictation between the *ends* of the game. On him in his lifetime, his friend and fellow-bowler at an after period, Mr. H. Erskine, wrote an excellent epitaph all in bowling terms, and strictly applicable to the character of the man. I don't know if any copy of it was preserved; I only remember the first lines:

> Beneath his much loved turf, ah, well-a-day,
> Lies the dead length of honest Charles Hay.

*Dead length*, in the language of the bowling green, means an exact length, parallel latitudinally to the Jack.

A somewhat later set was composed of Mr. Erskine, Mr. Clerk (now Lord Eldin), and several other lawyers their contemporaries, who on the breaking up of the Heriot Hospital green went to that of Archer's Hall, situated to the east of Hope Park on the Meadow, where I saw some of them play not many years ago, and where perhaps a remnant of that set still continue occasionally to play (September 1824).

Lord Bacon's commendation of bowling as a wholesome exercise for sedentary persons, good as he says for strengthening the reins and promoting sleep:—this last property I have often experienced from it, now when one of the worst sleepers in the world.

The *Bowl and Ring* was confined rather to the lower orders; there were several in the suburbs of Edinburgh: one at Lauriston, near Heriot's Hospital; one at Stockbridge, now covered with large buildings; and one, I think,

in the Canongate. It was played with a ring which moved on a pivot, through which the bowl of the adversary was driven by a sort of mallet, which counted, I think, one in the game; the bowl of the player, passing through the ring, and afterwards, like a billiard ball, driven into one of the holes made on the margin of the green or arena, counted also for the player. There was considerable skill, and I think rather more interest than even at billiards, in these different evolutions of the game.

When I was at the High School, the then Dowager Lady Haddington, who had a house very near our playground, and whose daughter, an invalid, was frequently disturbed by the boys entering the court in front of her house, bargained to make us a present of a compleat apparatus for Bowl and Ring, and also for Nine Pins, on condition of our never entering this court, nor making any noise near it. The capitulation was honourably and strictly observed by the boys.

## RIDING AND RACING

ON the sands of Leith there used formerly to be assembled, as in Hyde Park at London, a number of horsemen taking the exercise of riding. That is now almost entirely given up, to which the encroachments, very improperly allowed by the Magistrates, on the sands has mainly contributed, and the change of the race-course from Leith Sands to Musselburgh Links has abolished every attention to preserve the former from encroachment or abuse.

Till within these few years (March 1826), the races of Edinburgh were run on Leith Sands, a bad course undoubtedly from the wetness of the sands and the coming in of the tide. They were, at the instance of some of the sporting gentlemen, removed to Musselburgh Links, a bad course in a different way, having little room, and giving scarce any space for the company. The old course was a very bad one for the horses, the sands being deep and heavy; but it had one advantage, that it tried the strength and bottom of the horses, and thence encouraged the breed (formerly common in England) of strong active *hunters*, fit for the cavalry, for carriages, or any other practical purpose.

When the course was changed to Musselburgh, the turf was better for the fleet high-bred horses, now so much in fashion, but there was no room, as on the sands of Leith, for the carriages to drive about, and then find a place where they could see almost the whole course. The stand now is the only situation for seeing the race; the carriages are huddled together with coal and farm carts, in ground from which they have no room to move.

On a fine day on the old course it was a gay exhilarating scene to see two or three hundred carriages with ladies, and many more horses with gentlemen, moving about the sands, with a background of ships and boats, and the distant beautiful view of the Firth and the coast of Fife and the Perthshire mountains. Logan the poet lived hard by, and saw from his windows the race-course and the company upon it. He used to make a moral reflection from the circumstance that when he looked from his window at mid-day all was bustle and gaiety before him, and in two hours after, the sea had usurped its place. ' There,' said he, ' a little time ago everything was bustle and gaiety. Now the tide, like the sweep of time on human events, has made that a desert waste, with not a living object to be seen ! '

I frequently rode to the race, being fond of fine horses and pleased with the gaiety of the company. There I rarely failed to meet old General Graham of Gorthy, walking with his constant companion on these occasions, the celebrated surgeon Alexander Wood, in an old velvet coat, ' his youthful dress well saved ', and blue worsted boot-hose, on the higher part of the sands, near the glass-houses, where he could behold the scene without being annoyed by carriages or the crowd. It was pleasant to see this hearty old veteran, then past seventy, enjoying his walk in good health and spirits, feeling no discontent from his loss of Court influence or Court gaieties.

It was a great blunder in the Magistrates and gentlemen concerned in the races to go to Musselburgh Links when an infinitely better course was at hand in the Links of Leith. The motive was said to be that the mob of Edinburgh, which in modern times had grown less orderly than of old, would

come down to Leith and breed riot and disturbance. Exactly the reverse was the consequence of the measure adopted. The mob who walked into Musselburgh (generally on the last day of the races, as had been their custom formerly), willing to solace themselves after so long a walk, went to the ale-houses in Musselburgh and its environs, and, getting tipsy there, bred all sorts of disturbance; whereas, when at Leith and so near their own homes, the great bulk of the multitude assembled there returned peaceably to Edinburgh to get dinner at their own houses.

Shafto the racer came once from a meeting at York to see Edinburgh; he was taken to the Assembly, and shewn Miss Trotter, commonly called Jacky Trotter, a very handsome woman but rather large and jolly. He saw her dance and admired her much. 'What a fine useful tit,' said he; 'out of a coach mare by the Godolphin Arabian.'

Not long before that, he had won a large sum by a very clever and, in truth, a just manoeuvre. There was a great match at Newmarket, in which Shafto had the favourite horse. His rider came to him, and informed him that he had been offered a large bribe to ride foul.—'And did you take the money?'—'No, Sir, I am too honest for that, and owe too much to your Honour.'—'Then meet with the person that offered it to you, and take the money; and your honour, even as to him, shall be saved.'—The lad acted accordingly, and Shafto's antagonists thought themselves sure of succeeding, and on that assurance raised the bets to a very large sum. Shafto rode up to the starting post and, taking out his pocket book, summed up the bets he had depending on the match, which by this time amounted to eight or ten thousand pounds. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'there is too much money to trust to any other man's riding; I shall ride my horse myself.' He did so, and won the match.

## GOLF

GOLF, a favourite amusement of Edinburgh, was played on Bruntsfield Links, tho' the crack players preferred those of Leith. I recollect a wager laid by a celebrated golfer, that he could strike a ball from one of the windows

in the building at the end of the Luckenbooths looking down the street, in six strokes to the top of Arthur's Seat, the first stroke to be from the bottom of a stone basin. He won his bet; the first stroke striking the ball to the Cross, and the second reaching the middle of the Canongate.

## TENNIS

TENNIS was formerly a good deal played at Edinburgh, where there was a tennis court within the precincts of Holyrood House, and another at Leith built, as is said in the account of it, for the recreation of strangers of eminence resorting to that port. It is now a warehouse for salt and other merchandise.

Sir John [James?] Steuart, who had attained abroad much reputation and considerable proficiency in games of all sorts, was one of the tennis players. There was in the tennis court here a marker, an uncommon good player; at London a Frenchman had the reputation of being the best player in England. Sir John thought the Edinburgh marker a better player than this Frenchman; he suggested to some of his companions a profitable speculation of betting largely on the Edinburgh against the French marker, and offered to go to London to conduct it. He carried the Edinburgh marker with him, who going incognito to the tennis court in Westminster and studying the play of the Frenchman, told Sir John he might double the proposed bets, for he was sure of winning. Acting on this information, Sir John made very large bets which he would probably have won but for an accident by which the match went off. Soon after the commencement of the play, the ball of the Frenchman (whether from accident or design) struck the Scotsman on the face with such force as to cause him to suffer considerable pain. The *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* took fire on this, and in a stroke soon after, wilfully misdirected his ball so as to strike the Frenchman on the face and put out one of his eyes, on which the umpires decided that the match was off; and so Sir John returned with his marker *re infecta*.

## SINGULAR FEATS

THE Flying Man exhibited at Edinburgh about the year 1750, I believe. A very long rope was stretched from the Half Moon Battery of the Castle to the Grass Market, a height, I suppose, of one hundred and fifty yards. It was made as tight as possible, tho', from its great length, it could not be made quite straight, but necessarily had a bend in the middle. The exhibitor laid himself down on the rope on his breast, on which was fastened a grooved piece of wood to keep him steady in his flight, with his head forward; and slid down or flew, as he called it, from top to bottom, with the rapidity of an eagle's flight. He practised this and got a subsistence by it in various towns of England, till at last, some time after his visit to Edinburgh, he was killed by a fall in his flight, I forget at what place.

The Fire-Eater I remember well at Edinburgh about the year 1756 or 1757. He swallowed hot melted lead, rosin, and wax which were melted together and which he called his soup. On his tongue he put some hot cinders on which he actually broiled a collop which, on one or two occasions, some of the spectators tasted, to secure themselves against deception. It was supposed that by some chymical liquid rubbed on his tongue, mouth, and throat he so hardened the surface of the parts as to resist the action of these scalding materials. Whether he practised any juggler deception in pretending to swallow the melted lead and rosin, I know not; it was said, I believe known, to be quicksilver. I have no doubt that this was the case, as otherwise the stomach must have been destroyed by its receiving those substances, and death must have ensued.

## GIANTS

LORD MONTBODDO was a great enemy to ardent spirits; he told the Irish Giant that, tall as he was, he would have been taller if he had abstained from drinking spirits. 'Then I would to God,' replied O'Brien, 'that I had drunk more of them.'

My friend Osborn, Solicitor of the Customs, was taken

waggishly by Adam Smith to see two other giants, about seven feet high, who were shown here. Osborn was only six inches shorter than they. They did not like the visit because Osborn's size took off the wonder of their height; Osborn would, I think, have nearly weighed them both. Yet when he first came to Edinburgh as a clerk in a solicitor's office and was often with me officially, he was as thin as a lath, as thin as I was. I introduced him to my friend General Grant as the pivot man of the Edinburgh Volunteers. 'If that corps,' said the General, 'has many such men, it will cover a great deal of ground.'

## HOLIDAY CUSTOMS

ON New Year's Day morning it was the custom for the children of the family to wake their parents, bringing to their bed-side a loaf of bread and some little piece of plate, generally a silver spoon, as typical of wealth and plenty during the ensuing year.

Presbyterianism did not admit of any ceremonies on Christmas or Saints' days. But a goose was always eaten at the Christmas dinner, along with mince pies, which their Puritanism did not disdain to borrow from England. I remember an old officer, an uncle of my father's, looking one Christmas morning out of the window of the inn at the Cowgate Port, afterwards kept by Mr. Ramsay, when, a gentleman riding past, his horse took fright and became restless at sight of a flock of geese. 'Sir,' said the Captain, who was a staunch Episcopalian, 'your horse is a Presbyterian and won't pass a goose on Christmas day.'

## CHAPTER VII

# THE CHURCH AND CHURCHMEN

### GRACES

THE Seceders had a practice of shutting their eyes while they said grace. There is in a storyteller's record a joke about a dog running away with a fowl while a long grace was saying blindfold. 'You should *watch* as well as pray,' said a wicked wag who was present. Lady Gordon reproved a young minister, urging him to shorten his grace before dinner to save its cooling; after dinner he might do as he pleased.

### EBENEZER ERSKINE

A GENTLEMAN told me that he attended once at Dunfermline when a boy a sacramental service conducted by Ebenezer Erskine which lasted about sixteen or eighteen hours.

### FAIR DEALING

THERE was a debate in the General Assembly on the conduct of a minister who had no great credit for fair dealing, when a reverend brother, under the ironical shade of being on his side of the question, told a story. 'I was called,' said he, 'to the death-bed of a parishioner who was by trade a horse-dealer. I told him that I wished him fairly to confess certain frauds and false statements in his horse-dealing as did not become an honest man, and to make any reparation in his power to anyone whom those practices had injured.—"My character," replied my parishioner, "has been traduced unjustly; I declare I was always an honest man; that is to say, *for a horse-dealer*."'

### THE EPISCOPAL AND NON-JURING CHURCH AT EDINBURGH

ITS clergymen were in general very worthy men, and contented with those scanty livings which the contributions of their hearers, not very numerous, allowed them. One of their bishops, Falconer (Bishop of Edinburgh, I think), had

not above £50 or £60 a year; a tall and rather dignified episcopal figure, and much liked by his friends and acquaintance. He was of a mild and tolerant disposition, as was a much abler clergyman of that sect, old Mr. Harper, a remarkably sagacious as well as learned man.

Some were bigoted to a degree which in these days will scarcely be believed. Another bishop of that community asked a lady, a particular friend of my mother's who herself told her the circumstances, what she thought would have become of her soul if she had died hearing a Presbyterian minister preach, as he had been informed she had done the Sunday before their conversation took place. 'Just, Bishop, as if I had died anywhere else.'—'Let me tell you, madam, your soul would have gone to the place of torments.'—A staunch and rigid Catholic would have been satisfied with sending her to Purgatory.

## CLERGYMEN IN SOCIETY

IN my younger days very eminent men among them: Wallace, Dick, Robertson, Blair, Drysdale, Wishart, Webster. They were thought, somehow, then to be of a *grade* superior to those of the present time, tho' there are many excellent preachers now. One met at dinners among literary men, and indeed in all good companies, some of the above-mentioned clergymen. That is not often the case now; I regret it much for a reason mentioned (I think) in my *Life of John Home*, the effect it had on the manners and morals of the company in which they were found.

## WHITEFIELD

HE was extremely popular in Edinburgh not only from his preaching, but as the great benefactor and support of that very useful institution, the Orphan Hospital. He preached in a small enclosure, part of the grounds of the Hospital, in a sort of sentry-box, and his audience were accommodated with benches in the open air in front of the preacher. So uncommon was the reach of his voice, that I used to stand to hear him at the bottom of a close leading

to and close adjoining to the College Church, a distance, I suppose, as the crow flies, of a hundred yards, and yet I could make out his words except a very few now and then when there was some noise near me, or buzz among his hearers.

I remember such a buzz naturally excited by one of those strokes of eccentric humour with which Whit[e]field's discourses were frequently interlarded. He was preaching on the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and when he came to the circumstance of Dives being clothed in purple and fine linen, 'Ay,' said he, after a little pause; 'he had a purple coat; but had he paid the tailor for it?'—There were probably a good many tailors among his hearers, who had suffered from the non-payment of their accounts; and it was not easy for them to refrain from that sort of murmur which shewed the effect of the preacher's question.

## WESLEY

WESLEY was several times in Edinburgh after Whit[e]field, and built a chapel and established a regular Methodist preacher in the Calton, not far from that Hospital of which his predecessor had been so great a benefactor. His countenance was one of the finest I remember to have seen, with all the saint-like mildness that became a preacher of the Gospel, and the tones of his life were in accordance with the character of his countenance. The establishment which he founded, I believe, still subsists, and has under or dependent on it several chapels in different places of Edinburgh and Leith.

## CAMBUSLANG

THERE was a very singular exhibition of fanaticism at Cambuslang in the county of Lanark. On occasion of a field preaching there, there was believed to be a remarkable afflatus or breathing of the Spirit, shewing itself in striking effects on many of the audience. The very able Dr. Webster, who from his habits of deep and accurate calculation would

have been expected to yield conviction only to well attested statements, was so much a dupe to it as to write a pamphlet containing an account of it, and evidently giving it the sanction of his belief. One effect which I remember ascribed to the sanctity of this meeting was that, tho' it rained violently, none of the audience were wetted by the rain. This might pretty well be accounted for from the serried crowd gathered together standing huddled in a small space, so that if their heads were protected by the large west-country bonnet, the rest of the person might in truth not be reached by the rain.

## DR. WEBSTER

DR. WEBSTER was of the rigid Presbyterian Calvinistic party of the Church, and extremely popular with his congregation, to whom indeed he was very attentive. He was, however, of a social and rather a jovial disposition, and sometimes drank a great deal of wine, tho' the strength of his head was such as rarely to betray any of its effects. Going home one night at a late hour from a long supper at a tavern and somewhat elevated with the good claret and the joyousness of the company, one of them who was attending him home said, 'Dr. Webster, what would any of your parishioners say if they saw you now?'—'Sir,' replied the Doctor, 'they would not believe their eyes.'

He was the occasion of a very good pun after a dinner with Lord Kelly and some others of the fashionable folks of Edinburgh when Lord Kelly pressed him to stay and take another bottle, being, as people always were, delighted with his conversation. 'I cannot possibly stay any longer,' said he, 'being positively engaged to go over to Fife this evening, and you know, my Lord, "Time and tide no man abide".'—'Your going to Fife is the strongest reason possible,' replied the peer, 'for your staying to have another bottle; for if you do, you will be *half seas over*.'

## LONG SERMONS

ONE of the wits of the period which I have mentioned resided occasionally in a country parish of which the parson was in use to preach, according to the fashion of the old Presbyterian times, sermons of an unconscionable length. One Sunday when our wit was in church [the minister] had divided his discourse, also according to the antient customs, into *heads*, as they were called. After a long enumeration of such heads or divisions, he proceeded to the discussion of them in detail; he arrived at last at the *one and twentieth head*. 'Oh!' said the wit, 'if it has got past its *minority*, I think I may leave it to take care of itself;' and left the church.

## THE SCEPTIC AT CHURCH

DAVID HUME was on a visit at Inverary, the seat of the Duke of Argyll, when Lady Elizabeth, afterwards Lady Derby, was living there. One day the minister of the parish dined with the Duke, and said jocularly to the philosopher, 'Mr. Hume, I should be proud to have you for one of my audience next Sunday.'—'*I* shall certainly be there,' said Lady Betty, and Mr. Hume said he should certainly accompany her. The sermon was on the subject of unreasonable scepticism. 'That's at you, Mr. Hume,' said his fair companion. At the close of his discourse the minister said, 'And now, my friends, I will address a few words to the chief of sinners.'—'That's to your Ladyship,' said Mr. Hume.

## THE WILDMEN

THE term *Moderate* was adopted in the General Assembly in contradistinction to the *wild* elders, [who opposed the practice of] patronage. A minister of Leith preached two years on two words, 'perilous times',—applied to patronage. It often indeed was reproached not without reason to the popular congregation, that when the patron gave them an option in the choice of a minister they quarrelled so violently about that choice as to occasion a sub-division in

the congregation.—We shall see now what the society lately established (in 1826) for the purchase of patronage do with their elections.—The *odium theologicum* is justly proverbial, *religionists*, as D. Hume calls them, being zealous in all things and thence violent in hatred as well as admiration.

## THE CHURCH SERVICE

ACCORDING to the rule of the Church of Scotland, every minister ought to *lecture* and preach in the morning, and preach in the afternoon; but the practice of lecturing is now almost out of use, or sometimes it is turned into a sort of sermon explanatory of a certain portion of Scripture. Sometimes the minister reads a whole chapter, and only expounds and illustrates a few of the verses with which it begins.

The *psalmody* was much improved about 30 or 35 years ago, when the General Assembly employed a committee of their number to revise the version of the Psalms commonly used, to which the committee added a set of hymns and translations from the Bible, made by some of its members, of which the best and most poetical were the work of Mr. Logan, well known as a poet.

## IRREVERENCE

THE minister of Inverkeithing took violent fright upon crossing a dangerous ferry. 'We are in God's hand,' said the steersman. 'You rascal,' exclaimed the terrified minister, 'what hand is that to be in!'

Another speech with the same seeming profanity in a clergyman who was much offended by the sailors' swearing. ''Tis a very bad custom,' said the master of the vessel, 'and you know I give no example of it, as I never swear myself; but there is one thing in it, Doctor,—when there is real danger, our lads cease swearing.' Presently the gale grew more violent; a sailor came into the clergyman's cabin. 'It blows fearfully,' said the minister; 'are the sailors swearing?'—'Damnably.'—'God be praised!' said the Doctor.

## FANATICISM

ERROR of some well-meaning enthusiasts to undervalue this world in their contemplation of the world to come, forgetting that the *trial* is in this world, the *reward* and *punishment* only in the next.

The same sentiment may account for that incongruity so often observed in Cromwell and other fanatics, the mixture of religion in theory and wickedness in practice. They set at nought all considerations of the exercise of virtue, of justice, of humanity,—every quality in short useful to mankind,—satisfied and self-justified in those aspirations of fanaticism, those mystical undefined sensations of a gloomy but ardent devotion, which a heated imagination produces.

## CENSURE

INFECTIONS of a disease of mind as well as body, catched as often from censuring foolish habits in others as in the approval of them. Frequent censuring forms a subject for thinking of them, and infects the censurer.

## FAMILIARITY WITH GOD

I REMEMBER the very natural answer of a little boy, a son of a friend of mine, when asked what idea he had of Heaven, and what a good boy would do there.—'God,' said he, 'would take him on His knee at breakfast, and give him a little of His egg.'

Children are often very happy in their remarks, tho' perhaps encouraging them in such a talent is doing them an injury. I remember an old crusty friend of mine rebuking a lady for encouraging a little boy to prattle clever things. 'I always found those premature boys turn out fools in their old age,' said my friend.—The boy looked up in his face. 'I suppose,' said he, 'you have been a very clever boy.'

The old-fashioned ministers used great familiarity with God. A minister in East Lothian was praying in harvest-time for fair weather; in the midst of his prayer a most

violent shower rattled on the church windows. He paused, looked up to the dark sky, and said, 'Ay, rain on, and spoil the poor people's crop; but wha maun make up at the last but Yourself?'

## ANTI-CATHOLIC FEELING

ARNOTT was fond of indulging in violent tirades against the fanaticism of Edinburgh and still more of Glasgow; but it was not till some time after the publication of his History that the mob proceeded to the extremity of burning a newly erected Roman Catholic Chapel at Edinburgh near the College Church, which happened, I think, in the year 1777 [probably 1789]. (What a happy change does the toleration of the present time bespeak! But let us beware of the counter-principle of a contempt for all religion.) I walked along the line of the Buccleugh Fencibles, who were bid from the Castle as a guard to prevent further mischief, but who interfered very little to prevent the destruction of the Chapel. I overheard some of their talk which, as far as I could make it out, seemed to imply rather a Presbyterian feeling of satisfaction at the destruction of that 'Temple of the Devil' as some of them called it. Some Seceders had formed themselves into a Select Committee and written and dispersed little notes calling on all good Protestants to join in the destruction of this building which they designated by the above title.

## BISHOP POCOCKE

GREAT traveller over countries scarce ever visited or described before his time. He came to Scotland and went as far as the *Ultima Thule* about the year 1759 or 1760. I was then but a boy of fourteen, but was in Caithness with my father, and saw the Bishop at Sir William Dunbar's house at Ackergell [Ackergill Tower] near Wick. He was a grave, and perhaps I should say rather a dull man, but had travelled much not without observation, and was held to be very correct in his descriptions. He *confirmed* many

persons of the Episcopal persuasion in different parts of Scotland, and was everywhere received with great cordiality, which he repaid by polite and unassuming manners. He was afterwards at several places in Ross-shire.

There is in the neighbourhood of Fowlis, the seat of Sir Harry Munro, a very remarkable natural phenomenon: the small river Aultgrand[e] runs for nearly a mile between two rifted rocks and in some places at a very great depth. From Fowlis I frequently visited it when on fishing parties, and mentioned it to the Bishop as an object well worth his visiting, which, in consequence of my information, he accordingly did and was surprised he had never heard of it before. The opening between the rocks is so narrow, that it is only at certain points one can see the torrent foaming below; so very narrow at one or two places, that if the space were measured on safe ground a good leaper could clear it at a leap. It was a favourite amusement with us lads to throw a stone from the top, and count its clanks on the side before it reached the water, and thence make a guess at the depth of the chasm. The Bishop examined it very particularly; I do not recollect whether he ever published his Tour in Scotland, or, if he did, whether he mentions this course of the Aultgrand which may be called, as it commonly is in the neighbourhood, subterraneous. Since his visit, and the confirmation which he performed in the course of that tour, the Episcopacy is very much increased in Scotland, particularly in Edinburgh. Formerly there were but two chapels for the Episcopal service which might be called legitimate, being the only ones of which the officiating clergymen took the oaths to Government; the others (two I think in number) came under the intolerant provisions of the statutes against the Jacobites of Scotland, but the penalties were not enforced in practice. One disability was sometimes enforced in the heat of opposite political parties at elections, that of disqualifying any voter who had at the period of six months before the election attended any such meeting.

## MISSIONS

FOR some time past there has been a prevailing enthusiasm for sending out missionaries to various parts of the world. This is well meant, and proceeds generally, I believe, from an extensive philanthropy; but of late it has gone much too far, I think, when we consider the distresses of people at home and that the large contributions in aid of the missions trenches on the fund of charity to our own people.

Missions to India are now the favourite object of those philanthropists. There is no country in the world less favourably situated for the exercise of this philanthropy. The habits and customs of the Hindoos, the seclusive articles of their religion, and the infamy that attends the loss of caste which the adoption of any of our religious ceremonies would infer, render the conversion of any of the respectable part of the inhabitants scarcely possible, and thence scarce any converts are made except the very lowest and least respectable of the people.

## JOANNA SOUTHCOTT

NO superstition is too ridiculous not to find proselytes in England. Johanna Southcote [sic], some years ago a pretended prophet, was to live forever; her disciples would not allow her to be buried but watched her body, confident that she would recover from what they said was only a swoon. At this moment (1826) some of her insane (we may well call them) followers preach to the people her doctrines and maintain that she was removed miraculously to some distant place of the world, and will return to England at the proper time to shew herself alive and resume her functions.

## FREETHINKING

PERHAPS the earliest freethinker in Scotland was Mr. Trotter of Mortonhall, who, a good deal more than a century ago, erected a family monument in the Greyfriars Churchyard with a very remarkable inscription signifying, nearly in the same words with the French revolutionary doctrine, that the sleep of death was an eternal sleep.

The noted Col. Charteris was buried not far from this monument. On the day of his funeral there arose one of the most violent storms that had ever been known at Edinburgh; the common people who knew the Colonel's character did not fail to apply the very unfavourable superstition to the presence of the Prince of the Powers of the Air.

Col. Charteris had other abilities besides his skill at play. He was at Sir Robert Walpole's levee where he meant to apply for some favour; but instead of making the application in his own name he had got his wife to write a letter to him from Scotland, mentioning the request, and how much she was interested in its success. Sir Robert asked after his lady, who had been his acquaintance. 'I heard from her this morning,' said the Colonel. 'You may read her letter; the jade writes well.'

## CHAPTER VIII

# THE LAW AND LAWYERS

### PERJURY

AT a time when smuggling prevailed to a great extent, before Mr. Pitt's Acts of Parliament lessened and almost abolished it, the witnesses adduced for the claimers of seizures took very great liberties with the truth in giving their evidence. In their system of morality, they thought every breach of it *against the Crown* a very venial transgression. In any other cause they would have felt the sin of perjury,—'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy *neighbour*.' By an impious perversion of the meaning of this Commandment, they held it not to extend to the case of the Crown. But they sometimes practised very ingenious devices to salve their consciences in such a case. I remember one noted instance in a cause of considerable value, where one of the witnesses swore, in denial of a material fact, so bare-facedly, that one of his fellows, when he came out of Court after his examination, could not help saying to him that he thought he had gone 'unco far in swearing as he did'.—'Tut, man,' he replied, 'I had taken an oath in the morning, that I should not speak a true word that day.'

### COURT OF EXCHEQUER

AFTER its original institution in 1707, the first Chief Baron was a very excellent and able man, C. B. Smith, who endowed the Episcopal Chapel in Blackfriars Wynd with a salary (I think of forty pounds) for the officiating minister, the rest of his emoluments being made up by the rents of seats. After him came two Chief Barons of very inferior abilities, and not less inferior manners, Lant and Idle (tho' the last was reckoned a good special pleader), whose appearances were subjects of ridicule to the audience. They entertained an official hatred at smuggling, and always charged the jury for the Crown, however weak was the

evidence against the defendant, which produced the natural effect of disposing the juries to bring in verdicts against the Crown, often very improperly. When Chief Baron Ord was appointed, after the death of Idle, the impartiality of his charges and the urbanity of his manners cured this evil, and the juries paid the proper respect to the opinion and directions of the judge. It was during the time of C. B. Idle, that James Kerr, the jeweller, who by a stroke of political address was elected M.P. for the City, made an answer to the minister at his levee which somewhat surprised the courtiers around him. 'I am told, Mr. Kerr,' said the minister, 'that your Edinburgh juries return very bad verdicts.'—'Why, then,' replied Mr. Kerr, 'do you send us such bad Chief Barons?'

## THE DOUGLAS CAUSE

CERTAINLY deserved the name of a *cause célèbre*; it made a wonderful sensation in Edinburgh. The people very naturally favoured the young claimant whose filiation was the question in dispute; but he had a more substantial support in the patronage of the Duchess Dowager of Douglas, a very singular character, of masculine and vulgar manners, but not without ability, and zealous and active in her attachments, of which the leading one was in favour of young Douglas. It became, rather oddly, a party cause, the Jacobites enlisting themselves on the side of Douglas, and the Whigs, tho' more coolly, being disposed to favour the opposite side.

On its ultimate decision, the mob of Edinburgh broke out into violent outrage, and broke the windows of most of the judges who had been of the majority in the Court of Session who decided against Douglas, whose decision was reversed in the House of Lords. They were particularly violent against President Dundas, and some of them followed the sedan chair in which he was going to Court the morning after the intelligence of the final decision arrived, with threatenings and abuse.

James Boswell, who was one of the counsel for Douglas,

was a particularly active partizan of the Douglas party, joining in the huzzas of the mob for the victory which they had gained. In the theatre, where they had the tragedy of *Douglas* acted for several nights, Mr. Boswell, whose spirits were elevated and his zeal inflamed by wine, headed a Douglas party of the audience and joined in very extravagant demonstrations of their triumph. They would hardly suffer Glenalvon to speak a word of his part, so that the play might be said to be performed without the character of Glenalvon. The poor actor who played the part, when hissed and hooted, begged to know in what he had given them displeasure. They did not alledge any offence, but they would not suffer an enemy of Douglas to appear even in the fiction of the drama.

Before the decision of the cause in the Court of Session, Boswell had written rather a dullish pamphlet intituled *Dorando*, a kind of anticipation of what he supposed would be the judgment of the Court, in which he made the President deliver a speech in favour of Douglas.

The Duchess's manner and deportment were so different from those of ladies of the same rank in France, that when she went over to Paris, in her zeal to promote the enquiries touching the birth of young Douglas and his twin brother, and was presented to the King, he said jestingly, ' Parbleu, je crois qu'ils sont touts des imposteurs ! '

From the same peculiarity of masculine manners, and her pressing the subject of her protégé (for even before the death of her husband she had warmly patronised him) rather too violently, she was separated for some time from the Duke ; but they were afterwards reconciled, and it was believed that after their re-union she had interested herself successfully in favour of Douglas. The friends of the young man supposed that the Duke's resentment against some part of the Duchess's conduct had been fostered by the interference of Lord Dundonald, a relation and confidential friend of the Hamilton family.

Lord Dundonald was a man of considerable humour, which he used occasionally to indulge somewhat irreverently towards sacred and serious subjects. Talking with Dr. Webster the clergyman, on his exertions to bring water into

the palace of Holyrood House and the buildings adjacent (he lived in that neighbourhood himself), he said, 'Don't you think, Doctor, this good work will tell in my favour in the next world, and procure me an absolution for some of my sins?'—'Take care, my lord,' replied the Doctor, 'that your sins don't carry you to a place where you will require all your water to mitigate the heat of the climate.'

## THE ERSKINES

PERRY, editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, being prosecuted for a libel, appeared in Court and defended himself in an excellent speech, which was supposed to have had a great effect in persuading the jury to acquit him. Another editor (I am not sure if it was Hunt) defended himself in a very inferior speech and a much less discreet one, and was convicted.—'Yes,' said Tom Erskine (afterwards Lord Erskine), 'he thought he would be *Perry*, but he had better been *Mum*.'

His brother Henry of our Bar had fully as much wit and of rather a more pleasant and playful kind, and in his speeches at the Bar introduced, amidst excellent argument, a great deal of pleasantry, which he sometimes prepared beforehand; he used in his open manner to tell in our Outer House (the great place for law jokes, and indeed all manner of jocular conversation) what he intended to say. To a brother barrister, who was on the opposite side of a cause in which Mr. Erskine was to speak, he communicated some of the good things which he meant to introduce into his argument. Mr. T., his opponent's counsel, was to open the cause, and after stating the principal arguments on his side said, 'My lords, I am aware of what my brother may say in reply to our case;' and then introduced all the good things which Mr. Erskine had prepared for his speech, greatly to the annoyance of his adversary, whose good humour, however, took no offence at this little trick, and from the fertility of his invention brought out other lively points in place of those which the other counsel had anticipated.

## LORDS OF SESSION; BRAXFIELD AND ESKGROVE

THE Court of Session's consisting of fifteen judges had certainly some consequences prejudicial to the law practice of Scotland, particularly in the delay of its decisions. It was a sort of popular assembly, the members of which frequently spoke from their love of distinction to themselves, or of victory over other of its judges of a different opinion. There was less of the last during a good many years when I used occasionally to attend it, but at a subsequent period there were two of the judges who sometimes formed opposite opinions, and spoke not to deliver a judgment but to make speeches against the rival lawyer. These were Lord Braxfield and Lord Eskgrove, both very able lawyers, tho' the first was rather a child in knowledge of the world. Braxfield spoke broad Scots, but with the greatest clearness and ability. President Dundas had great influence and often spoke *componere lites* of his brethren.

## PRESIDENT CAMPBELL

PRESIDENT CAMPBELL, a great lawyer and high authority in that line, had not a manner imposing or commanding like his predecessor, and often was particularly unfortunate, I think, in one principle, namely, in being (tho' the most upright, honest, and impartial judge as to the parties) extremely partial to his own opinion, and sometimes, it was alledged, took advantage of his situation as President to bring the cause into such a situation in point of form as to favour that opinion in its decision. Partiality for opinion seems to me more fatal to the just decision of a cause than even partiality for a party; because the last can more rarely have any opportunity for its exertion,—besides the virtue and sense of justice seldom wanting in a judge,—and does not go to any general mistake in the law itself.

## LORD ALEMOOR

LORD ALEMOOR was one of the most dignified judges both in look and manner whom I ever remember. I think he had a considerable resemblance to the English Chief Justice de Grey, one of the handsomest men at the

Bar. Alemoor's eloquence flowed in that even unimpassioned stream peculiarly becoming in a judge declaring his deliberate opinion. He was a lover of science and had an observatory at Hawkhill. He had a propensity to one science, cookery, which was supposed to injure his health and inflame his gout, in spite of which he indulged in rich dishes and Madeira wine.

## PRESIDENT DUNDAS

THE second President Dundas was an excellent judge and first began great reform in the Court of Session by clearing off the arrears of its business and giving much more expedition to its proceedings. Adam Ferguson's pamphlet of *Sister Peg* ridiculed him, because he opposed the measure of a Scots militia, a measure which many most patriotic as well as sensible men in Scotland thought very inexpedient at that time, when, after the confusion and disturbance occasioned by the Rebellion of 1745, the country was beginning to get into habits of industry and good agriculture. Naturally of a warm temper, Dundas sometimes gave way to it at the Bar and used strong language now and then rather bombastic, and tones of a swelling kind which *Sister Peg* ridicules. In his angry speeches, he was sometimes loudest when his argument was the weakest. I have sometimes repeated the story of the disputation at the German University. It was carried on in Latin. A countryman was standing by and seemed particularly interested by the speeches; a professor asked him if he understood Latin. 'No, sir,' replied the peasant; 'but I am not such a fool as not to know that yonder gentleman who is so angry has the worst of the argument.'

## LORD ABERCROMBY

LORD ABERCROMBY, the son of Mr. Abercromby of Tullibody, and brother of Sir Ralph Abercromby and General Abercromby (the account of whose campaign in India, a service of much difficulty and labour, was written by Colonel Dirom of Mount-annan), who still

survives all his family at his beautiful seat of Airthrey, near Stirling. Sir Ralph, one of the most sensible men I ever knew, with no affectation or pretensions, had the most soldier-like ideas of discipline, and contempt for the often urged complaints of hardships by officers; his death in Egypt, in the arms of victory, is matter of history. Their father, a genuine Scots gentleman of the olden feudal time, spoke Scots, but of the best kind, nothing of vulgarity or coarseness about it. Paid great respect to his son, the judge; always in addressing him used the official appellation of Lord Abercromby, which his son was extremely anxious to forego and when in England desired his letters to be addressed plain Alexander Abercromby, Esquire.

## LORD MONBODDO

CREDULITY was the foible of Lord Montboddo [sic], tho' he made it a sort of pride (the pride of singularity), contrary to the usual disposition of philosophers (for so he called himself); whatever was said by an Antient was gospel to him,—Herodotus not excepted. Riding along with him to dine at Woodhouselee on a hot day, he often turned on pretence of admiring the prospect, but in truth to feel the cool northern breeze. 'From our want of proper training in youth,' said he, 'the moderns cannot bear *heat*, tho' by warm clothing they arm themselves against *cold*. Now you know that on the day of the battle of Marius with the Cimbri, which was at the hottest time of the year, no Roman soldier sweated a single drop.'—'That is a very singular fact, my Lord,' said I. 'Where did your Lordship meet with it?'—'Sir,' said he, '*there is no doubt of the fact*,' and turned his horse's head.

His fanatical admiration of the antients, particularly the Grecians. Contempt of modern writers and of modern philosophy,—of Mr. Fox's speaking which he called *barking*. Admiration of Mr. Pitt's, his long periods and sonorous pronunciation of them. Lord Auchinleck's contempt of him, tho' he was an excellent judicial speaker. He always sat, not on the Bench, but at the Clerk's table below.—'Our

brother Montboddo,' said Auchinleck, ' who may say with the psalmist, " De profundis clamavi ", is of opinion, &c.'— Lord Braxfield, on the contrary, gave him credit for the clearness with which he delivered his opinion :—' He speaks nonsense, to be sure, but you always understand what he would be at.'

## LORD KAMES AND LORD MONBODDO

MUTUAL criticism of their proof-sheets sent by mistake [by] Smellie the printer. Kames' evening parties; his life, if calculated according to waking hours, above one hundred.

## LORD LAUDERDALE

AS High Sheriff of Edinburgh proclaimed George III. Handsomeness of his family; somewhat inferior looks (not talents certainly) of his children by Miss Colme [Lombe]. Lord Montboddo's observation (quite after his favorite doctrine of the descent of family qualities corporeal and mental) ' that the Maitlands were the finest looking family in Scotland, till their noble blood was puddled with that of the Colmes '.

## LORD DUNSINANE

A GENTLEMAN'S carriage ran over a pig and killed it.—' I am surprised,' said my Lord, ' that so good and pious a man should have committed *suicide*.'

The Duchess of Gordon's *bon mot* about him when he took the title of Dunsinnan [sic]: ' *Dunsinning*,' said she, ' I thought he had not [begun?] to sin ! '

## JOKING JUDGES

THE gravest English judges sometimes indulge in a pun or joke. Lord Ellenborough, not at all a man disposed to joke, asked a musician who was offered as bail, ' Are you possessed of property to the *tune* of a thousand pounds ? '— And Lord Mansfield, on a Jew [offered as] bail who was covered over with gold lace appearing in Court, and objected

to by the prosecutor's counsel, said, 'Really, I think he must be accepted; he would *burn* for the money.'

Our Scots judges (perhaps from the paucity of wit among us often mentioned by our Southern neighbours) rarely indulge in jokes. Yet one of the gravest, Lord Auchinleck, uttered a good enough pun on occasion of a prosecution brought against the Italian musician Piscatori for firing a pistol at a man who was attempting to get into his house at midnight to visit his daughter with whom he was believed to have an intrigue; the justification pleaded for the defendant was that a man was entitled to fire on a *fur nocturnus*.—'I believe,' said Lord Auchinleck, 'he was not a *fur nocturnus*; but I believe he was a *furnicator*.'

## LORD AUCHINLECK AND JAMES BOSWELL

AUCHINLECK.—Father of James Boswell—his wit, tho' with a stern gravity of countenance,—his son set the table in a roar—his wit always evaporated when he wished to write it;—in prepared speeches he did not shine—he was a great speaker in the General Assembly—Bob Sinclair much happier than him in his humorous speeches there.

## CROSBIE

SON of the Provost of Dumfries, so much mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's novel of *Redgauntlet*. The warmest pleader, but the gentlest man in private.

## POVERTY OF GREAT LAWYERS

MOST of the great lawyers of England had their fortunes to make, the great incentive of exertion and excellence. Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, Thurlow, the two Scotts, Lord Mansfield, Loughborough, de Grey, Erskine,—in short all of the English Bar whom I remember (and I now remember the state of that Bar since the winter 1765–1766)—were in that situation with but one exception, that of Buller who had, I think, a considerable patrimonial fortune. I remember a friend of Lord Erskine's (then Tom Erskine, bred a soldier, and at one time thinking of the profession of

a sailor,—sailed, if I am not misinformed, one trial voyage at least) telling me that in answer to his letter of congratulation on the wonderful effects of his speech against Baillie (Qy.) he answered, 'You will not wonder at every power and energy of my mind and of my industry being called forth for that speech on which was to depend my success at the Bar, when I tell you that my wife and I had been living for some time on *bull beef* bought at the cheapest market and at the cheapest time.'

## AT THE BAR

I WAS admitted attorney in the Court of Exchequer of Scotland in November 1765, which was a little irregular as I was not then twenty-one, but a favourable opportunity of going to London and attending the Exchequer of England occurring, the Barons admitted me, and I was recommended to several eminent lawyers and practitioners; the then Chief Baron Ord, whose family I was intimate with, having been introduced to them by my patron John McKenzie of Delvin[e] whose nephew afterwards married one of the Chief Baron's daughters, strongly recommended me to his son Mr. Ord, who was kind to me beyond measure.

## SUPERSTITIOUS JUDGES

PRESIDENT FORBES and Dundas of Arniston—Different superstitions of these two able men,—one a believer in ghosts, the other in witch-craft.

## LORD BANKTON

ULTRA impartiality. He was so afraid of being thought partial, that it was dangerous for a suitor to be a relation or any wise connected with him.

## EMINENT BROTHERS
## LORDS ELDON AND STOWELL

TWO very eminent men owe their elevation chiefly to a circumstance from which one would not have annexed important consequences. Dr. Scott, the father of the present Lord Chancellor and his brother Lord Stowell, resided at

Newcastle. During the time of the Rebellion of 1745 and after the victory of the Highlanders at Preston, they had an intention of marching upon Newcastle to cut off the supplies of fuel for London. Mrs. Scott felt such an alarm from their threatened visit, that she prevailed upon her husband to send her (then very near her confinement, and thence more susceptible of injury from any fright) to a friend's house in Durham. There she was delivered of her eldest son, now Lord Stowell. There is an endowment in one of the colleges of Cambridge [Oxford], for an allowance of a considerable annual amount, to any student born in Durham. Lord Stowell, being qualified in this particular, obtained this annual allowance, out of which he not only afforded the expense of his own education, but assisted his brother's. The natural talents of each, matured by such a liberal education, brought them on by degrees to the very high situations which they at present occupy. So much is due to that fraternal affection, which is so useful as well as amiable in virtuous families.

By desire of a friend, a distinguished judge, intimate with Lord Eldon, I wrote to that learned Lord a polite and rather complimentary letter, asking a very small favour from him. He never answered the letter, a piece of rudeness which I cannot easily forget. He should know that tho' he is a great man who is elevated above his fellows, and whom they approach with awe and reverence, yet he is a still greater man who allows them to approach him without fear of degradation, who wins their affection and obedience by gentleness and conciliating manners. Such conduct is like the bending of a majestic oak, which adds to its beauty, and does not diminish its grandeur.

The Chancellor is rather an able than a great man. He has lived in a parsimonious privacy, his mind absorbed in his profession, not expanded by excursive imagination nor made pliant by commerce with mankind. Even his uncommon legal talents and attainments are of a hard unbending sort, that cannot easily accommodate themselves to circumstances. He has studied and wrought, and is wedded to general maxims; a more enlightened man can take from

the pebbles of his ordinary walk illustrations of science or reflexions of philosophy.

His brother Lord Stowell was very different. I was pressed by the Duchess of Gordon to meet him at her cottage of Kinrara where he spent some days when he made an excursion to Scotland; but to my great regret, the state of my health prevented my accepting the invitation. Lord Stowell's son, a very good young man but of delicate health and somewhat too careful of it, liked to be secluded from company. He was, however, several times at my house and seemed very grateful for my attentions. I did not mention this, however, to his father or Lord Eldon, being above the meanness of seeking that sort of remuneration for one's hospitality which I have known some importunate suitors do. I exercise that hospitality and attention according to the merit of the stranger, independent of every selfish consideration except the pleasure of doing a kindness to a person who deserves it.

## JAMES I AND HIS JUDGES

IN the year 1588, the direct line of the Douglas or Angus family failed. The heir male was a remote cadet. James set up a claim to the estates as heir of line, through his father, whose mother was a descendant of the Douglas's as well as of Henry VII's. The question came before the Court of Session, the King present. The judges decided against him unanimously, whereupon he got up and thanked Almighty God for giving the land such upright fearless judges who would give a cause against the Sovereign in his own presence, &c. &c. The fact was (as discovered by my informant's father, Mr. Chalmer, also W. S., when arranging the papers of the family) that the King had that morning got a bond for a sum of money from his competitor, with two good cautioners, and had instructed the Judges how to act. The security and the discharge of it went through my friend's hands lately, in the question between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Douglas about carrying the Crown at the coronation of his present Majesty.

## CHAPTER IX

# EMINENT FAMILIES

## ROSE OF KILRAVOCK

THIS very antient family had a Dispensation, from what Pope I do not remember, bought at a very large price (10,000 merks, I think) in favour of the then Baron and his descendants, for a certain period, for all sins except those of the heavier sort, of which the number was very few, chiefly those against the Church; under this Dispensation which only lately expired and comprehended me as a grandson of the family, I used to joke Miss Rose, daughter of Mr. George Rose, that she (also entitled to the amnesty of it) should sin as soon as possible, before the term of the Indulgence expired.

The family were equally devoted to the Church under the Protestant Presbyterian form in the time of Charles II. One of the ladies was an approver of the doctrines of the Covenanters, and had attended their tabernacle meetings, of which she was convicted, and her husband was obliged to pay a very heavy fine. A neighbouring Laird, rather disposed to be a free-thinker, whose wife was not thought to be of rigid virtue, said to the Baron of Kilravock, 'My good neighbour, I find you have paid very dear for your wife's religious fancies.'—'Aye, aye,' replied Kilravock, 'these dear creatures have always some *gee* or another; but I dinna think the religious gee is the warst gee.' In old Scots *gee* meant eccentric humour or propensity.

George Rose was descended of this family, his ancestor being a brother of the then Laird or Baron of Kilravock, whose son was a respectable Episcopal clergyman of Banffshire. The very scanty endowments of such clergymen are well known, and therefore the father of George Rose could not afford his son an elaborate education nor give him any patrimony to set him out to advantage in the world. Thrown upon his shifts, as many young men of good families in Scotland have been, he went as a purser in a man-of-war, but did not continue long in that situation. I am not well informed as to the intermediate period of his life; but I

know that some time after he had quitted his first situation he travelled abroad with Lord Thurlow, then a young man. Thurlow was so well pleased with his companion as afterwards when his legal advancement put it in his power to patronise Mr. Rose, whose business abilities began to attract notice, he procured him a situation in the Tax-Office. From that, on full experience of his abilities, he was promoted to the Secretaryship of the Treasury, where Mr. Pitt found him, and soon discovered how useful an assistant he might be in the Revenue Department. He employed him in a work of infinite labour, the consolidation of the Customs, and Mr. Rose drew the Act of Parliament consolidating them. This work cost him several weeks of hard labour, in the course of which he had to look through so many Acts of Parliament, and so many documents, branches of duty into which the old customs were sub-divided, &c., that no table was sufficient for enabling him conveniently to peruse them, but he lay on the floor of a pretty large room with all the papers and documents around him. His labour, however, was not lost to the public, the Revenue and its officers having experienced the greatest benefit from its result.

Mr. Pitt's patronage had one consequence of so strange a kind that I cannot avoid mention of it. Lord Thurlow, without any cause but the jealousy of Mr. Rose leaning more to Mr. Pitt than himself for favour and promotion, changed his conduct and feelings toward him from favour and friendship to opposition and dislike; so much as to keep back the Great Seal from his commission of Clerk of the Parliaments for several weeks, a proceeding very unworthy of the Chancellor, and only prejudicial to parties before the House of Lords, not of the least consequence to the object of his dislike, as it did not deprive him of any of the emoluments derived from the office in question.

## CAWDOR

CAWDOR CASTLE was the only house in which I ever visited, the entrance to which was by a drawbridge. In one of the rooms was a stump of wood said traditionally, and appearing indeed from its substance, to be the remains of

a hawthorn tree, round which the castle was built, and which like the palladium of Troy was held to be so connected with the fate of the family that if it was preserved the family would continue to flourish; but if it was destroyed their property and good fortune would depart from their house. It was somewhat remarkable and made a great impression on their servants and tenants, that when a great part of the house was burnt some years ago, including the very room through the floor of which this tree passed, the fire spared it.

Lord Cawdor left an old woman and her assistant to take care of the Castle during his absence in Wales, as he only visited his northern estate at distant intervals, during the grouse-shooting season. A young English officer quartered at Fort George, who had got leave from his Lordship to spend a night or two in the Castle, thought these old women, dressed as they were in the Highland costume, to be kept by his Lordship in masquerade as appropriate inmates of Macbeth's castle. In one of the rooms was an old wooden bedstead with some rude carving which lying tradition called Duncan's bed, and supposed it that in which he was murdered. The young officer was ambitious of the honour of passing a night in this bed, which was accordingly made up by one of the old women for the purpose; but he was not above the superstitious fear of a visit from the ghost of Duncan; and to quiet his apprehensions, got a soldier of his company who attended him to sleep on a mattress in a corner of the room.

## CROMARTY

LORD CROMARTY, who was in the Rebellion of 1745 and was condemned to lose his head, got a pardon by the exertions of his excellent and beautiful wife. His daughter, Lady Augusta McKenzie, afterwards Murray, was *in ventre sa mère* [sic] at that period and had a blood-mark on her neck, supposed to be from her mother's agitation about the fate of her husband. I was once in company with Dr. Cullen, when this anecdote being mentioned by a gentleman of the company, Dr. Cullen contradicted him in a style of roughness the most opposite from his ordinary manner.

When the ladies had retired, he said to that gentleman: 'I beg your pardon, Sir, for my contradiction of your belief of the effect of pregnant women's imagination on the persons of their children; it is a nice medical question whether such be the fact or not; there are several arguments for and against the belief; but when ladies are in company I make it a rule to contradict it strenuously; if I assented to its truth, the ladies who heard me might be affected by their belief in the affirmative of the question. My determined negative may prevent that consequence.'

The Cromarty family had an hereditary tendency to somnambulism. One of that family, Captain Roderick, who was an intimate of my father's, told us a remarkable instance of this habit in an uncle of his with whom he lived. He happened one night to be awake with his uncle in bed whom he saw at sunrise get up, dress himself, put on his sword, and take some turns through the room, when suddenly he came to the side of the bed where his nephew was lying, who for fear of the consequence drew as far off as the bed would allow, when his uncle plunged his sword into the place of the bed where the boy had lain; then after a certain time returned to bed, and lay quiet till his usual hour of rising. Next morning the boy asked him if he had had any frightful dream. 'Indeed I had, Rory, a horrible one; I dreamed that I had killed you.'—His nephew told him of the escape which he had made; he bribed him to keep the matter secret, but it was afterwards discovered by his father, Lord Cromarty, who took the lad away from his uncle's.

The outset and progress in life of this gentleman, Roderick McKenzie, was singular. When a lad, in some disgust, he ran off from his father's house, and enlisted for a soldier; he was sent with his regiment to garrison Gibraltar, then besieged by the Spaniards. He was sentinel on one of the faces of the fortress when a battery of the Spaniards was playing on it. He had very properly gone into one of the casements to be out of the reach of the shot. Lord Mark Kerr, then in command at Gibraltar, was taking his morning walk, on this very terrace where McKenzie was

sentinel, who was bound in duty to leave his shelter to salute his Lordship. Lord Mark saw he was a Scot, and asked him his name and family; the lad told him his story fairly. Lord Mark was interested in it, and after a variety of questions and a promise of serving him if he had an opportunity said as if recollecting himself, 'But, young man, perhaps you may not like the whistling of these balls; go back to the casement while I who am accustomed to the thing continue my walk.' McKenzie was happy to accept the indulgence. Lord Mark had really no fear, and was a Quixote in military prowess. He was finical in his dress, his principle being that a man was not a worse soldier, but rather a better, for being nice in his habiliments. He was going up the stair of Balfour's Coffee House in Edinburgh, when he dropped one of his gloves; the stair was not quite clean. He took off his other glove and laid it by its fellow, that somebody less nice might have a pair.

## ADAM

THE founder of that family was Mr. John Adam, who by his own native genius and sagacity, aided by such opportunities of study in his art as those times afforded, raised himself to eminence in his profession of architect, and made plans of many houses, of which his grandson the Lord Chief Commissioner has a collection. He anticipated an idea which a man of a very different disposition, Mr. Owen, used to boast; namely, providing his workmen, the masons employed about the houses which he had planned, with such articles as they had occasion for; the principal of these was oatmeal, at that time the chief food of the lower ranks in Scotland, which Mr. Adam provided by contracts with some proprietors and farmers in the north of Scotland where he had formed some connexion. The masons, some of the jokers among them who are found in all situations, gave to the house of New Merchiston (so called to distinguish it from Merchiston Castle, the residence of the Lord Napier, the inventor of the logarithms) in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, which Mr. Adam built and his son afterwards

inhabited, the nickname of *Brosiehall*, by which appellation, when I was a boy, I remember its being known among the lower ranks in that neighbourhood.

Among the sons of old Mr. Adam, his second son, Robert, was early distinguished for his ability and taste in his father's art of architecture. When a boy, living at my grandfather's, Mr. Rose of Kilravock at Nairn, I saw Mr. Robert Adam, then employed by Government in the construction and superintendence of Fort George, built for a purpose which fortunately the change in the political sentiment of the Highlands afterwards rendered unnecessary (to keep in check the Highland adherents of the Stuart dynasty). My father projected a house in a pleasant part of the town of Nairn, for the sake of now and then passing some part of the year there in the neighbourhood of his father, and Mr. Robert Adam, then a very young artist, presented him with a plan for such a house, which he was proud of as the first specimen of that young artist's architectural skill. I succeeded to its possession after my father's death.

## HADDINGTON

I WAS well acquainted with the late Lord Haddington, this lord's father, and being one of the directors of the Edinburgh Concert when his Lordship was Governor, had frequent occasion to meet with him. He was a very handsome and gentleman-like man, and most remarkable for the neatness of his dress, which (to use a vulgar phrase) was as if it had just come out of a band-box. His father, Lord Binning, was a good scholar, and poet for *vers de société*, the Tom Moore of Scotland, having published a small volume of licentious poetry, much read by the beaus or bucks of the time. Lord Haddington, my acquaintance, would have been agreeable in conversation but for a very bad stutter, which impeded his speech. It is fortunate that his son, the present Earl, has no such impediment, because his conversation is of the most entertaining sort, the society in which he has lived, and a memory uncommonly tenacious, making him a relater of anecdotes more numerous and valuable than those possessed by any other man I ever knew. But it is

not only anecdotes or reminiscences for which he is remarkable; his reading and memory have enabled him to be a most correct authority for most historical facts of former times. He lost his excellent Countess some years ago, one of the best and most lady-like women in Scotland, dignified without pride, religious without fanaticism, and possessing superior talents without the smallest pretension or display.

## CLERK OF PENNYCUIK

I AM old enough to remember Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, who had been appointed a Baron of Exchequer at the institution of that Court in 1707. He was appointed along with Mr. Scrope, who was supposed to be sent down to Scotland as a *clair-voyant*, in order to report to the Ministry the state and temper of the country. In this department, I presume, Sir John took little or no share; but he was joined to Baron Scrope in a work for which I should have thought him more unfit, namely, in compiling a book or treatise on the powers and practice of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland, which was very well done, and obtained the approbation of a good English lawyer, Chief Baron Shepherd, who read it carefully on assuming that office, and found it, he said, very useful to him.

Allan Ramsay, the pastoral poet, lived much with the Pennycuik family, and there wrote the greatest part of his excellent pastoral *The Gentle Shepherd*, of which indeed the scene was laid among the Pentland Hills, not far from his patron Sir John Clerk's house. That locality has been keenly disputed by a neighbouring gentleman, Mr. Brown of Newhall, who has written a pamphlet on that subject, claiming the local honour of the scene of the Pastoral for grounds of his, which happen to suit the descriptions of the poem, and have one principal name recorded in *The Gentle Shepherd*,—Habbie's How; it is certainly of no great importance which was in the eye of the poet when he wrote his poem. I have no doubt he had seen both places, which were about an equal distance from Pennycuik House (then called Newbigging), where he principally resided while employed in writing his poem; and naturally drew the

picture of pastoral manners and rural scenery from the hills and the little river which are found in both those places. Lord Woodhouselee contended strenuously for the Pentland Hill scenery, and thought he had found good authority for his theory, in the name of one of the lairds of that district, who lived a century ago, who was called Albert or Halbert, contracted, as was commonly done, to Rab, and thence to Hab or Habbie, and so gave its name to the pool of the rivulet where the two lasses of the Pastoral wash their linen. But I doubt the justness of this supposition.

Gay, when brought to Scotland by his great patroness the Duchess of Queensberry, was at Newhall, then the seat of Mr. Forbes, brother of President Duncan Forbes, along with Allan Ramsay, of whose *Gentle Shepherd* he was a great admirer. The President Duncan Forbes and his elder brother John were the great patrons of Thomson; so Scotland owes that family much in regard to her poets.

I have in my possession a poem of Allan Ramsay's, a description of an expedition which he took in company with the family of Pennycuik to a shooting cottage on Pennycuik Moor, and of their spending a very pleasant day there, with the rustic fare adapted to the place, the principal dish at dinner being the growse shot by the gentlemen of the party. The cottage or hut stood till my day, and I have taken shelter in it while growse shooting, like those gentlemen, in Pennycuik Moor.

Near the Habbie's How in the Pentlands, there lived, while I resided at Glenesk in that neighbourhood, a remarkable old woman, wife of the farmer there, who had never during her whole life of about four-score years been in Edinburgh! My young people visited her, and she told them this circumstance. She had a zealous admiration and intimate knowledge of *The Gentle Shepherd*, and valued very highly a set of prints, which some benevolent person had given her, drawn by Allan, I think, descriptive of scenes and persons introduced into the *Pastoral*. She treated my children with cakes and milk, and gave a not unnatural reason for their not having got a plentiful breakfast before they left home, that there was a *hantle* (a great number) of

them at Auchindinny, of which I was then tenant. Tho' this old woman believed the scenery of *The Gentle Shepherd* and the Habbie's How particularly mentioned in that Pastoral to be among the hills in the hollow of which she lived, yet I think Brown of Newhall's book contains convincing proof that Ramsay took his idea of the *locale* of his poem from Newhall and its neighbourhood on the south side of the Pentland Hills.

The last Sir James, the grand-uncle of the present Sir George Clerk, was a very sensible man, but of reserved and retiring habits, living chiefly at his seat in the country. He had much of the family genius for the arts, and was the architect of his own house, which is one of the handsomest in the county. The principal room was painted by an ingenious artist, Runciman of Edinburgh, whom Sir James employed to make the ceiling in fresco with subjects from Ossian, and thence the room got the title of Ossian's Hall. The composition is often very good, but the figures are gigantesque and the drawing of the anatomical parts exaggerated much beyond nature. It bears some resemblance to the extravagance of Fuseli.

There was an old member of the family, an uncle of Sir James, Alexander, who was bred a painter, tho' he never followed the profession. He was a very eccentric character. One morning at Pennycuik he went out to take a walk, he said, till the porridge on which he was to breakfast should cool, and was not heard of till several years afterwards, having wandered over a great part of Europe, when he returned and walked into the house with perfect *sang froid* as if he had just finished his intended walk.

The present Sir George succeeded his uncle Sir John, who died without children. His father, who predeceased his elder brother, was bred a sailor and served some time in the Navy. He was a constant attendant of the Oyster Club called Adam Smith's Club, and used to be questioned about Navy matters. It was delightful to hear Adam Smith dissert on sea subjects which he *did not understand*, but in his ignorance always discovered genius and invention the same that inspired his writings on subjects which he *did understand*.

## ELLIOT OF MINTO

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT composed words for a beautiful Scots air called originally *My Apron Dearie*,—somewhat too ornamented for the simple breathing of the air. I think it not at all improbable that they described his own feelings when he left his own country and the banks of the Teviot to become a statesman in London:

> Why left I Aminta, why broke I my vow?—
> Oh give me my sheep and my sheep-hook restore,
> And I'll wander from Love and Aminta no more.

When his brother Commodore Elliot took the celebrated naval partisan Thurot, who in the Seven Years War had spread the alarm of an invasion over the coast of Scotland, an old friend of his father's hastened to the Justice Clerk,—Lord Minto then held that office.—'You get early intelligence, my Lord,' said he; 'so you must have heard of my favorite the Commodore. He was always the boy for me. What say you to your boasted orator now?'

Sir Gilbert had a great turn for poetry, and it came collaterally to his eldest sister, Miss Elliot, who was long my neighbour in Brown Square, one of the most sensible women of her time, tho' she wrote poetry. Sir Gilbert's best known verses were those on the sudden death of Lord and Lady Sutherland, published, I think, in the *Scots Magazine*. His sister's words to the air of *The Flowers of the Forest* are natural and elegant, and much excel any of the other compositions for that air, tho' another by a lady likewise (Mrs. Cockburn) are little below them in merit.

## CHAPTER X

# STATESMEN, POLITICIANS, PEERS

## ARGYLL AND HIS STAFF

THE Minister for Scotland at that time was Archibald Duke of Argyll, who had the talent of finding out and employing able men under him: first, Lord Milton, grandson [nephew] of the celebrated Fletcher of Salto[u]n; second, Mr. McMillan, W. S., a native of Argyll; third, William Alston, also a Writer, a sagacious, long-headed man.

The Duke lived, for the short periods of his remaining in Edinburgh on his way to Parliament, at Brunston [Brunstane], a very beautiful villa, the property of the Duke (qy.), tenanted by Lord Milton. He used to make that stay longer or shorter according to circumstances,—the political parties in London were sometimes so nearly balanced at the time of the Prince of Wales' quarrel with his father George II, that it was not easy even for the Duke's sagacity to steer between them. He remained in Scotland, as he told a confidential friend, 'till the candles were lighted upstairs'.

His Grace tried the political management of the city [of Edinburgh]. The Magistrates and some of the leading Deacons were dining with him at Brunston; among them was the Deacon of the Wrights (Carpenters). In a walk before dinner with the Duke, who was shewing the beauty of the place, they came to an uncommonly fine tree.—'What a fine tree that is!' said the Deacon. 'If your Grace would cut it, I would give a very large price for it.'—'Sir,' said the Duke, forgetting the politician in the planter, 'I would not cut it if it grew on your nose.' This speech had well-nigh lost him the Deacon's vote and interest, which might have cost him the election, which was to take place soon after. Some apology and Lord Milton's interference pacified the Deacon.

An anecdote which shews the readiness of W. Alston

in political *manœuvre*. He was, by the Duke's influence, appointed Deputy Auditor of Exchequer; by one of the clerks in the office, whose desk was next to Mr. Alston's, I was told the following story. On Mr. Alston's coming one morning to the office, one of the clerks said accidentally, 'Such a Deacon (I do not recollect the name) has been walking with Mr. —— (a political opponent of the Duke's) for this hour past, and they seem in deep consultation, perhaps about the election which is to take place the day after to-morrow.'—Mr. Alston, without taking any notice at the time, said soon after that he had an appointment on business and must leave the office, but committed to the Senior Clerk the charge of writing some paper he was preparing. He left the office accordingly, went instantly to the house of an intimate friend of the Deacon's, told him of the circumstance of his long walk in the Parliament Close with their enemy, and concerted a scheme for keeping the Deacon from the election. This was to propose a dinner next day at Linlithgow (for the Deacon liked a dinner and a country excursion, and had never seen the old palace at Linlithgow) from which Mr. Alston's friend said they could easily return before supper-time that evening. The Deacon consented. The driver of the carriage was tutored by Mr. Alston; the Deacon made very drunk at dinner; put into the carriage in a state of insensibility, and driven, not to Edinburgh, but to Stirling, from which place he did not return till many hours after the election, which gave the Duke's candidate a majority in the Council of the City.

## NISBET OF DIRLETON

HIS peculiar eccentric humour shewed itself as much in his conduct and stile of living as in his conversation. He separated himself from his wife, an excellent woman, because he said she was too good for him, too serious in her sentiments, too regular in her conduct; and he lived afterwards a very odd dissipated life, partly in London and partly in Edinburgh,—during the shooting season only at his seat in East Lothian.

While he lived in London, he had no house, and scarce

anyone knew his lodging; but in a tavern in Covent Garden he had every day a table of a dozen covers, and an excellent dinner for such company as accident induced him to invite. Music was his great passion, and among his guests were generally some of the favourite performers of the day. He kept no servant, contenting himself with the service of the maid of his lodging-house, only that when in Edinburgh he had for an attendant his barber, one Kay, who had a little talent for drawing and published caricatures of persons best known in the town, which commonly had a considerable resemblance to the originals, particularly in the air and attitude, which he studied by observing them in the street. At Edinburgh also Dirleton enjoyed the society of O'Brien, the Irish Giant, I believe the tallest man ever seen in Britain (above eight feet high), who exhibited himself here one winter, and whom Dirleton joined in fuddling himself with spirits.

When his physician told him that the use of ardent spirits would destroy the *coats* of his stomach, 'Then it must work in its *waistcoat*'.

He went down to Lord Sandwich's, whose acquaintance he had acquired by their common love of music. He arrived in a hackney chaise and pair, without any attendant, and in his common shabby dress; the porter would hardly let him in, and the servants wondered what strange shabby fellow their master had invited as his guest; but they formed a very different opinion when, on going away next morning, he left five guineas with the butler to be distributed among the servants. This eccentric profusion he indulged in all his journeys; when the driving pleased him, his common fee to the post-boy was half a guinea.

He was a great bowler and shooter; at the first of those exercises I was often present, and sometimes of his party. He loved excitement in his amusement and was proud of *riding* (as in the bowler's language it is termed) at bowls, and of making far shots; for the latter purpose he had the stock of his gun cushioned in that part which touches the cheek, I think the first person in this country who introduced that way of guarding against the recoil of the gun.

## DUCHESS OF GORDON

THE daughter of Sir W. Maxwell of Monre[i]th, a dissipated man, who separated from his wife, one of the handsomest women of her time, with whom lived, after that separation, her three daughters, all good-looking, but the Duchess (then Jane Maxwell) by far the handsomest. [The mother was allowed] then a mere pittance, I believe a little above £100 per annum, for their family. They lived, of course, very sparingly, but kept up a good countenance and the best society; the girls' education, as might be expected, was neglected. Mr. Fordyce, afterwards the great favourite of Lord Melville and Mr. Pitt, with whom Mr. Pitt often had communications on money matters, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, married the eldest of those young ladies; and at his house the second, Jane, met the Duke of Gordon, and danced with him at a summer place, a paltry imitation of Vauxhall [called] Comely Gardens, near Holyrood House. He was captivated with her beauty and vivacity, and soon after paid his addresses to her. She made, for a good many years after their marriage, an excellent and most attentive wife and mother, employing her time in educating herself as well as her daughters, which she did so well as to be versed in French and English literature, and was a good Italian scholar, then an uncommon accomplishment in Edinburgh. She was highly popular among the vassals and tenants of the Duke's large domains in Inverness and Banffshires, and her manners were conciliatory to all ranks.

Afterwards she mixed in London and Court gaiety, and became the great leader of fashion in the metropolis, and of considerable influence with ministers. She procured, among other favours, the government of India for Sir John Mcpherson and the Supervision of the Woods and Forests for Mr. Fordyce. She had a great deal of wit, sometimes recklessly exerted, but was friendly and warm-hearted and the most zealous patroness in the world to her old friends and acquaintance, whom she never forgot. She used to boast, not unreasonably, of what she had done for her family, by leaving the dull life of Gordon Castle and mixing in the

great society of London, having married her eldest daughter Charlotte to Colonel Len[n]ox, afterwards Duke of Richmond; another to Lord Broome, afterwards Marquis Cornwallis; a third to the Duke of Manchester; and a fourth to Mr. Sinclair, afterwards Sir John, with a large estate in East Lothian and Caithness.

Honours and wealth, however, do not always confer happiness, and she was not always happy tho' always wearing gaiety, the livery of happiness. She retired at last to a beautiful cottage she had built on a farm she took from the Duke, on the banks of the Spey, called Kinrara, and in one of its lovely little valleys she built a monument for herself, and gave directions for her being buried there. She had a sincere religious turn, which she never forgot even amidst scenes little congenial to religion. *Requiescat in pace!*

## LORD AND LADY LOVAT

HE had all the atrocity of the oldest and most barbarous times. He began with the rape of his wife. He sent some of his banditti (for he had a set of retainers, trained, like those of the old Man of the Mountain, to obey him in all acts of violence) who set fire to Culloden House, the seat of President Forbes, who was his relation, and for whom he was at the same time professing the warmest attachment and regard. He had employed some of them to waylay and assassinate another relation, Sir Ludovic Grant, my father-in-law. In short, there was no outrageous villainy of which he was not capable; yet he joined to the savageness of the worst feudal times the smoothness as well as the cunning of the most civilised hypocrisy. He was indeed proverbially known as a flatterer.

My uncle, Mr. Rose of Kilravock, happened to be in Edinburgh when my Lord was passing through to the north, and called on his cousin, for such he was, to enquire after his health. Lord Lovat pressed him to be seated, but my uncle excused himself on the ground of his very short stay in town and having a great deal to do. On Lord Lovat's insisting, however, he took a seat, and at that instant a

gentleman, whom the moment before Lovat had embraced as his friend and given a very favourable character, left the room. He had no sooner done so, than Lovat abused him in the most unmeasured terms and said he was one of the greatest scoundrels in the world. Another and another of the company went away with not much better characters from his Lordship. At last, after a pretty long stay, my uncle took his leave. 'My dear Hugh,' said Lovat, 'you said you were in a hurry, but if my watch does not deceive me, you have stayed half an hour.'—'That is true,' rejoined my uncle, 'but I took care you should have no audience to give my character to.'—'Ah!' said Lovat with perfect *sang froid*. 'You are a wag, Hugh; you are a wag!'

When [Lovat was] in the Tower, a few days before his execution, Hogarth came to visit him with the intention of drawing a sketch of him, which he made and it was afterwards engraved and is a striking likeness. When the turnkey announced him, Lord Lovat was in the act of shaving. When Hogarth entered the room, Lovat hastened to embrace him, expressed himself delighted with his visit, and, kissing him from cheek to cheek, covered his face all over with the suds from his own. So little was his love of horseplay damped by his approaching death. All his behaviour indeed previously to and at his execution evinced the perfect possession of his mind and even of gaiety. His conscience slept; or did he find some salvo for its upbraidings in the idea of the wildness of the time and his character of Chieftain, indignant of rivalry and opposition?

After all his atrocities, he died like a hero. I have recorded this in a line in a poem now, I suppose, forgotten, *The Pursuits of Happiness*,

> and conscious Lovat like a Cato die.

His widow, who survived him many years and attained to a very great age (I think above ninety), was also a singular character. She had a manly resolution and all her husband's contempt of death, but in her it had the support of religion. When the house she lived in, at the top [of] Blackfriars Wynd in Edinburgh, was threatened with fire which was blazing in

the adjoining building, she sat coolly at her spinning wheel, saying that she had lived long enough, and that her safety was not worth the trouble of any exertion to ensure it. The fire, however, contrary to all expectation, did not reach her house.

She ran another risk of a violent death some time after, her grandson (a wicked boy and not always in his perfect mind) having mixed poison in a mess of porridge designed for her, which, however, she happened not to eat, but of which a portion being eat by another person, an humble companion of her Ladyship's, that person died from its effects. She shewed, notwithstanding, little resentment of the boy's wickedness, and he was suffered to escape and go abroad, where he died.

. . . . . .

Lord Lovat formed a plan for burning the President's house of Culloden and assassinating himself, at the very time when he was writing to him the kindest letters, expressing his gratitude for the President's advice and protection, and his sorrow and indignation at his eldest son, afterwards General Fraser, joining the Rebels, which the cunning Lord had got him to do in order to have friends to his family on both sides.—But this sort of duplicity and plan for atrocious deeds was quite familiar to the mind and dispositions of Lovat. Yet with all his cunning he had unguarded moments. I remember when a boy hearing my grandfather, Mr. Rose of Kilravock, say that himself, who was a near relation of Lovat's, and several other gentlemen had in their possession letters written by Lovat sufficient to hang him, all of which himself and he believed Lovat's other correspondents had burnt to prevent their appearing as evidence against him.

## LADY ABOYNE

LADY ABOYNE was told by a pretended prophetess (I think at Florence) that she would die of the child with whom she was then *enceinte*. She did die in child-birth, but the cause was supposed to be the apprehension which that prediction left on her mind. A note of that prediction was found after her death pinned to the inside of her stays.

## CHARLES FOX

HE was made for popularity, with a flow of animal spirits and the best temper in the world. If I may be forgiven the egotism, I may say that I had occasion to know that he had an ill-will at me, insignificant as I was, in so much that it required the intervention of some friends of mine, and indeed of Lord Grenville, to prevent his turning me out of office when the Talents came into power. This dislike probably arose from some misrepresentation of my sentiments of him, which was quite a mistake; I had a tenderness, a sort of attachment to him from the account of his amiable qualities received from an intimate and early friend of his, who was an acquaintance of mine, and whom I met often in London. That friend called at my lodgings in Park Place one afternoon, just as I was making tea, and said he was on his way to Charles Fox's, in the neighbourhood, who had appointed to see him at six o'clock, but that if he could find leisure he would return and drink tea with me. He returned accordingly and told me he had [had] a conversation with Mr. Fox who was still in bed, having passed the night before at Brookes's; yet I have no doubt, indeed I think I remember, that he went down to the House of Commons that evening and made one of his usual brilliant speeches. Such was the strange mixture of his character and habits.

Mr. Fox had not much wit strictly so called, tho' great readiness and liveliness in conversation; most of his conversation was too serious for wit, except when he gave way to playfulness amongst playful young people, but it was always striking and energetic. His speech to his brother Stephen was, however, truly witty. They were sitting together in the theatre to see Macklin play the Jew in *The Merchant of Venice*. When he proposed to Antonio the loan of a thousand ducats on the strange security of a pound of his flesh, Charles waked his brother who had, as was often the case, fallen asleep (his great fatness often disposing him to that lethargic habit), and said to him: 'For God's sake, wake now, Stephen; here is exactly the man for you. He

offers a thousand ducats, of which you have but few, for a pound of flesh, which you can spare.'

Their nonchalance was almost incredible. While their theatre at the family seat in Wiltshire was on fire and burning, they were laying bets on the progress of the flames. I was in the neighbourhood soon after and was well ascertained of the fact.

Charles Fox spoke to the mob, as he did to the House of Commons, forcibly, but still above the understandings of his audience. Lord Stanhope, the great supporter of his opponent at the Westminster Election, had one advantage above every man in England, a stentorian voice. In the House of Commons he was sitting on one occasion immediately above Mr. Pitt, his cousin, then on the Treasury Bench as Chancellor of the Exchequer, when Lord Stanhope was arguing in favour of some popular measure of reform. ' Such a measure,' said his Lordship, ' would knock *Corruption* on the head,' striking with the long wide sleeve of his great-coat the head of Mr. Pitt, from which rose a volume of hair powder, to the great amusement of the House.

The old Duke of Queensberry, called by the ludicrous sobriquet of *Old Q.*, with all his oddities was a shrewd observer of the characters and dispositions of men around him. He said to a friend of mine from whom I received the anecdote, ' I have known Fox from his cradle; no man more amiable and agreeable; a great genius and a great fool; he thinks himself the leader, when in truth he is led, tho' put in the front; Fitzpatrick, the Duchess of Devonshire, &c., make him do what they please.'

Akin to this character was an observation of Adam Smith's, on whom I happened to call while the newspaper was lying on his table, stating that strange anti-whiggish claim made by Fox for the Prince of Wales asserting his *right* to govern as Regent on any failure of the exercise of the regal Power such as that of the King's illness during which this claim was made. ' It cannot,' said Smith to me, ' be his own deliberate opinion; it is too foolish and ill-founded. While not recovered from the dizziness of his hurried journey home from France, some of those people

who have influence with him have put [it] in his head, and he has gone down to the House of Commons and stated it without giving himself time to consider its nature or tendency. When he has cooled from this fever and agitation of mind, he will see the fallacy of the doctrine, tho' he may be shy of confessing it.'

## OLD Q.

THAT Duke of Queensberry extremely unpopular in Dumfries-shire from his selfishness; yet he sometimes did gracious things, and was particularly kind to the French emigrants who took refuge in Britain during the Revolution. Perhaps it might detract a little from the merit of this generosity, that he enjoyed their society, and for any enjoyment he grudged no price; that the money sometimes went 'heaven-directed to the poor' was the award of Providence with little merit in him. He was a very clever man, a disciple of Epicurus but without the virtue of the Epicurean system; and he had none of the hypocrisy of pretending to virtue or disinterestedness.

## HORACE WALPOLE

TWO of the pleasantest old persons I ever knew were Lord Orford and Mrs. Carter; the first in his old age was extremely pleasant; he was then cured of his conceit and told numberless anecdotes of the distinguished men he had known. Mrs. Carter was delightful; learned without pedantry, pious without fanaticism, and unassuming without awkwardness.

Lord Orford blamed about Chatterton, I think unjustly; but the benevolent public, feeling for any person in distress, often takes up false impressions, and cries *Shame! Shame!* without any good reason. Chatterton was an unprincipled writer for newspapers and public journals, and was known in that character to Lord Orford (then Horace Walpole), and it was not wonderful that he should have been shy of patronising the poet.

All old men, like Lord Orford, are fond of telling anecdotes; but there is a great difference between those who

have lived in good company and among distinguished characters and others who have not been so fortunate in their society: the talk of the first may be long, but it will hardly be tedious; that of the others will be tiresome from the insignificance of its subjects.

## ORATORS

THO' with the readiest invention and perfect fluency, Charles Townshend was not without that sort of agitation which freezes invention and paralyses fluency. He could not withstand the thunders of Mr. Pitt's reply, nor the withering frown of his anger; this was indeed the case with several other very able speakers. John Wilkes said very well, 'He had, with all his defects for a Parliamentary speaker, acquired at least one material requisite, a thorough contempt for his audience.'

## LORD NORTH

LORD NORTH'S Coalition with Charles Fox, who had so often grossly abused him, lost him entirely the favour of the public; but nobody could deny his ability as a manager of the House of Commons, the readiness of his wit, his unruffled temper, his conciliating manner. He had a still higher merit,—tho' not always so fortunate nor perhaps free of *Job* in his patronage,—himself and his favourite Sir Grey Cooper lost by the public service. Sir Grey died so poor that pensions, of no large amount, were necessary to keep his daughters from starving.

## SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

WHEN he was thinking of retiring, a gentleman at his own table, rather approving his resolution, ventured to quote the lines of the Roman poet, with a little alteration applicable to Sir Robert:

> Satis edisti atque *bribisti* (instead of *bibisti*)
> . . . tempus abire tibi est.

Sir Robert, the best-tempered man in the world, laughed with the rest of the company at this new reading.

My grandfather, Mr. Rose of Kilravock, when in Parlia-

ment was a favourite of Sir Robert, and sometimes lived at his house of Houghton. Walking one morning in the celebrated picture gallery there, Sir Robert happened to pass through: 'Ah! Rose, I envy you; you are delighted looking at those pictures. I know their value, but from their possession familiarity has, as in other things, deprived me of that pleasure. I pass through this room very often unconscious that the pictures hang around it.'

## LORD TOWNSHEND

WHEN in Edinburgh, one day at the Cross, he was so absent as hardly to answer anyone who spoke; he afterwards told the reason of it. Mr. A. McDougall, a gentleman with an uncommonly shaped nose, was at the Cross at the time; and my Lord's passion for *caricature* took such hold of his mind on seeing that nose, that he had no leisure to think of anything else.

There is a story of his drawing under the tablecloth, at his own table, a caricature of an officer with a particular countenance, and he sent his drawing round the table. That officer happened also to be a good caricaturist. When his own came round to him, he substituted one he had just made of Lord Townshend. His Lordship behaved well on the occasion; so far from being offended with the retort, he took an early opportunity (he was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland) of promoting its author.

After his duel with [the Earl of Bellamont] duels got so much into fashion, that one or two were fought every week; none, I think, that ended fatally. Lord Townshend being at the time Master of the Ordnance, his antagonist, who was wounded but not dangerously, said, 'It was lucky for me that Lord T. used Government gunpowder; but for its bad quality, the shot must have killed me.'

## LORD CHESTERFIELD

WHEN Lord Chesterfield was Lord Lieutenant, one of his young officers, a fine lively Scots boy of the name of Baillie, was very fond of fencing, and had, for practice in that art, drawn in one of the rooms of the Castle a large

figure of the Lord Lieutenant, against which he used to push with a foil chalked to mark his hits. One day when thus employed, he was soliloquising on the subject of his exercise with the freedom of a young *étourdi*, not quite so respectful as he ought to have been to his Lordship. 'Now, my good Philip, here goes for your breast—here for your eye—and here for your long nose,'—accompanying each speech with the appropriate push. At that moment Lord Chesterfield, who seldom came to that apartment of the Castle, entered the room behind the fencer, whose back was turned to the door. 'And what, my good fellow, has poor Philip done to you that you belabour him so unmercifully?' Baillie threw down his foil and ran out of the room; Lord Chesterfield laughed at the joke, and soon after promoted the fencer.

## SHERIDAN

THE love of liquor in his later days got so much the better of Sheridan as to become irresistible, but the liquor rather whetted than overcame his spirits. When he was at the Duke of Athole's at Blair, the Duke carried him up, by a rough and sometimes to a lowlander a dangerous looking road, to his hunting lodge, where they were to dine. In the going thither, Sheridan betrayed great uneasiness at some passes of the road; but having got his wine after dinner reinforced by a large dose of *Athol brose* (whiskey mixed with honey) of which he grew very fond, in returning to Blair he had forgotten all his fears, and said to the Duke, 'Your Grace's Athol brose is the best road-maker I ever knew.' Note: The Duke had invited him to Blair in gratitude for his speech and vote in favour of the grant to the Duke in addition to his original compensation (certainly an inadequate one) for the Isle of Man.

In reply to an opponent, Sheridan said the Rt. Hon. Gentleman drew on his memory for his wit, and on his imagination for his facts. This was probably, as his wit frequently was, prepared for the occasion; but he was not the less master of wit impromptu; he had large sums in bank, but he was also rich in ready cash, of which all his friends could tell many instances.

One instance is his answer to Monk Lewis who offered him a bet on the profits of his *Castle Spectre*: 'I do not like to lay deep bets; but I will bet you its value.'

To John Kemble after their conference with old Ireland on the forgery of *Rowena*.—'His face,' said Kemble, 'shewed his passion.'—'Oh!' replied Sheridan, 'his face, I dare say, is a forgery too.'

One evening, in the pause of a very long debate, Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, took some opportunity of going up to the garret for some refreshment. Sheridan had just come up for the same purpose. Dundas, with that good humour which never forsook him, proposed that Mr. Sheridan and one or two friends who were with him should join his party; this was readily agreed to; and I remember Mr. Dundas saying he had never passed so delightful an hour in his life. The wine was not lost upon Sheridan (as indeed it never was), and he poured himself out without reserve in all the brilliancy of his imagination and the richness of his memory.

An anecdote is mentioned in Moore's Life of Mr. Sheridan (tho' the biographer seems rather to doubt it) of an American offer of £2,000 to that gentleman, for his exertions in the cause of Freedom. This nearly resembles the offer made by the merchants of London to Mr. Pitt (communicated to him by Sir Robert Preston), mentioned in his Life, of a large sum in consideration of his services to the Empire, which is not at all doubtful but well ascertained; but Mr. Pitt properly refused to accept of it. Both instances mark the situation and feelings of the men by whom the offers were made. Money was the *Magnus Apollo* of both; and they conceived nothing improper in offering it as a reward for public service; they put out of calculation the enjoyment of fame, or the consciousness of disinterested virtue.

## BURKE

LORD NORTH, himself a man of uncommon wit, used to say that one of the best pieces of jocular wit ever uttered in the House of Commons was by Mr. Burke, which must have been quite an impromptu. Mr. David Hartley,

a long dull speaker, was to make some motion, and had engaged Mr. Burke to second it. During the course of a very tedious speech the House had become almost empty, but Mr. Burke was under the necessity of remaining on account of his engagement. At last Mr. Hartley begged that, in order to illustrate some argument he was about to use, the Clerk might read the Riot Act. Burke started up in his place and exclaimed, ' The Riot Act, Mr. Speaker !— Why, they are all dispersed already ! '

## DAVID HARTLEY

THO' not a good speaker nor a man of brilliant parts, Hartley was a great mechanic and author of many mechanical contrivances, among which was that of *fire-plates* to be used in the construction of houses, in order to prevent fire spreading through them or communicating to other buildings. I remember the remains of one of his experimental houses standing on Wimbledon Common which I visited when living with Lord Melville there. Dr. Franklin, who met Mr. Hartley acting under some Commission to settle some disputed points between Britain and the United States, gave him great credit for his mechanical genius and had many conversations with him on mechanical subjects and inventions, both his own and Mr. Hartley's. I saw with Dr. Franklin a particular kind of (I think) a smoke-consuming grate, prepared by Mr. H. to prevent the evil of smoking chimneys. Some wag said that Mr. Hartley had one of his fire-plates on his skull which prevented any heat or illumination of fancy to enter his brain.

## BROUGHAM

MR. BROUGHAM was, during his younger days at Edinburgh, the hardest and most determined of students, tho' he sometimes indulged in idleness and dissipation. His treatise on *Optics* was the fruit of one of those periods of deep study and intense application. I have heard from some competent judges that it shewed great industry, but scarcely any invention or genius. From Mr. Brougham one should have expected exactly the reverse.

## SIR LAWRENCE DUNDAS

FORMERLY in Edinburgh those professions which would nowadays be reckoned vulgar and debasing were filled by respectable men of good families and connections. This was the natural consequence of there being few openings for the younger sons of gentlemen (India not then being an establishment which could afford such an opening to many), whose families, sometimes of great consideration in the country, were not ashamed of their sons embracing such trades or professions, and their society being equally respected as their relations and connexions. Some of these are now in the peerage, such as Lord Dundas, whose father Sir Lawrence was a mercer and in partnership with another man of a family of rank, the Clerks of Pennycuick. Sir Lawrence was made a baronet, but having once been a shopkeeper, it seems that etiquette did not admit of his being made a peer, which was therefore reserved for his son.

Sir Lawrence made above half a million by a commissariat in the army of Prince [Duke] Ferdinand of Brunswick. He got his account passed, as it was said, through the influence of the Prince to whom he had very politically shewed what the French would call a piece of gallantry. One morning at the Prince's levee, a very handsome carriage and a pair of beautiful horses were observed to drive to the door. 'Whose,' said the Prince, 'is that superb carriage?'— Someone said it belonged to Mr. Dundas. The Prince, turning to Dundas, said: 'Is that so, Mr. Dundas? I envy you such a beautiful carriage with those four superb bays.'— 'It is not mine,' replied Mr. Dundas, 'except your Highness will mortify me by refusing that small token of my gratitude for all the favours you have bestowed on me.'

When this enormous fortune was mentioned to Lord Montboddo, he said to me, 'Well, Mr. Mackenzie, tho' the man be worth a million, he can eat but one dinner and have but one wife, any more than you or I.'

But the contracts of the Seven Years War were nothing compared to those of the American War. The Army of America waged a most sanguinary war against the Treasury,

and found no very formidable opponent in Lord North. Our countryman Sir William Erskine, an excellent and very distinguished officer, was Quartermaster-General; but knowing nothing of accounts, took whatever money his deputy, an Irishman named Mr. Bruin, chose to give him. Sir William's share was said to be between one and two hundred thousand pounds; but his deputy, it was said, realised six hundred thousand pounds. These emoluments are probably exaggerated, tho' they must be great.

Sir Lawrence Dundas acquired the command of Edinburgh and returned a member several times for this city. One election was so near even, that a single vote was of consequence. Deacon Brodie of the Wrights was suspected of being adverse to Sir Lawrence for a natural enough reason, that he had got his furniture from London, not from the Deacon. Ross of Pitcolny [Pitcalnie], an odd humourist, who did many extravagant things when tipsy, coming very drunk from an evening party and passing through St. Andrew's Square, saw a light in the house of Sir Lawrence, and desired the chairmen to carry him there. The baronet's servant did not know the Deacon nor Pitcolny, so the jester announced himself as Deacon Brodie, on which Colonel Masterton, a great friend of Sir Lawrence's who lived with him and who, tho' it was past midnight, was not in bed (but Sir Lawrence was confined to his room by a fit of the gout), desired the servant to shew Mr. Brodie into the dining-room, to cover the table and put down every good thing in the house for a supper to the Deacon. This was done accordingly, and Masterton came downstairs in great haste, to pay his compliments to the Deacon in order to secure his vote. What was his surprise at seeing this midnight guest eating an excellent supper and drinking Burgundy and Champagne, whom he knew to [be] Ross of Pitcolny, personating the influential Deacon. Sir Lawrence, I was told, was very indignant and angry at this deception; a man not in the gout would probably have only laughed at it.

## MELVILLE AND PITFOUR

JAMES FERGUSON of Pitfour, a great favourite of Lord Melville's. Dining in the garret of the House of Commons one evening with a young gentleman, they were told that Mr. Pitt was up. The young gentleman started from table to run downstairs to hear him. 'Sit still and drink your claret,' said Pitfour. 'Why should I leave my wine to hear Mr. Pitt? He would not leave his wine to hear me.'—When this was told to Mr. Pitt, he said Ferguson was greatly mistaken; if he would speak, Mr. Pitt would leave the best wine that ever was drank to hear him.

Pitfour called himself a downright plainspeaking man; but he knew very well how to flatter. He said to Mr. Pitt one day at Wimbledon, 'Everybody says you govern the country well; but how the devil did you ever think of trying at your age to govern the country?'

Pitfour one day walking with me said: 'We have several good dishes in Scotland, but can hardly pretend to good dinners. We are not sufficiently interested in a good dinner; I dined with McNamara last week when it happened that one of the soups was bad,—it threw a damp on the company all the evening.' He generally walked to dinner to Wimbledon because the walk procured him an appetite. His man John rode down with his portmanteau, his dinner coat, and a clean shirt.

He at one time certainly proposed to leave his fortune to Lord Melville, his brother having no children, but no will was found, and a distant relative succeeded as heir at law. There was some little doubt as to the validity of his title to his landed estate, Lord Marshall's heir having taken the opinion of counsel whether he should not bring a reduction of the sale from Lord Marshall to Lord Pitfour. This accounted for what was reckoned an oddity in Pitfour, the not giving leases to his tenants, who were willing in consideration of that to have paid an additional rent. But Pitfour knew very well what he was about. He did not chuse to grant any lease till the forty years long prescription (as it is called in Scotland) had expired. After that period he gave leases like other proprietors of land.

I was present at Wimbledon (Lord Melville's) on a remarkable occasion, the reconciliation dinner of Mr. Burke with the Ministry, after being so long in opposition; he left Mr. Fox and his other associates on account of the difference of their opinions from his on the French Revolution. Lord Hailes dined there that day in great spirits and delighted with the company. Mr. Burke said to me when I met him a few days after, 'Your country has been thought deficient in wit and humour; but I never heard more wit and humour than we had from Lord Hailes at Wimbledon.'

Lord Melville was the worst manager of money matters I ever knew. He never knew anything of his own money concerns, but trusted them implicitly, first to his clerk William Bell, and then to Mr. Trotter. There was, as his sister told me, an account of £12,000 chiefly for alterations in his house at Melville, which he had entirely forgotten till she shewed it to him. From this inaccountable carelessness arose the confusion in his accounts for the consequences of which he was impeached; nobody could believe that he was guilty of carelessness only, which certainly was the fact. But undoubtedly he was very blameable in not checking the abuses of persons under him.

I saw him, during a short visit I made to London, when under impeachment. I was accompanied by another particular friend of his, Mr. George Hume. He spoke of his *sea of troubles*, as he called it; but talked of money inaccuracies in a way that rather shocked Mr. Hume, who was a most accurate man of business. He felt his impeachment, however, deeply; and a near relation imputed his death to that cause; but in this he was mistaken; he had an inward complaint (in his heart) which sapped his constitution, vigorous as it was.

I walked home with him from church the day before he died; he spoke with deep emotion of our common friend President Blair, who had died two days before; and wrote to the Chancellor of Exchequer asking a pension for his widow, little thinking his own death would so soon succeed that of our friend. He post-dated his letter, supposing it to be dispatched after the President's funeral, which was to

take place next day; and in it expressed himself very feelingly on the death of the President and the situation of his family; but he died before the hour when the funeral took place. He was not, properly speaking, eloquent, but he spoke clearly, decidedly, and forcibly. An Opposition member said to me, 'I like your countryman and friend Dundas; he argues perhaps, to me, not convincingly; but he always puts his case fairly, and never goes about the bush; one may often easily answer his argument, but you cannot mistake it, nor dispute the conviction which it seems to give himself.'—He had very little general knowledge from which he could draw materials for his speeches; but he had a great deal of invention and acuteness in his own mind, and depended on his own resources for his statement of his own case and his answer to his adversaries. He spoke broad Scotch, and sometimes used strange Scottish phrases; but such was the effect with which he used them, that the House of Commons adopted several of them and transplanted them into the English idiom, at least the idiom of Parliament.

## LORD ELIBANK

LORD ELIBANK one of the wits of Edinburgh, and in truth possessed of a great deal of humour. He was fond of making original observations on common subjects. He said the reason why the country people of East Lothian who came to Edinburgh with country produce were better looking than those of West Lothian was because they came to town and returned to the country with the sun at their back both ways, whereas the West Lothianers (from the opposite circumstance) grinned with the sun in their faces and were sunburnt both going and returning.

## LORD GEORGE GERMAIN

A HORRIBLE blunder, in the vanity of being witty, was committed by a clergyman who was recommended to Lord George Germain (who had not long before changed his name of Sackville in consequence of succeeding to Lady

Betty Germain), and waited on him to thank him for having, in consequence of such recommendation, presented him to a living. ' Sir,' said Lord George, ' I have a great regard for my friend by whom you are recommended, and I think it right to inform you that I have just had notice of another living having fallen within my gift, which, tho' not quite so lucrative, would be preferred by most men from the circumstance of its pleasant situation, a situation much safer too, the other parsonage being very near the *powder-mills*.'—' If that is the case, my Lord,' said the clergyman, ' I should certainly prefer it, as I am quite of Lord George Sackville's mind, not liking the smell of gunpowder.'—Lord George received this speech with perfect *sang froid*, and said that the reverend gentleman should certainly be gratified in his wish for the safer parsonage. The reverend gentleman was not long after telling this *bon mot* of his to a friend whom he met with, who had the honesty or the cruelty of informing him of the change of Lord George's name from Sackville to Germain, to whom he had made this happy speech. The man was like to hang himself for shame and vexation ; but he enjoyed the safe living, and Lord George never resented the speech.

The blunders of an absent man are generally made worse, not mended, by his attempting an apology. A gentleman whom I knew, talking of a very good but a very plain woman, said, ' She was really the plainest person he had ever seen,'—but, looking round the ladies of the party, he stammered out, ' the present company, we know, is always excepted.'

## PITT AND FOX

BOTH possessed of eminent abilities, but their temperament, or perhaps their education, made the great difference between them. Pitt's ordinary habit was grave and serious ; his amenity and gaiety, little known but to his particular friends, was only an occasional relaxation. Fox's business was pleasure, his good humour was never clouded, his vivacity ever on the wing ; his relaxation (if the phrase may be allowed) from pleasure and what might be called

dissipation was political reflections, conversation in private and speeches in public, both prompted more by his friends and his party than by his own inclination,—often unwillingly prompted,—which he was glad to exchange for a bet at hazard or a match at Newmarket. Fox was like the bee of the Roman poet—

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant.

Pitt more resembled one of those penetrating insects that fasten on fruits and flowers and pierce them to the core.

## PITT

MR. PITT was, I think, sometimes diffuse and even verbose, owing to the power of words which he possessed. He seemed to me sometimes to forget the impulsive and sterling eloquence which he possessed, to substitute beautiful expression for powerful thought. My friend President Blair used to say, it was often a misfortune to a pleader to have great fluency of expression, which poured out nonsense (for which Blair had no toleration) frequently that sounded like sense. A plain country-man, the *abnormis sapiens* of the Roman poet, said very well of a speaker of this sort, ' that he was an excellent speaker, if you took nae tent (paid no attention) to what he said '.

## HORNE TOOKE

THE best husting speaker I ever heard; vulgar energy quite adapted to that *arena*. Contrast his gentleness in company. But he could let himself down to his hearers without seeming to affect it.

## TICKELL

I FORGET at the beginning of what Parliament it was that Tickell wrote his excellent pamphlet called *Anticipation*, one of the best *jeux d'esprit* ever published. It was a supposed debate at the opening of the Session, carried on by the different celebrated speakers of the time, whose speaking he mimicked with wonderful happiness of imita-

tion. Among others was Colonel Barry, whose affectation of reading and historical knowledge he ridiculed by making him quote in illustration of his argument various historical facts of various countries. When the Session commenced, Barry rose and spoke; but not having seen the pamphlet, his speech was so exactly like the anticipation of it, that the House burst into a roar of laughing, so that he could not go on.

Tickell closed the *Anticipation* by making some member move for calling before the House the author or publisher of *Anticipation* for a breach of privilege; this effectually prevented any such motion, as no member would encounter the ridicule of following the mimicry of the pamphlet in such a speech as the witty author had put in his mouth.

## ONSLOW

COPY of part of a letter from London, January 1750, on the subject of the Mutiny Bill, containing clauses never before inserted in Mutiny Bills:—

This Bill put in the power of the Duke not only to arrest any officer for taking a day's pleasure out of Town without leave asked and obtained, but also to order him at any time, whether Member of Parliament or not, to his Regiment, and, at the same time, to appoint any person whom he pleased to name, as being Commander in Chief, to examine into the procedure of a court-martial, and try a man anew, tho' before acquitted by the same court.

The Speaker (Onslow) himself was hardly able to preserve his usual temper; some of his expressions were: 'That it was the most insolent and bare-faced attempt that ever was made to destroy British spirit and policy, and to confine our liberties within the narrow limits of a German Government. I repeat it again, a German Government. While I have the honour to fill this Chair, I will contend for the privileges of the House. None upon the Throne shall, with my consent, ever stretch the prerogatives of it to such a length; nor do I think any Minister, that is not stupidly ignorant or monstrously wicked, will exert his influence to favour such an

attempt till he has as much power at least in this House as he has, I am afraid, already got in the other.'

In short, the Court, tho' the most numerous, were obliged to give it up. The D——, who had arrested an officer, a Member of Parliament, was ashamed of his conduct, and, not daring to own it, begged another officer to take it upon him. The House agreed, that to try a man twice over for the same crime was a piece of tyranny and arbitrary power; and that they have a right in themselves, independently of the Crown, to command the attention of their own Members.

CHAPTER XI

# POETS AND POETRY

## THREE NATIVE POETS

THERE were three native poets, all of talents and genius, but the difference of their fates and conduct was occasioned by the company they kept. Allan Ramsay was originally a barber in the country; he came to Edinburgh and got into the business of a bookseller, publishing his first volume, *The Evergreen*, in 1724. He occupied the shop at the end of the Luckenbooths, afterwards Creech's. Having by his good conduct and liveliness got into very respectable society, he lived happily and died leaving a family well enough provided for.

Fergus[s]on, dissipated and drunken, died in early life, after having produced poems faithfully and humourously describing scenes of Edinburgh of festivity and somewhat of blackguardism. He wrote about 177[3].

Burns, originally virtuous, was seduced by dissipated companions, and after he got into the Excise addicted himself to drunkenness, tho' the rays of his genius sometimes broke through the mist of his dissipation; but the habit had got too much power over him to be overcome, and it brought him, with a few lucid intervals, to an early grave. He unfortunately during the greatest part of his life had called, and thought, dissipation *spirit*, sobriety and discretion a *want of it*, virtues too shabby for a man of genius. His great admiration of Fergus[s]on shewed his propensity to coarse dissipation. When he allowed his mind its proper play, he produced poetry of a very high cast, full of tenderness and sometimes sublimity; he had much more of the *vivida vis* than either of his predecessors. (*Vide* a great deal more of him in former sheets.)

HIS pride; his Contempt of rank was a little affected; for he sometimes was rather more than enough flattered with the notice of great Men; yet he put on the opposite feeling and frequently had in his mouth, talking of some great Men supercilious and contemptuous of little men 'They look, he would say, frequently to myself 'They look, in the words of *Glenalvon* to *Douglas*, as if they said 'You are no match for me' The greatest of all pride is the pride of humility

He indulged his sarcastic humour in talking of men, particularly if he thought them proud, or disdainful of Persons of inferior rank; his Observations were always acute and forcibly expressed. I was walking with him one day, when we met a common Acquaintance not remarkable for Ability or intellectual Endowments. I observed how extremely fat he had lately grown. 'Yes said Burns, 'and when you have told that you have exhausted the subject of Mr — Fatness is the only quality you can ascribe to him'

How different was the fate of *Burns* compared with that of a Poet in birth, in Education, and many other circumstances like him, tho I do not arrogate to him so much creative genius, *Allan Ramsay*. He came into notice in a Station as mean as Burns, had no advantage over him in Birth, Connexions, or any other Circumstances independent of his own genius; alas! it was the Patronage and Companionship which Burns obtained, that changed the Colour of his later life; the patronage of dissipated men of high rank, and the Companionship of clever and witty, but dissipated men of lower rank. The notice of the former flattered his vanity, and in some degree unsettled his religious faith, which however he never abandoned; and from an Anecdote to be immediately mentioned he seemed to mingle with the most amiable feelings.—but the levity of both his Patrons and his associates Dwelt on the Surface of his Mind, and prompted some of his Poetry which offended the serious, and lost him better friends than those

[1] In this section Mackenzie's punctuation is followed exactly.

which that poetry had acquired.—Dugald Stewart who first introduced him to me, told me latterly, that his Conduct and Manners had become so degraded that decent persons could hardly take any notice of him. I suspect my excellent friend had been deceived by exaggerated accounts of his irregularities; and certainly his genius had not sunk with his Condition, nor lost by the taint of his manners; for it appears by the Account given of him by Mr Thomson, and his last letters to that gentleman that the vigor of his fancy and power of Composition still remained ' Still in his ashes lived his wonted fires '

There are in some of the loose sheets many Anecdotes of Burns; but I think it is not there mentioned, that with all his genius and invention I rather suspect he was not capable of a Composition of length, or that required Application of thought. I observed to him how much *Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd* was a favorite with the public, and suggested his writing a pastoral Drama of the same kind. He seem[ed] much pleased with the Idea, and promised to try such a Composition; but tho then in the full Vigor of his invention and of his power of writing poetry, he never executed that design

## JOHN LOGAN AND MICHAEL BRUCE

THE mention of Logan, with whom I was intimately acquainted, leads me to give some account of him, in order to do more justice to his memory than it has sometimes received. He was a man of undoubted genius, but too indolent and not of sufficiently robust health to set *doggedly* (to use Dr. Johnson's word) to work in composition. He was one of a small literary club, chiefly of barristers, of which I was a member, along with Mr. Blair, afterwards President of the Court of Session, Mr. (afterwards Judge) Abercromby, Lord Craig, Lord Bannatyne, and Mr. George Ogilvie. We used to discuss literary subjects (generally drinking tea at the house of one of the members) without the formality of a set speech. In such discussions Logan was always instructive as well as entertaining, and from his own reflection as well as various reading seldom failed to throw new light on the subject.

'INAUGURATION OF BURNS AS POET LAUREATE OF CANONGATE, KILWINNING LODGE, EDINBURGH'

*By Stewart Watson, R.S.A.*

Mackenzie, his head resting on his hand, is seated behind Burns

He was liable from an early age to a violent stomach complaint, for which he used to take large doses of laudanum, and when that drug was not at hand, wine or spirits. From frequent repetition of this practice, the habit of drinking stimulants became, as most physical habits do, an absolute necessity to him; sometimes he was obliged to have recourse to such liquids when just going to preach, and thence got the character of a drunkard, which I knew him not at all to deserve. I once went to dinner at old Mr. Strahan's in London along with Logan; within a few steps of Mr. S.'s door he was seized with a fit of his complaint, and when the servant let us in, the door of the dining-room being open, and decanters of wine standing on the sideboard, Logan rushed with a frantic sort of hurry and swallowed a large bumper of port wine which quieted the paroxysm; and at dinner he was more temperate than most of the company.

When Charles Fox, very unlike his usual forbearance, made a complaint to the House of Commons of Logan's pamphlet in defence of Mr. Hastings, as containing a breach of privilege, Logan heard of the complaint and of a prosecution being ordered next day, on the evening of that day. He came into old Slaughter's Coffee-House, his common resort of an evening, where a friend of his mind happened to be sitting; his joy at this notice of his pamphlet was extravagant; he threw down the newspaper giving an account of Mr. Fox's notice, with a look of triumph and exultation which my friend, Dr. Grant, described to me as something almost frantic. The prosecution, it is well known, was fruitless, a verdict of acquittal having been given on the indictment, which was brought against Stockdale, the publisher of the pamphlet.

Logan was at school and college remarkable for proficiency in his studies; he happened to be the classfellow of Bruce the poet, who died, in early age, of consumption; of this young man a correct and striking account is given in the *Mirror*, written by Lord Craig, with only a sentence, descriptive of the cottage in which he lived and which I had often passed, added by me.

After Bruce's death, Logan published for behoof of his

parents, who were of an humble station and rather poor, a little volume of their son's poems, adding one or two of his own to make up the volume to a merchantable size. Among those by Logan was one which attracted much notice and applause, *The Cuckoo*, which some biographers, very unjustly, attributed to Bruce, and censured Logan severely for inserting it in a volume of poems afterwards published by him, as if he had committed a literary theft from papers which had been put into his hands for the publication of the little volume bearing to be Bruce's. Now, I am possessed of Logan's papers, left by Logan to my friend the Rev. Dr. Donald Grant of London, among which is the rough draft or *prima cura* of *The Cuckoo*, with corrections and alterations evidently shewing it to be the composition of Logan, tho' lent for a time to the memory of his friend Bruce, for the benevolent purpose above mentioned.

Logan's papers also contained several unpublished poems, a fragment of a tragedy written by himself, and a free translation or rather alteration of the *Déserteur* of Mercier, which I advised Dr. Grant and his bookseller to publish, as a great improvement on Mercier's original, and a play which I thought would be popular in representation.

Logan, somewhat careless of his own fame, and accustomed to borrow and lend literary property, practised the same sort of deception in the publication of *Rutherford's Antient History*, which was written by him when he was candidate for the History Chair in the College of Edinburgh, for a sort of title to which he published one lecture on Asia, which, with a small degree of the turgid, had a great deal of merit, on which Adam Smith often bestowed his eulogium.

On the other hand, a poem called *The Lovers* is somewhere published as Logan's, which was not among the MSS. revised by me, and I am confident, from its style, is not his.

## DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

THERE is but little tradition among the Hawthornden people or in its neighbourhood about the visit of Ben Jonson to the Scottish poet. Drummond speaks of the visit seemingly with no enjoyment of it, but rather with

displeasure. I think it probable that the manners of Ben Jonson were not so agreeable as his poetry. Drummond's compositions are certainly of uncommon beauty, and might well attract the notice of B. Jonson and induce his visit to Hawthornden. The *caves* or *coves*, as they are called, are remarkable excavations, and from their situation and extent might afford shelter to persons forced into hiding by the unruly state of the times.

## CHATTERTON AND THE MAGAZINES

THE same sort of puzzling amusement as the Charade was the Enigma or Rebus, still practised as an evening pastime in some country circles. The *Lady's Magazine* or the *Town and Country Magazine*, I am not sure which, had in every monthly number a set of Rebuses or Enigmas, for the solution of which the Editors gave premiums consisting of a certain number of their Magazine, if the solutions were sent before the coming out of their next number, in which the solutions were given.

I think it was in one of those magazines (the *Town and Country*, if I recollect rightly) that Chatterton, afterwards so well known in the literary world, then a mere boy, published his imitations of *Ossian*, given, however, not as imitations, but rather as antient poems newly discovered. So early did a species of literary forgery enter his mind. I was struck with the genius of those imitations, tho' not a dupe to their pretensions of originality, and wrote to London to learn who was the writer of them, when I discovered them to be Chatterton's.

The *Town and Country Magazine* was a silly enough collection, but it had the merit or demerit of first introducing that gossiping sort of scandal so much practised since.

## LORD LYTTELTON

LORD LYTTELTON, I am convinced, was most sincere in his grief for his first Lady on whom he wrote the *Monody* which, I remember, was universally admired. It had the fault which Churchill censured in his satirical pas-

sage against Lord Lyttelton, that it was too artificial for real grief,—

> Curious in grief, for real grief we know
> Is curious to dress up a tale of woe.

Yet some of the stanzas are the natural language of tender recollection and sorrow, such as some of the description and the mention of the children.

Lady Townshend in her free way said she pitied no man so much as Lord Lyttelton; because after his *Essay on the Conversion of St. Paul* he was debarred from keeping a mistress; and after the *Monody on the Death of his Wife* he was debarred from marrying a second; but in this last particular she was mistaken.

On the King creating for some political purpose a great batch of peers, Lady Townshend said she durst not spit out of her carriage window, lest she should be guilty of a sort of *Scandalum Magnatum*, by spitting on a peer.

## LADIES' AUTHORS; COWLEY AND MRS. ROWE

IN my younger days Cowley was the favourite poet of all female readers; and criticism was not then so far advanced as to see the defects in his poetry, those false conceits which he indulged contrary to nature and good taste. It must, however, be confessed, I think, that there is a pensive tenderness in his poems that gives them a ready accordance with minds of sensibility, and leads to the feeling and practice of virtue.

There was then much read a *female* author, at a time when female authors were not so common as now, who was an admirer of Cowley, and was much admired by his admirers; I mean Mrs. Rowe, whose *Letters on Several Subjects* and *From the Dead to the Living* were the favourite reading of my mother and some of her reading friends; and I think, tho' they too have great faults in point of taste, that they possess a great deal of merit both in their execution and tendency; they will be called, perhaps, fanatical by the proud female scholars of the present day; but in the warmth of devotion which their writer felt, that ardour of piety can-

not be called fanatical. One letter in particular, describing an amiable family whom a gentleman, in a wandering walk from his friend's house in the country, discovers in a beautiful retired cottage, did interest, and, I am not ashamed to say, does still interest me extremely. It presents a picture of domestic virtue and piety and happiness which the world does not always either value or understand. 'Tis like the family pictures of Greuze, true to nature, tho' refined a little beyond it; but it may be said, at least, of this exaggeration of domestic virtues, that its tendency is to make proselytes to goodness in teaching people to enjoy its representation.

## POPE

THERE is what I conceive to be a heresy in the modern criticisms of the poetry of Pope and other poets of that school. The poets of this day, at least in the remarks and criticisms of magazines and reviews, arrogate to themselves a superiority in imagination to which I do not think they are fairly entitled. There is a sort of figurative, often involved expression of which the obscurity frequently passes for inspiration, but which if coolly considered is not more imaginative nor sublime than the plainer and more everyday language of Pope, which those critics undervalue. There is a difference in form and appearance, but not always in value; as he who parts with sterling gold for bank-notes is not a whit richer, but in some situations poorer than before.

. . . . . .

Concreteness and good sense were Pope's chief characteristics: concreteness never cold or languid; good sense enlivened by wit. Yet to call these his only merits is doing him great injustice. There is great genius and invention as well as uncommon power of expression in his poetry; not only in his most celebrated work of fancy, *The Rape of the Lock*, but in his *Dunciad* and even in some of his graver didactic poetry; the felicity of his language has seldom been equalled.

His want of natural description has been remarked by several of his critics, and certainly in the choice of his sub-

jects he preferred the field of artificial life, the *manners*, to that more poetical department which looks for pictures or for images among the scenes of inanimate nature or the passions and feelings of simpler life. This choice of subject may be imputed to the circumstances in which his birth and physical weakness had placed him. He had indulged that love of rural imagery which every young poet feels when fancy, not real feeling or experience, was his pride, and wrote his *Pastorals* and *Windsor Forest* with that boyish prepossession on his mind; but when his judgement was more matured, and he looked with the eye of a philosopher and moralist on the actual scene around him, he abandoned this walk of poetry for one which his observation and acuteness enabled him to cultivate with uncommon success, and gave to the world those *landscapes of mind* (if the expression may be allowed me) which his masterly pencil has traced in his Epistles and Satires.

## MODERN POETRY

AFTER such poetry as this of Pope's had lost some of its reputation (obscured but not extinguished, for even at this day some of the critics retain their fullest predilection for it), poetry somewhat more figurative and imaginative came into favour with the public. Such was that of Akenside, Thomson, Young, and, a little lower down, Gray, Mason, and above all Collins, the most allegorical and ideal of all poets. The enthusiasm of his admirers was equal to his own; but he was *caviare to the million*, and except his *Ode to the Passions*, whose pictures spoke to the eye as well as to the mind, little of his poetry was quoted, or lived in the memory of the bulk of readers.

The somewhat late admiration of Collins excited the imitation of a very inferior set of rhymers, who spun their No Ideas into mellifluous words, without meaning. Such were they whom Gifford so successfully ridiculed in his satirical poem of *The Baviad*. It is rather singular, however, that so soon after the publication of this satire a style of poetry succeeded of somewhat the same kind, with more of

imagination and thought indeed, but with nearly the same obscurity and a choice of abstract and metaphysical expression. Probably the German school of poetry, which about that time became familiar to British readers, and was particularly captivating to the young from the warmth of its sentiment as well as its romantic narratives, gave this tone to the poetry of England. (Note: In some of the later German fictions there is a mixture of fairy magic with Christian faith and Christian chivalry; this is sufficiently incongruous, yet it possesses a certain elegance as well as tenderness instead of the dark and gloomy horror which the older traditions of Germany have handed down to their poets.)

This stream of sentimental poetry divided itself into two parts; one of which flowed through supernatural regions of fiction; the other ran quite as much out of the ordinary line of life, and traced sentimental distresses or enjoyments among the lowest of the people. The first shrouded itself in the lofty garb of heroic poetry; the other descended to the simple language and feelings of the humblest peasants or artisans, whom it made the heroes of its dramas. The first was apt to swell into bombast, or to envelop itself in obscurity; the second to sink into homeliness and vulgarity. Both kinds had warm and zealous admirers, whose warmth and zeal were only increased by the opposition of those men of cooler temperament, if not sounder judgment, who still recollected the style of writing with which former periods had been delighted, which their fathers and themselves had admired and praised, but which their sons and younger brethren would scarcely allow to be poetry, but classed it among the cold productions of prosaic regularity.

Warm enthusiastic minds find great pleasure in that dark undefined sort of images which this poetry gives to the ear rather than to the mind of soberer readers. In such lines as the following of an admired poet of the present time, in a sonnet to the departed year:

> Departing year! 'twas on no earthly shore
> My soul beheld thy vision!—where alone,
> Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
> Aye Memory sits: there, garmented with gore,

With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storied'st thy sad hours ! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
Whose wreathed locks with snow white glories shone
Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
From the choired Gods advancing,
The Spirit of the Earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

Such verses as these reverse the poetical creation which Shakespeare says

. . . gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Here is the airy nothing, but there is no local habitation; and tho' there are many names, there is no individuality. In this sonnet there are unrhymed ideas clothed in obscure language, yet an enthusiast in such poetry can form or think he forms some picture out of them. His memory or his imagination will call up, as in a dream, the rapidly succeeding horrors of the year in question, its battles, its massacres, its diseases, and its deaths.

' The shadowy tribes of mind ', to use an expression of an illustrious poet of the better class of abstract writers, are not indeed to be delineated with common colours, or by an ordinary pencil; but the picture which genius draws of them addresses itself powerfully to poetic imaginations, and gives the highest delight to those who, like connoisseurs in sculpture or in painting, have skill and feeling to appreciate it. I have said ' which genius draws ', but a clear conception of its object is the truest mark of genius, its expression in clear and appropriate language the truest test of eloquence. There is a false drawing and a false colouring which more limited powers of mind and more limited skill in the art exhibit both in poetry and in painting. The sublime in either art is simpler but much more difficult than this swell in poetry, or the gigantesque, as it is sometimes called, in painting. The true sublime is indeed the weapon of a giant which ordinary men do but shew their weakness by endeavouring to wield. Clearness is the attribute of the highest and most comprehensive genius. In Parnassus as in other mountains, there

is a certain height which is the region of clouds and mist; at a higher point the poet is above them, and everything is clear.

In the later, it may be called indeed the present, period, the power of expression, of varied language, is much more cultivated than heretofore, and is therefore much more common. Now-a-days there is no rhymester, of however little genius, who cannot command the 'words that glow' and fit them into smoothly running verse. These are often passed as the counterfeit of the 'thoughts that burn', but this abuse of language is the very reverse of good poetry, of which the true criterion is the richness of thought, not the gorgeousness of language. The genuine power and the genuine charm of poetry are felt when the language gives to or excites in the mind of the reader ideas that belong to the situation of the person introduced, or images that belong to the scene described. Simple and appropriate expression will suggest these with infinitely greater force than that which is more laboured or involved.

For an example of the first sort, that expression which belongs to the situation of the person introduced, take the following of Campbell in his *Gertrude of Wyoming* where the Indian Outalissi describes himself as having first brought the young English boy whom he had in charge when, in the vigour of his youth, he was equal to any undertaking that required strength and activity, when

> The bow-string of his spirit was not slack.

Nothing can more strongly convey the idea of elastic force both of body and of mind than this simple expression strictly appropriate to the character and situation of savage life.

As an instance of the second sort of excellence Leyden's description of the birch in his *Scenes of Infancy* (a poem much less valued than it deserves to be):

> . . with silver bark
> And long dishevell'd hair.

This natural colouring of poetry is like the similar excellence in painting, when the landscape is not merely drawn, but painted from Nature, with that truth and freshness of

colouring which no imitation of other painters, or recollection of the views which the painter himself has sketched, can give.

Opposite to [the fault I have mentioned] is another which seems to me to prevail in modern poetry, namely, the *ultra simple* (if I may use a political epithet), which some poets of great genius, and particularly one illustrious member of the Lake School, has brought into notice and indeed into favour. This is never above using any word or expression which it thinks appropriate to the person or thing described, however vulgar or coarse. The legitimacy of this modern pretension to poetical excellence requires a little consideration. It will be admitted that everything that is natural is not poetry, of which the very essence seems to be a certain elevation and elegance of language above the standard of ordinary life. Nobleness and dignity are the attributes of poetry. These may belong to the feelings and the sentiments of inferior persons, but the language in which those feelings and sentiments are to be conveyed seems to require a certain degree of elegance and elevation if it is to be entitled to the denomination of poetry. Language is the dress of thought, and a decency in its apparel seems indispensable if we would avoid disgust, or wish to attain pleasure in their association. The elevation of common and mean objects by the language in which they are described is certainly more congenial to the spirit of poetry and gives much greater delight to the reader of poetry, than the introduction of such objects in the plainer and coarser garb in which in the everyday communications of ordinary life they are clothed. The majesty of Virgil could give grace to the meanest object of a farmyard which Theocritus, but for the noble language in which he wrote, would be found to want, and which, if literally translated into a language less refined, would create a feeling of displeasure or disgust. . . .

Poetry selects picturesque images amidst the vulgar accompaniments which surround them. A cottage room has many pieces of furniture of which the description would be offensive rather than pleasing; but Cartwright has selected one circumstance in describing his cottage room,

which is picturesquely elegant, and which is strictly appropriate to the humble apartment. In describing the dawn of the first morning light he says:

> The rising sun its silver ray
> On the plain wall in diamonds threw

We see the lattice with its little diamond-shaped panes, and feel the rural charm of the place with all its simplicity and its unambitious peacefulness.

A modern poet of great celebrity has described the dwellings of the poor with the greatest accuracy, such accuracy as makes us shrink from the picture, squalid as it is with all the sickening accompaniments of poverty and wretchedness. The Idylls of Crabbe are exactly the reverse of the Idylls of Ges[s]ner. The German is embroidered as the other is begrimed beyond what we see in the ordinary intercourse of life; most of the readers of poetry seldom visit those sordid abodes of wretchedness which Crabbe (at least in his earlier tales) describes with such minuteness, and indeed with so much power. It may be noticed as a sort of coincidence, that Crabbe's familiar poetry came forward into public favour in Britain when the German familiar poetry rose into high favour in Germany. Both took the incidents of ordinary and often vulgar life for the subjects of their verse; but the Germans threw the drapery of sentiment over these common persons of the drama, which suited the wearers so ill that the combination became ludicrous, and at last provoked the ridicule of many foreign and of most British readers. Crabbe shewed the very ragged clothing of his figures. He did not make them studies, but copied them as portraits. They were not therefore subject to that ludicrous contrast which was ridiculed in the German; but were still liable to the objection of being often something lower than poetry ought to deal in . . . They are natural, it will be said, and so are a mouth, a nose, or a chin as they are often seen in the human countenance of monstrous disproportions; but they are *caricaturas* in painting as Crabbe's description is in poetry; both perhaps more easily drawn, and more strongly tho' disagreeably felt, than features of

comeliness or beauty. Yet the extreme of such ugliness is not common in real life; and even if it were, the question would still remain, if it is proper for being introduced in poetry.

In moral as in descriptive painting Goldsmith's Village is nearly as much the opposite of Crabbe's as Ges[s]ner's is; tho' Goldsmith describes his Auburn in its decay, its beauties spoiled, its last inhabitant drooping in hopeless poverty and gathering a wretched subsistence from the *plashy spring*; but I should think it a wonderful perversion of taste if any one preferred Crabbe's picture to Goldsmith's.

Another poem with less of sunshine in its representation of rural life is Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. The images of rustic labour and of rustic manners in this beautiful poem are (as it seems to me) more natural, as well as more pleasing, than those in the Tales of Crabbe. Crabbe's are true, but they are truths with which one rarely meets. Gray's are constantly under our eye, and nobody has ever passed a week in the country but must acknowledge their justice.

I hope that Crabbe's admirers will take these observations in good part as shewing respect for, not detraction from his genius, which I know perfectly how to value and only sometimes regret as we do the eccentricity of some men of high rank when their humour leads them into company which we think beneath them.

## MODERN STYLE; COWPER

MODERN style, like modern dress, equalises many persons of a very different literary rank, for it makes a sort of imitation easy. There is considerable power of language as well as of imagination; but the first is often unappropriate, and the other the mother of forced and bombastic figures. Even in its happiest writers, we of the old school feel it a little tiresome. We are forced to strain our minds, as climbing up a hill strains the muscles, to keep pace with the wandering fancy of the writer, and wish for something more obvious, a plain road along which we can saunter at our ease.

Cowper in his poetry is often prosaic, but it is always Nature, not in its holiday but everyday garb. How often have I been delighted with his *Verses on Receiving his Mother's Picture*. They transport us without an effort to the localities (if the phrase may be allowed me) of the various ages of the poet from his birth upwards. Let him who has never read those admirable verses now read them; him who has once read them, read them again and again (*quis numquam*, &c.).

How much power on the feelings simplicity possesses! One can hardly read without tears the simple narrative in the *Babes of the Wood* of the death of the children:

> They died in one another's arms
> Like babes wanting relief.

## COLLINS AND COWPER

THERE is a considerable similarity of character and situation between Collins and Cowper. Both of great genius, both nervous in constitution, and both having fits of low spirits approaching to derangement (the last at the close of life actually deranged or imbecile). There is, however, a marked difference in their poetry: Collins is abstract (sometimes bordering on obscurity and his figures so bold as scarcely to be understood), drawing from his imagination independently of actual things; Cowper going into the world as it is, with literal and graphic description. In *expression* Collins infinitely more rich and poetical; Cowper nearly prosaic, but strongly expressive and with words that, if they do not burn, yet enlighten their subject.

Collins's first published poems attracted little notice and seemed in danger of falling into utter neglect, till Langhorne, I think it was, in the *Monthly Review* called on the readers of that journal to do justice to their merits.—'Quis numquam legit legat,' said he; 'Quis semel legit relegat.'—His *Ode to the Passions*, if he had never written anything else, would have established his reputation.

Cowper did not disdain humour and drollery, and indeed the first thing that brought him into notice was his ballad of *John Gilpin*; Henderson the actor read it at one of his

evening readings, and all the town talked of it. It suited every rank, of which a strong proof is its being pictured in every sign-post betwixt London and Ware. His didactic poems are full of good sense and observation, but frequently prosaic and what I would call *husky*. He is somewhat like Donne modernised and made more smooth, but still rough in comparison with the improved smoothness of modern poetry. In one of his letters he deprecates making verses smooth at the expense of weakening them. Pope, however, overcame this difficulty; his smoothest verses are often the most vigorous.

I was of some little use to Cowper in getting subscriptions to his *Homer*, for which he was much more grateful than my services deserved. He was first mentioned to me by my friend Samuel Rose, who was very intimate with him. I received from him a pressing invitation to visit him at Weston; but the first time I proposed doing so he was taken ill with a paroxysm of his mental disorder, and I never afterwards found an opportunity of visiting him, which I now exceedingly regret.

A gentleman who proposed publishing a new edition of Collins's Works wrote to me (August 1826), asking if from my intimacy with John Home (who was at one time a good deal in the society of Collins) I could procure him any particulars of that poet's biography, but I could not, never having heard Mr. Home speak of Collins (probably from his thinking it an unpleasant subject), nor among Mr. Home's papers were any letters or notes from Collins or concerning him. The beautiful *Ode on the Superstitions in the Highlands* lay long among Mr. Home's papers unknown to him till Dr. Carlyle found it and gave it to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. I filled up at the desire of Mr. Tytler a chasm that had somehow been made in it, which obtained the Society's approbation; it was an almost extempore production, written the same evening in which Mr. Tytler asked me to write it.

## YOUNG

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts*; highly popular abroad, and yet one should think the solemnity of the poem not suited to the taste of France; of Germany I should suppose it likely to be a favourite. The opening is very fine, and the egotism interesting; and there are passages of high imagination and even sublimity. Yet even in this poem, Young could not restrain his passion for humour and satire, accompanied sometimes with quaintness and conceit which are found, more in place, in his satire of the *Universal Passion*. He was a little of a misanthrope from disappointment in Court promotion, of which he complains in one passage where he says his very master, the King, had forgotten him. I asked much about him when at Welwyn, his vicarage; his housekeeper with whom I talked (it was not very long after his death) spoke of him as melancholy and severe. His son, who I believe had been idle and thoughtless, she thought him harsh to.—I have in a former sheet quoted his epigram on Voltaire's ridiculing Milton's *Death* and *Sin*:

> Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
> Thou seem'st a Milton, with his Death and Sin.

## HAYLEY AND CHURCHILL

IN Britain, during a certain period when I was a great reader of poetry, there was a sort of abeyance in that delightful art. Hayley, after Gray and Mason had ceased writing poetry, was thought to be the first poet of England, and his mawkish *Triumphs of Temper* praised as a first-rate production. Then came Churchill,[1] the first edition of whose *Rosciad* was excellent, and not less impartial than striking. Subsequent editions were less so, and contained pieces of favoritism illiberal and unjust. His subsequent poems were very inferior except the satire against Scotsmen, *The Prophesy of Famine*, which was very good; it moved, foolishly enough, the bile of Dr. Beattie so much as to make him publish a furious invective against Churchill after his

[1] A mistake in chronology: *The Rosciad* appeared in 1761, *The Triumphs of Temper* in 1781; Churchill died in 1764, Hayley in 1820.—Ed.

death, on which I addressed a somewhat angry copy of verses addressed to the Doctor in an Edinburgh newspaper, which I have forgotten and I have no copy. Churchill's dissipation, which he had the folly to vindicate, brought him to an untimely end. Johnson spoke contemptuously of him, which produced a poem against the Doctor under the name of *Pomposo*.

## PASTORAL POETRY: RAMSAY AND BURNS

WE had, from imitation perhaps of Italian models, an infusion of Arcadian sentiment and Arcadian characters at the time to which I allude, before Allan Ramsay (who is not, however, free from it) first, and, in a much superior style, Burns shewed us a better sort of lyrical poetry. Before them, we had our *Corydons*, our *Alexises*, our *Sylvias*, and our *Amintas*. Blacklock's words for that most beautiful air *The Braes of Ballenden* are grossly faulty in this respect. What a subject it might have been for the poetical and pastoral genius of Burns! It is proper, however, to mention that this highly popular air has been said by many people to be not antient, but the composition of Oswald, a great admirer of Scots song.

I suggested to Burns the idea of his writing a pastoral after the manner of *The Gentle Shepherd*, and he seemed to relish the idea much. Yet I know not if he could have taken time and bestowed attention on any great work; he felt strongly the passions as well as the manners of a particular character; but it is questionable if he could have constructed a drama consisting of a combination of characters, woven into a well arranged plot and carried on to a natural conclusion. He was the poet of impulse and was always unwilling to study for excellence.

## WORDSWORTH AND CAMPBELL

I THINK there is a sort of poetical life which is quite the reverse of poetical genius, and the most productive poets are often the furthest removed from it. Wordsworth the man is the same with Wordsworth the poet; but T. Campbell I found very unlike the author of *The Pleasures of Memory*.

## CHAPTER XII

# MEN OF LETTERS

## DAVID HUME

WAS not at all the Jacobite or Tory which he was sometimes accused of being, and as his History was supposed to evince. He had an indolent gentleness in his nature which was averse to enthusiasm and perhaps unfriendly to bold ideas and bold expression. He loved the moderate, the temperate in everything, and from that disposition as well as his propensity to disbelief he had an aversion to the fanatics and *Cromwellian* partisans of the Commonwealth. From this inclination to mildness and moderation he was perhaps not so much an admirer of Shakespeare as he ought to have been, and rather cautioned his friend John Home against an over-admiration of that great dramatist, and desired him to read constantly Corneille and Racine.

He said (certainly a great defect in an elaborate historian) that he never could compose history from manuscript, always preferring exclusively printed authority and books, to which he could attribute impartiality or an approach to it; but certainly, after all that has been said by republicans against him, he weighed without prejudice, or it may be safely said without the consciousness of it, the authorities which he consulted on both sides, and the probable conclusion which the nature of man, the experience of ages, and the conduct of political men during those ages warranted his drawing. He was much blamed and ridiculed for his letter giving an account of his quarrel with Rousseau; and in truth the absurdity of Jean Jacques was so notorious that the publication of Mr. Hume was perhaps unnecessary; but he was strong with anger and indignation at the ingratitude of Rousseau, who had his apology in that sort of madness to which he was subject, but a madness of a hateful kind,—envious, malignant, and regardless of truth, engendered by an inordinate vanity (which physicians say is by much the most common cause of derangement), a vanity the most pro-

voking of any, which walks abroad under the mask of humility.

Hume liked a party at whist and picquet and valued himself on playing whist well. I was frequently of his party at Chief Baron Ord's, whose family were great favourites of his, and he certainly at one time meant to pay his addresses to Miss Nancy Ord, at that time one of the most agreeable and accomplished women I ever knew. One of the last times I played whist with him there, he triumphed over me (who was reckoned a good player at that game) from my not *calling* with two honours in my hand; but I insisted that I did right according to the rule of the game, the adversary being only seven and, my being sure of four tricks, fearing to be *played through*, as the phrase of the game is; but the philosopher, contrary to all philosophical principles, disapproved of my play, and insisted that I ought to have called. His liking for a game at picquet I have particularly mentioned in my *Life of John Home*; it served to amuse him and so alleviate the pains of his disorder on their journey to Bath.

On another qualification he valued himself without so just pretensions as his play at whist, which was speaking French like a native, and was much mortified by a link-boy at the *Comédie Française*, hearing him speak, addressing him by the title of *Milor*.

When Dr. Franklin was in Scotland, he often met with D. Hume. One day, when the Doctor was detailing the natural advantages of America, and prophesying what a country it would become, 'You have forgotten one little article, Doctor,' said David, 'among your projected manufactures, the manufacture of men'; the increase of population in America has verified this prophesy.

D. Hume was the author of that admirable illustration of the advantage of paper representing the precious metals in circulation: that it left those metals for other purposes, resembling roads of communication, which, if they could be made in the air, would save the land for the production of corn.

He was fond of letter-writing, and had an uncommon talent for it. His nephew, my friend Mr. Baron Hume,

has been often importuned to publish such letters and copies of letters of his uncle's writing as are in his possession; but his extreme delicacy (I think an overstrained one) with regard to his uncle's memory has hitherto prevented him from publishing them. One admirably pleasant letter, written to Mrs. Dysert, her son, who had it, and Mr. Baron Hume, allowed me to read at the Royal Society, and to publish in the *Life of John Home*.

Mr. B. Hume was so delicate with regard to his uncle that he objected to my mentioning in that Life an anecdote told me by Mr. D. Hume's intimate friend, the Hon. Mr. Boyle, which anecdote was held by serious persons to be much to Mr. D. Hume's honour, but of which his nephew said he doubted the correctness. Mr. Boyle, however, was such respectable authority, that I thought it would not have been fair to suppress it, and therefore gave it with reference to that authority. In truth his speech to Mr. Boyle in the moment of his grief for a mother whom he loved, was no more than the sentiment which I put into his mouth at the conclusion of the story of *La Roche* which his friend Adam Smith saw, and thought so natural that in his usual absence of mind he told me he wondered he had never heard the anecdote before.

He wanted a book out of the Advocates Library, of which the learned antiquarian Goodall, author of the first Vindication of Queen Mary, was then acting Librarian. He was sitting in his elbow-chair so fast asleep, that neither David nor a friend who accompanied him could wake Goodall by any of the usual means. At last David said, 'I think I have a method of waking him,' and bawled into his ear, 'Queen Mary was a strumpet and a murtherer.'—'It's a damned lie,' said Goodall, starting out of his sleep, and David obtained the book he sought.

The *Marian Controversy*, as it has been called, has stirred more zeal and bile than any question of however much greater importance that I know. Dr. Robertson, talking one day to me on that subject, said: 'Mary's friends have violently censured me for my sentiments on her conduct; they do not consider that but for the sake of historical truth

it would have been a principal object with me to have made her innocent as she was beautiful and accomplished; she was the natural heroine of my book had not my historical impartiality forbidden it.'

D. Hume's account of her has also been censured by her friends; while another set of critics set him down as a Jacobite; and her cause was confessedly the cause of Jacobitism.

He liked to eat, and still more to give his friends, a good dinner, and took a very sensible way of securing one. He had an old cook or *gouvernante* who had been with him ever since he took up house; when in France under the Diplomacy of his friend Lord Hertford (in whose absence he was left *Chargé d'Affaires*) he got most particular recipes for a few dishes which he liked, as the best articles of French cookery; one I particularly remember was *bouillé*, for the excellence of which I could testify. Those few dishes he made the old woman completely mistress of, and satisfied himself with this knowledge in her, following his friend A. Smith's principle of the division of labour, limiting her excellence to those few articles.

When Provost Stewart, who was a distinguished wine-merchant at that time (1746) and Provost of Edinburgh, was called to account for an alleged breach of duty in delivering the City to the rebels, D. Hume wrote a volunteer pamphlet in his defence shewing most convincingly that the City could not have been defended, and that standing a siege would have been attended with most disastrous consequences; the Provost on finding out his anonymous advocate, made him a present of a batch of uncommonly good Burgundy. 'The gift,' said David, in his good-humoured way, 'ruined me; I was obliged to give so many dinners in honour of the wine.'

## DUGALD STEWART

DUGALD STEWART, in the true absence of mind of a philosopher, often forgot, it was alleged, to return books which he had borrowed to read. On its being said that, eminent as he was in many branches of knowledge, he confessed himself deficient in *Arithmetic*, a punster said,

THE MACKENZIE WHOM BURNS KNEW

*From the Raeburn portrait at Castle Grant*

'That, tho' very improbable, might be true; but he certainly excelled in *Book-keeping*.'

Wonderful power of memory, of infinite advantage to him in his philosophical writings. The same advantage is enjoyed by another illustrious friend of mine, Sir Walter Scott.

## DR. CURRIE

MY first acquaintance with Dr. Currie, the biographer of Burns, was on occasion of a *jeu d'esprit* of mine, some stanzas which I passed as written by Burns in a fit of indignation at the wood on the river Nith being cut down by the Duke of Queensberry, which I read at the Royal Society. On being told that the Doctor proposed inserting those verses in a new edition of Burns, I thought it right to undeceive him as to their author. To my letter containing the real state of the matter the Doctor wrote a very kind and complimentary answer, and it procured me his acquaintance and correspondence.

When he sent his son to study at Edinburgh, he introduced him to the attentions of me and my family with this remarkable and very just sentiment, ' I hold the introduction to a virtuous and respectable family a *talisman* tied round the neck of a young man, to save him from the contagion of vice and dissipation.'

## ADAM SMITH

I REMEMBER Adam Smith's saying that half the people standing one day at the Cross of Edinburgh were mad without knowing it. This was said after his usual strong manner; but there was more truth in it than might at first be supposed. There are so many degrees in the aberrations of the mind that men may go through the ordinary business of life very well, and none of their everyday acquaintance discover any such weakness or disorder of ideas about them. Such weakness or disorder is often the produce of religion, of genius, of a creative imagination, of extravagant benevolence, all which are admitted occasionally to produce it; but not even wisdom itself or dullness is always exempt from it.

## AIDS TO COMPOSITION

CRÉBILLON the Elder was said to compose his tragedies in a room with a sombre light, furnished with matheads and crucifixes; and perhaps such external aids do, as it were, give a spice to imagination, tho' Samuel Johnson, rather dogmatically, ridicules the tradition of Milton writing his poetry only in the spring. This was not an unnatural remark for Johnson, living as he did in a very small room with scarce half a light in a close court in Fleet Street.

## GILBERT STUART

GILBERT STUART was of the hackney writers long before that profession was so common as now in 1824. He offered his services to Lord Melville against his friends the Whigs, and said he could command those of several of the public prints and reviews. Lord Melville declined them.

He was originally meant for a W. S. at Edinburgh and served his apprenticeship with my friend Mr. Mckenzie of Delvin, then the most employed and respected W. S. of Edinburgh. Mr. Mckenzie, with true Scots hospitality, had every morning breakfast for his apprentices and first clerk, at which I was sometimes present; but Gilbert sat up too late, and drank too much to be often there.

I was his classfellow at his father's class, who was Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh, who conceived his son to be so impenetrably dull that he could not make anything of him, and used to shew his displeasure by cuffing him at the class. My friend Blair, afterwards President of the Court of Session, allowed Gilbert's seeming stupidity, but thought it was put on, like that of Brutus, to change his father's design of making a lawyer of him. Blair mentioned a strange misnomer by Gilbert, when Mr. Blair was shewing the College library to some strangers; Gilbert called the system of *Copernicus* the system of *Capricorn*.

## DR. ROBERTSON AND DR. ANDERSON

HIS talents for conversation were remarkable. (Vide my *Life of John Home*.) When introducing strangers to him, I often heard him conversing with them on subjects with which they were particularly conversant, and by that means gained their good opinion of him by giving them a good opinion of themselves.

He told a singular anecdote of Cumberland, which shewed that man's soreness and jealousy of rival merit. In a conversation with Dr. Robertson, he expressed regret at never having visited Scotland. The Doctor said he would be happy to see him there and could introduce [him] to several eminent literary men.—'There is just one author,' said Cumberland, 'whom I am anxious to see.'—'And who,' said the Doctor to me, 'do you think this author was? Hunter, the author of a very dull ill-written Life of Our Saviour.'

Another of his favourite Scots authors was Anderson, minister of Chirnside, author of a now forgotten, and deservedly forgotten, History of France. One good-humoured trait of Anderson I derive from the same authority, that of Dr. Robertson. Dr. R. having said that he was happy to see a second edition of that History advertised with an Appendix, as he did not know that the first edition was all disposed of, 'Ah! Doctor,' said Anderson, 'there is a secret about that: you will remember when we were at school, that when our paper kite did not rise well, we used to cure the defect by tying a weight to its tail. My first edition not going off very well, I got a new title-page, marking this for a second edition, and, to make it fly the better, tied this weight of an Appendix to its tail.'

Anderson was author of another performance, *History of Croesus, King of Lydia*, a work so absurd, that Voltaire mentions it in some part (I believe) of his *Questions on the Encyclopaedia*, as an illustration of a thing so improbable as almost to merit the epithet of impossible—'As if a person should write a history of Croesus, King of Lydia'—never dreaming that about that time a Scots clergyman had actually

written so ridiculous a piece of history as that of this semi-fabulous King of whom nothing is known [except] that he was so rich as to be the subject of the proverbial expression, ' as rich as Croesus '.

## SMITH AND HUME IN LOVE

ADAM SMITH seriously in love with Miss Campbell of —— (the name is so numerous that to use it cannot be thought personal), a woman of as different dispositions and habits from his as possible.

His friend, David Hume, was deeply smitten with a very amiable young lady, a great friend of mine, Miss Nancy Ord, but the disparity of age prevented his proposing to her, which he once intended. She was a great admirer of his, and he was a frequent guest at her father's, where I met him, and made one of his whist party with that young lady and some other person. I played well at that time and so did she. D. Hume was vain of his playing whist. That game has much of observation in it, and such games best suit a thinking man.

## BOSWELL AND THE PUNSTERS

LORD KELLY, a determined punster, and his brother Andrew were drinking tea with James Boswell. Boswell put his cup to his head, ' Here's *t'ye*, my Lord.'—At that moment Lord Kelly coughed.—' You have got a *coughie*,' said his brother.—' Yes,' said Lord Kelly, ' I have been like to *choak o' late*.'

One day at breakfast they had some ham which was very hard and tough.—' This *Ham*,' said Boswell, ' is very bad.' —' It is so,' said Andrew Erskine; ' it is a *Shame* (Shem) to produce it.'—' It is so indeed,' said Lord Kelly; ' I took a small bit into my mouth, and it almost broke my *Jaw*, *faith* (Japheth).'

Another pun of Lord Kelly's concerned three famous beauties of the day, Miss Eleanor Morton, Miss Eleanor Renton, and Lady Eleanor Dundas. A lady named Eleanor

was frequently called Ely, pronounced Eely. Lord Kelly called them the Three Graces, and said that the young men of Edinburgh had all got the *Iliac passion*.

The pronoun *hoc* is what Shenstone calls pun-provoking in an extreme degree. One of the best produced by it is the well-known answer of the Oxford waiter, when a party of the students desired him to bring some '*hic-haec-hoc*'.—He brought no hock; they rung the bell again, and asked him why he had not brought the wine. 'I thought, gentlemen,' said he, 'you had declined it.'

Lord Dreghorn, one of our judges, a wit and a punster, was dining with a party of barristers, when one mentioned some delicious hock they had drank the day before at a brother barrister's, Mr. G——'s. It was proposed to send an embassy, to ask a couple of bottles of it, to be drunk by his friends here to his health. Lord Dreghorn wrote the card, with a motto from the Roman poet, 'Hoc erat in votis'. But Mr. G—— was not to be so taken in; he answered by another quotation, from Falstaff, 'Do you take me for a younker?' and sent no wine.

A gentleman who had lived much in France told me that one of their great actresses, who was passing some days at the château of a country gentleman and who had been taught the use of a gun, shot at a crow and missed, and a few steps further stumbled over the root of a tree. 'Madame,' said a punster who was with her, 'vous avez manqué *Corneille*, mais vous avez trouvé *Racine*.'—These two names, translated *Crow* and *Root*, would sound but ill in English, and would not add dignity to the name of a poet, under favour of our ingenious Professor of Poetry.

At London the godfather and godmother of anonymous wit were, when I was there early in life, George Selwyn and Lady Bridget Lane. In Edinburgh the same sort of office was exercised by Lord Kelly and Mr. Henry Erskine, brother to Lord Buchan; Mr. John Hill, Professor of Humanity, as it is called in the University, was another sworn punster. Of the last I remember a good pun dexterously spoiled in the repeating by a dull man. The pun by Professor Hill was on occasion of an awkward servant letting

fall a tongue which he was bringing in to dinner. His master expressed great displeasure at this misfortune happening to an excellent tongue intended as an useful ally to a boiled fowl. 'Do not be angry,' said Hill; 'it was only a *lapsus linguae*.'—The repeater of this pun said it was on the fall of a leg of mutton; everybody stared and said they could not perceive any pun in Mr. Hill's speech.—'There certainly,' he replied, 'was a good pun in the speech as I heard it.'—It was a very proper pun in the mouth of the Professor of the Latin language.

Lord Kelly was a clever, but too unwearied a punster, and always in watch for any word that could suggest a pun. The knowledge of various languages naturally leads to this *jeu de mots*. Hence it is common at universities and public schools,—Oxford and Cambridge bred many punsters. A professor at Aberdeen, Dr. Beattie, made certainly one of the worst possible puns, of which, however, he valued himself on its ingenuity. A statue was proposed to be erected to be placed in the front of the Aberdeen Infirmary. Dr. Beattie gave his suffrage for one of the Virgin Mary, to be cut in *fir*. It would then, said he, be a sort of sign of the building, '*In fir Mary*'.

Hill made one that was often repeated, especially by some of the Professors not friendly to Principal Robertson, the historian. A new gate was opened, within a few yards of Dr. Robertson's official house, which was held out as a great convenience for some of the Professors who had houses, or who used to walk to the south of the town to which this gate led. Somebody asked the purpose of this new gate. 'It is *professedly* for us,' said the Professor, 'but *principally* for Dr. Robertson.'

Nicholson Steuart was a member of Lord Kelly's set who had a good deal of humour; his mimicry of Garrick was perfect. I was at a musical party of my uncle Kilravock's who was a zealous musician, where Nicholson was. A foreign gentleman was of the party, a first-rate violin player. 'Do you play the violin?' said he to Nicholson.—'Yes, Sir, better than most men.'—'Will you do me the favour to play the beginning of this Concerto?'—Nicholson began

and played very ill. The stranger smiled, 'I think, Sir, you said you played better [than] most men?'—'I did, Sir, and I said truly; most men don't play at all.'—I used to quote this some years ago when it was the fashion not to drink any wine; I was allowed only two or three glasses. 'I am now,' said I, 'what I never was thought before, a hard drinker, according to Nicholson's dictum; most men nowadays don't drink at all.'

## 'JUPITER' CARLYLE

A REMARKABLE production of a man about my age (four-score) is the Memoirs of Dr. Carlyle, minister of Inveresk; it contains his reminiscences and details various anecdotes of the persons with whom he associated (and he kept good company) during a long life, among whom were all the *literati* of Edinburgh. It is astonishing how much his memory had retained (mine, I am sorry to say, has failed sadly, and therefore many of my best reminiscences have escaped me) and how particularly he details the circumstances.

He was a fine-looking old man, a tall upright figure with flowing grey locks. In his younger days there was something of a determined sternness in his look. So he is portrayed in one of the ballads written at the time of the first representation of *Douglas*:

> Carlyle with a cudgel and genius rare
> And aspect as stern as a Hessian Hussar.

I could not but observe in reading his Memoirs his national love of claret, as he always mentions the places or houses where he found it remarkably good. It was indeed alledged that the *literati* of Edinburgh were fond of good dinners. Mrs. Baron Mure, who spoke a great deal but always to the purpose, looking out of a window when a knot of Scots authors were passing, and a friend bidding her observe the *literati*:—'You may rather call them the *Iterati* (Eaterati),' said she. It was near the dinner hour, and they were probably going together to an entertainment.

## LIBRARIES AND BOOKSELLERS

THERE are now innumerable circulating libraries in every town in Scotland, and in every street in Edinburgh. The first established here was by Allan Ramsay, in or about the year 1737. More than twenty years after that, one on a larger scale was opened by a Mrs. Yair, which remained for a considerable time the only one in Edinburgh. The booksellers of Edinburgh, to say truth, had but little enterprise in their trade at that time. Hamilton and Balfour were the only importers of foreign books; neither they nor any other bookseller got any *pamphlets* from London, except on special orders from their customers. I used to get down all new *plays*, but they were so often lost by people borrowing them from me and forgetting to return them, that I gave up that practice and only now and then commissioned some drama which I thought of particular merit.

Provost Kincaid took in Creech, the son of the minister of Newbattle, to assist him in business; the King's Printership, a very lucrative situation, he kept to himself, and it went, of course, for the term of the patent, to his heirs, first to his son, and after his death to Mr. Kerr, after whom it was given to the present holders, Sir D. Hunter Blair and Mr. John Bruce, who had been tutor to young Dundas, Lord Melville's son, and had the merit of having most assiduously attended him during a long and dangerous fever.

Kincaid got it by a little *ruse de guerre*. Being a zealous Whig in the sense then used, contrasted with Jacobite, and having a turn for procuring intelligence, he had, during and after the Rebellion of 1745, had frequent communication with Archibald Duke of Argyle, then Minister (tho' not formally named such) for Scotland. In one of their conversations Kincaid told the Duke that some of his friends had advised his applying for the reversion of the patent of King's Printer for Scotland, and hoped his Grace would not object to it. The Duke, who conceived it to be an object much above Kincaid's pretensions, said, with that politic sort of acquiescence usual to him, which indeed meant nothing, that he had certainly no objection to so good a friend to

Government's applying for any appointment. Kincaid went to London, and having got an introduction, and that sort of recommendation to which, at that juncture, being a zealous partizan of the House of Hanover always entitled a man, he waited on the First Lord of the Treasury, and stated to him his wish for the reversion of the patent, which the Minister, having nobody else in view, said he was willing to give Mr. Kincaid, provided the Duke of Argyle approved of such nomination; to this Kincaid answered, with only a little more colouring than perhaps the circumstance precisely warranted, that he had mentioned his intended application to the Duke, who had readily approved of it. On this assurance the Minister gave it to Kincaid. He returned with the Premier's engagement in his favour to Edinburgh, and went to the Duke's levee to thank him for his kindness, tho' probably not unaware how far only that kindness was meant to extend. The Duke was too much of a politician to let his surprise at Kincaid's good fortune be seen; but after Kincaid's leaving the room he whispered to a friend whom I heard tell the story, 'That man has just drawn a £10,000 prize in the lottery.'

## DR. JOHNSON

THE quantity of tea which Dr. Johnson drank was certainly very bad for a nervous man like him. I have seen him drink eighteen dishes. In this favourite luxury he forgot one of his own maxims, how hurtful is the common inattention to future advantage in attention to the present. Alas! that error goes too deep into the morals and religion of the world.

When my old friend Mr. Strahan suggested to Lord North the expediency of bringing Dr. Johnson into Parliament, he said, in order to enforce the suggestion, that the Doctor feared the face of no man living. But Lord North probably knew the House of Commons' feeling better than Mr. Strahan, and declined bringing the Doctor into Parliament.

## STERNE

STERNE often wants the dignity of wit. I do not speak of his licentiousness, but he often is on the very verge of buffoonery, which is the bathos of wit, and the fool's coat is half upon him.

## JUNIUS

JUNIUS is censurable for an opposite sort of fault; he loses the ease and nature with which the loftiest eloquence is the most pleasing and the most graceful. His figures swell out into something very near the bombastic.

A question that has made much more noise than it deserves is who was the author of *Junius*. Books have been written on the subject, with each its theory (if so dignified a word may be applied to such a subject), and each brings proof of its probability. Now (May 1823) people are positive that *Francis* wrote it, and they quote speeches and pamphlets of his of which the style and manner, they contend, are similar; but they have not convinced me, and within these few days I have reason to doubt their hypothesis on the following grounds. Dr. Brewster, son-in-law of Jas. Mcpherson, went lately through all the papers which he left behind him and was convinced, from the perusal of some of them, that *McLean*, a most intimate friend of Mcpherson's, was the author of *Junius*. A gentleman who has just been with me was told by Mr. Hamilton, formerly one of our governors in America, that being one morning with Mr. West the painter, West gave him the second number of *Junius*, which had just been brought him, when after reading some sentences he exclaimed, 'This was written by that scoundrel McLean; for I have two letters from him exactly in the same strain. They were written on a subject little to McLean's honour, which however I shall not tell, as I do not choose to disseminate scandal.'—McLean's political connexions and antipathies also strongly point to the same conclusion. He was turned out of office to which he had been unexpectedly elevated, Under Secretary of State, by the Duke of Grafton, against whom his first violent attacks

were made; and he was lost in the *Aurora* frigate, so that the manner of his death, and probable loss of all his papers, cut off all chance of claim or confession at his death, or any traces of his authorship being found after his death. Had Sir Phillip Francis been the author, his having outlived any danger from the avowal, and his long illness before his death might, one should think, have afforded either a confession from himself, or betrayed the secret, even had he meant to keep it, by some document or writing found by his executor.

## NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES

*COURANT*; Daniel Defoe got the privilege of publishing it in 1710, on the death of the former editor, Adam Bo[i]g. The [*Caledonian*] *Mercury*, next established some time after [1720],—Qy. how many nos.?—Before the circulation of these, a written letter read at John's Coffee House. Sometimes a very bad reader—Example—a wag said, 'Who is this *burlesquing* his Majesty's language?'—Robert Drummond [?] printer of the *Mercury*.

*Weekly Magazine* established in 1768—so successful that in 1776 three thousand weekly. Prosecution in the Exchequer for its containing news.

## MODERN COMPOSITION

WE of the old school complain of a diffuseness, an ultra exuberance of language, disproportioned to the ideas in modern composition, often destructive of the clearness of narrative, and of impression on the mind of the reader. The power of expression which every writer has now acquired leads to this in the same way as, according to the remark of my friend President Blair which I have mentioned in another place, the fluency of speech leads a young speaker to speak a great deal more than enough. For this vice in composition the Americans have invented a term *lengthy*, which is very significant and worth our adopting. A waste of words like the waste of money by very rich men, more to shew their wealth than to procure the use of what that wealth is made to procure. The multiplication of *figures* is another abuse

of the powers of the writer of which we venture to complain. Modern authors, we alledge, are apt to forget that the proper use of figures is to present a picture to the reader which may shew the meaning of the author, or place in a strong light the characters he delineates, the justness of his own sentiments, or may afford a vivid representation of peculiar incidents.

## SHAW

SHAW the clergyman very ill thought of in the North. The Duke of Gordon deceived by him at first, but at last disgusted with his profanity, and never asked him again to Gordon Castle. Attachment of Dr. Johnson to him, on account of his opposition to *Ossian*; alliance of dislike.

## ROUSSEAU

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, the confession of a person to himself instead of the priest,—generally gets absolution too easily. Rousseau without virtue, but having all the eloquence of virtue.

## MY OWN WORKS

THE reader will probably smile at the egotism of this head of anecdotes; but they are in general connected with the state of literature in this country at the periods to which they refer, and to the principal literary men of that time, who, tho' greatly my seniors, were kind enough to allow me the pleasure of their society and the benefit of their instruction.

I began to write verses at a very early age when at the first class of the College, to which I went, rather prematurely, when I was but eleven years old. One of those juvenile poems, entituled *Happiness*, I sent to the *Scots Magazine*, edited by two very respectable publishers, Murray and Cochrane, printers, and they were sold at the shop of Mr. Sands, bookseller in the Parliament Close or Square, as it is now called. I was delighted to find it in the next number of the magazine, and continued to send them pieces

of poetry; but so shy was I of being known as their author, that I used to go to Sands's shop after it was dark and deliver the MSS. in silence to the shop-boy. The poems written by me published in that miscellany at that time were an *Ode to Melancholy*, and a poem in blank verse called *The Street*, descriptive of the street of Edinburgh along which I walked on my way home in the evening.

My next contributions were rather of a superior merit, two ballads after the manner of the old Scots ballads, *Duncan* and *Kenneth*, almost extempore productions, which I composed when at the second or Greek class of the College, before the Professor began the business of the class, and written down when I went home. Those two ballads attracted some notice, and they have received the sanction of Sir W. Scott's approval, I am afraid from partiality to me personally. The first, however, *Duncan*, I may presume attracted some notice at the time of its publication, from its being inserted in the *London Chronicle*, which at that time generally gave, as the first leading article, an account, extract, or copy of some book which the editor thought deserving of such distinction. The first line of the ballad of *Duncan* was, after the abrupt manner of the antient ballad, 'Saw ye the *Thane* of mickle pride?' which made the political readers of that journal believe that it alluded to Lord Bute, often called *Thane* in the writings of the party opposed to him. In truth, it had no reference to him or to anybody else, the Thane being an imaginary character of my own creation. The succeeding ballad, *Kenneth, a fragment*, was honoured with the same notice. This is, I think, an easy style of composition, be it said under favour of Dr. Percy and other ballad editors and writers; and the forgery is not difficult of detection by a person skilled in antient compositions.

Of *The Man of Feeling*, my first novel, the idea was first adopted in London whither I went for instruction in English law and English forms which by a particular sort of anomaly, directed by the Act of Union, were the law and practice of the Exchequer of Scotland. The first Chief Baron was an eminent English barrister, Smith, whose decisions as well as his character were much respected. He founded the first

Episcopal Chapel in Edinburgh, for which a house was found in Blackfriars Wynd, and for the support of which he left an endowment of forty pounds a year. I am not sure who first officiated as clergyman there; the first whom I remember was Mr. Kerr, a man highly esteemed and an excellent reader; a volume of his sermons was published after his death, which have continued to be favourites, especially with persons who love plain practical discourses of no pretension but with considerable elegance of style; his congregation erected a monument to his memory on the wall of his new Chapel in the Mint Close which sets forth his merits truly and impartially. He died just as he was going out to preach on a Sunday morning, without any previous suffering or even the pang of a moment; but his was the death of the righteous for which he was never unprepared.

After this parenthesis, I resume the account of my own Works. In London I not only conceived the plan of this novel, different from most others as containing little plot or incident but merely a sketch of some particulars of the life and sentiments of a man of more than usual sensibility; some of the incidents I had a certain degree of share in myself. I was often the martyr of that shyness which Harley is stated as being affected by in his intercourse with mankind, and I had likewise the disgust at some parts of the legal profession to which I was destined, tho' my master (Mr. Inglis of Redhall, his Majesty's Attorney in Exchequer) was very kind to me and afterwards on my return from my London education took me into partnership. I have recorded my opinion of the legal labours of special pleading in two lines in my poem *The Pursuits of Happiness*,—

> With all th' inextricable maze around
> Of Gothic jargon and unmeaning sound.

I was strongly urged by an intimate friend of the legal profession who was well acquainted with barristers and attorneys, to remain in London and get myself called to the Bar there, assuring me of success not only from the recommendations which he could have given me but from the observation which that gentleman, with his usual saga-

city, made to me that being a Scotsman was an advantage, as there was a belief among men of business that they were more attentive and diligent than their brethren of the South, and that the very small fortunes which in general they inherited forced them to that industry on which they were to depend for support and independence. I was not insensible to the justness of those remarks, but the love of home and the desire of my family prevailed, and I returned to Edinburgh under the patronage of Mr. Inglis.

. . . . . .

I began to practise composition at a very early age, that of thirteen and fourteen. When at the High School I wrote little pieces of poetry, one of which I wrote out fair, and sent to Sands the bookseller in the Parliament Close for insertion in his *Scots Magazine*, and was delighted when I saw it inserted in his next number. I afterwards sent him an *Ode to Melancholy*, and *The Street*, a poem in imitation of Philips's *Splendid Shilling*, a description of the objects in my evening walk in the Street of Edinburgh. And not long after, about the age of sixteen or seventeen, wrote a tragedy on the classical story of Virginia, which I sincerely think is a wonderful performance for so young a lad; indeed some years after it was sent by my friend Mr. Mackenzie of Delvin[e] to Caleb Whitefo[o]rd, well known as one of the critics of London and author of *Cross Readings*, an admirable *jeu d'esprit*. Mr. Whitefo[o]rd praised it much above its merit and said he thought [it was] entitled to be brought on the stage fully as much as some other plays that had been lately produced. I thought of publishing it in the second edition of my *Works*, but the bookseller thought it better that it should not, at least at that time. One scene in it I used to act myself, having a great passion for spouting, that in which Virginius meets his daughter after resolving rather to kill her than to allow her to be the slave of Appius. It might be partiality in those friends before whom I acted it, but they gave it tears as well as praise.

When I wrote a semi-satirical poem entituled *The Pursuits of Happiness*, supposed to contain portraits of living Edinburgh characters, one of a *soi-disant* man of wit and letters

was supposed to mean the Hon. H. Erskine, brother to Lord Buchan; and in a speaking society I was violently attacked as in those verses a libeller of an excellent and highly talented man. To wipe off this aspersion, I shewed some of the friends of that gentleman the original copy which contained a couplet at the end of the character which shewed that it could not be meant for Mr. Erskine; the couplet I don't exactly remember, except the last line or rather the last words of that line,—

'. . . Favonius is a peer.'

Pillans the printer wished to publish a new edition; but I prevented his doing so, because it might revive the offence supposed to be conveyed by the character of Favonius, as well as some of the others applied with equal injustice.

The concluding character (with the partiality of an author) was a favourite of my own, that of Lentulus, the idea taken from a gentleman farmer, with whose son I had formed a connection at school, and used for several years after leaving school to spend some happy days every autumn at his farm in the country. The poem is now probably (tho' Mr. Pillans thought otherwise) forgotten, and a copy not easily met with; therefore I subjoin that character:

. . . T'was Lentulus's lot . . .
Free from her proudest bliss, her direst harm,
He fled from fortune to an humble farm. . . .
Oh! let me oft the blissful scene recall . . .
The modern patriarch at his festive board! . . .
There on the [welcome guest], the wife, the child,
The friend, the husband and the father smiled; . . .
And warm good nature roved where pleasure lies,
Betwixt the gaily mad and dully wise . . .
Oh! that my verse a memory could give
To live for ages, that so pure could live!
Pleased to attend on Virtue's train alone,
Mark his untainted life,—and mend my own.
Then should no sigh this wounded bosom tear
For aught that Fortune's glittering sons may wear; . . .
Blest if no crime a crime's reward shall bring,
Nor wealth be wafted on dishonour's wing; . . .

May I what Genius may, what Virtue should,
Harmless at least, attempt a little good ;
And calmly noting where the pageants end,
Smile at the great, and venerate my friend.

That friend was Mr. Gordon of Newhall, my companion from infancy and one of the most amiable. See his Character by Lord Abercromby in the *Mirror*. I wrote an inscription for his monument which is erected in the church of the parish where his estate is situated in the county of Cromarty, Newhall, opposite to the ferry of Invergordon, an estate to which also had he lived he would have succeeded.

. . . . . .

*The Man of the World* [is a] contrast to *The Man of Feeling*. Not nearly so popular, yet parts seem to me not inferior either in sentiment or description,—[for example,] the two children. Samuel Johnson met with it at Rasay, and [Boswell] says in his Tour that he [Johnson] found nothing in it. I am the less offended at that because I am confident he never read it. Dr. Blair and some other Edinburgh critics of a different opinion.

. . . . . .

When in 1784 I was a short while in France I got into much literary society, including that of the Comte de Catuélan. In Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* he was the Count by whose influence (under the denomination of Yorick) Sterne got his passport and certificate of civism.

The foundation of the story of *Father Nicholas* was as follows: Travelling in the *diligence de Paris*, at that time a miserable heavy and unpleasant vehicle, I preferred walking up a long ascent in the Picardy road; in the course of my walk, I came up near a very handsome villa, with a gentleman and a lady (I supposed his wife) and two or three beautiful children walking on the road near a gravel walk on which was a gate opening to the house. I was so struck with the pleasant countenances of both, not like the French, but with finer complexions and fair hair, that I could not help making a bow on passing them, and patting the head of one of the children, a beautiful boy. The gentleman

welcomed my salute with a benignant smile from him and his lady. When I got to Paris and saw the frivolity and dissipation that prevailed there, I thought of the contrast of situation between this country gentleman and his charming family living on his estate in the country, and that which, if he came to Paris and joined the fashionable circle there, he might naturally fall into; and thence personifying that seemingly happy pair, I wrote the story of *Father Nicholas*.

. . . . . .

The *Man of Feeling* a real picture of my London adventures.—Palpitation of heart walking along the pavement of Grosvenor Square to a man of high rank to whom I had a letter of introduction, but who unlike the Baronet in *The Man of Feeling* received me with the greatest kindness;—met there Lady Bridget Lane, afterwards so celebrated for her wit, then a very young girl,—playful, naive, and seemingly very good-tempered, without any *satire* about her. Indeed her *bon mots* could not be called satirical.

My being urged to remain in London; probable success if I had; but shy and unambitious and fond of my family; but tho' I missed probably rank and wealth, I found comfort and content; and I have said somewhere that the brother of the misanthrope in *The Man of Feeling* found he should never be rich but he might be very happy. That character and his disgust with his profession nearly my own case.

. . . . . .

Eccles, his death vindicated his title to *The Man of Feeling*. He was drowned in the Avon, trying to save a child who had been carried down by the flood.—There is a propensity in the public to impute Works to persons who do not write them, of which every literary man must recollect instances.

## CHAPTER XIII

# THE STAGE

### GARRICK AND MRS. SIDDONS; THEIR FEELING

GARRICK'S universality gave him pre-eminence over every other actor. In transient and occasional bursts of passion Mrs. Siddons went often beyond him; but it was in such only that she excelled him. In both, the pretence of being a sort of involuntary or unconscious instrument of feeling or passion was four-fifths affectation. Garrick talked of his feelings, which Samuel Johnson ridiculed, saying, 'A puppet has no feeling.' Yet an actor certainly may be disturbed and his mind taken off from that current of passion which his character has for the moment inspired him with. Garrick had certainly the feeling of his part in a strong degree, which art and taste, however, could control. He used to show to his intimate friends his manner of acting certain parts of plays, and asked the critical spectators coolly if that was right or if another way of doing it was better; this shews the difference of the mimetic from the real feeling. Yet he and Mrs. Siddons used to sit alone before going on the stage, to muse in solitude and silence the feeling of their part. Mrs. Siddons used to affect a great deal more than she felt; to lie on the stage, sometimes to counterfeit a faint, after a part of violent emotion. But I have supped with her afterwards and seen her eat a very hearty supper, after all this working of the passions.

### GARRICK

I HEARD a high compliment unconsciously paid to Garrick not unlike that by which Fielding in his *Tom Jones* has immortalized the actor. I was in London soon after he returned from Paris, when his acting, improved in propriety and grace, was certainly at the best. I went as often as my leisure would allow to see him, and always sat in the pit, placing myself near some new inhabitant of

London (if I could discover such) with whose *naive* observations I might be entertained. One night when he was playing *Archer* to good dull Mr. Havard's *Aimwell*, I placed myself next to a man who from his plain country dress, his boots, and heavy whip seemed recently arrived from the country. I asked him how he had been entertained. 'Oh, admirably,' replied he, 'but if I durst confess it, I should say I think the actor who played the servant [Archer] the better of the two,'—convinced, like Partridge, that the part of higher rank must be assigned to the most favorite performer.

Garrick loved to play with unassuming players such as Havard and Busley. Yates told me that when he played (and admirably) along with him in *The Jealous Wife* and got thundering applause, Garrick said when they came off the stage, 'Yates, my good fellow, you played that scene extremely well; but you press too much on me and spoil my acting; do it more gently.' Indeed Garrick was weak in his jealousy of applause to other players; he wished for a monopoly of claps. He hardly knew what a hiss was, never having met with it; but with his avarice of applause he was on the other hand nervous and frightened for censure; a squib in a newspaper cost him a night's sleep. These little foibles were, however, only specks in his theatrical character, one of the greatest certainly that modern times ever knew.

O'Keef[f]e says Garrick died of a cold caught at a rehearsal. I doubt that; he had a bad gravellish complaint, which acting impassioned parts was very bad for. He generally went to bed for an hour or two before performing any great part. I visited him once in the Adelphi when abed before he went to the theatre to play *Hamlet*.

His speaking soliloquy was the best I ever heard. I have given a description sufficiently graphic, I think, in my *Life of John Home*.

Powel[l] was a favourite *élève* of his, whom he left to manage and act in his stead when he went for some months to France. He imported one good custom from the French stage, more appropriate costume for the characters, and

proper furniture for the stage,—chairs, tables, &c.,—like the room which the scene was to represent, instead of the empty unfurnished rooms formerly seen in London.

## GARRICK'S CONTEMPORARIES

TO look back to Garrick's time, one of the most promising was Powell, who died young, merely a tragic actor, but eminently qualified both in feeling and physiognomy. His *Lear* was very little short of Garrick's. The actress who always played with him was Mrs. Yates, an actress of great power, with the finest face and figure in the world; but she could not modulate her face like Mrs. Siddons.

Mrs. Barry, that 'moon-eyed idiot' as Churchill called her, owed the great applause she met with chiefly to that very circumstance, that prominent wild eye which fury threw on her enemy, or madness on vacancy. Her husband, with the finest figure and the most silver-toned voice, never forgot himself (perhaps from the vanity occasioned by the first circumstance) except in one character, *Othello*, where the breaks of that voice were electrical.

In comedy, Dick Yates, the husband of Mrs. Yates, was one of the most natural actors on the English stage. Shuter was a sort of rival of his, but of the true English breed of grimace and caricature. Weston, like what Cibber tells us that Nokes was, in a few parts was nature itself; he could, beyond any actor I ever saw, throw all feeling and intelligence out of his face, till, after a certain interval, they returned in a way which no gravity could resist. In playing along with him Garrick was sometimes obliged to turn his back to the audience that he might laugh without offence.

## MRS. SIDDONS

MRS. SIDDONS I knew intimately and was often in her company. She could not untragedize herself, which her brother could do better. John Lee the barrister, after getting into her company, which he had been very anxious to do, said in his coarse Yorkshire stile, 'She is a great actress, but in private she is but a dowdy of a woman.' Her

speeches had often the ludicrousness of pompous phrase applied to vulgar subjects. She praised *Scots oatmeal porridge* in terms that might have applied to *nectar* or *ambrosia*; and once I remember, talking of some idle unprofitable flattery, said in a tone quite imperial, 'Fine words butter no parsnips.'

## AN EDINBURGH MANAGER

IN [my] passion for theatrical studies I was encouraged from the circumstance of a great acquaintance of my father's being Mr. Callender, who was a partner with Mr. (afterward Sir Patrick) Inglis as a mercer, a profession then very commonly followed by the sons of some of the best families in Scotland when the openings for their acquiring fortunes, now so frequent, did not exist. This gentleman was celebrated for his talent at recitation, which led him into the society of some of the higher rank of actors, and when the management of the theatre at Edinburgh got into the hands of gentlemen, he took a lease of that concern from them, and in the capacity of manager used to carry me to the playhouse ('wringing his slow consent' from my father, tho' against his opinion of its fitness) and introduce me into the arcana of the histrionic art behind the scenes. Poor Callender ruined himself by the adventure, and having caught a fever of a somewhat malignant sort, in his indifference about his life refused taking any means for his reviving, and died in consequence. It was a singular circumstance that at the time of his death he was, without the knowledge of himself or any other person in this country, a rich man, having been left a large sum of money by a brother in the East Indies, who had died there two or three months before his brother's decease in Edinburgh.

## DIGGES

DIGGES was of good descent, a near relation of the Delaware family, and was first in Edinburgh as an officer of dragoons, and much admired by the ladies; but some ill conduct, in the nature of swindling, blew up his

character, and obliged him to leave the army in disgrace. Some time after, he began his theatrical career, and visited Edinburgh, first as an actor, and latterly as manager. He was the original *Young Norval* in *Douglas*, a character which he afterwards exchanged (very wisely) for *Old Norval*, which he played extremely well. An actor of great genius and considerable talents, with rather a good figure and a very fine face, and a great favorite with the audience.

He was not given to punctuality in paying his debts any more than Mr. Sheridan. A person had called very often to dun him for payment of a debt; at last he got access to the manager,* and after stating the amount of the debt said that considering the length of time it had been owing, and the many times he had called about it, it would be but fair to allow interest. 'My good Sir,' answered Digges, 'I must fairly tell you, it is not my interest to pay the principal, nor my principle to pay the interest.'

In his company a Mrs. Baker, a notorious shrew and scold. The manager and she quarreled, and after some high words she left the company. 'Madame,' said Digges, 'I must confess I am not sorry that we are to part. I have heard of *brimstones* and *Tartars*; but by ——, you are the *Flower of Brimstone* and the *Cream of Tartar*!'

## BLAND

IN his company was a Mr. Bland, also a gentleman by birth, son of Mr. Bland, a counsellor of considerable eminence in Dublin. His son ran off from his father's house and joined a strolling company of players. Digges had known him in Ireland, and engaged him, tho' a very bad actor and horribly ugly, his face scarred with the smallpox; he scraped together as much money as enabled him to purchase a small annuity secured on the Theatre of Edinburgh, on which he lived and brought up a family of several children, some of whom also took to the stage, and one of them was a most excellent Harlequin.

* The Theatre Royal was held to be a place privileged against arrest like the Rules of the King's Bench or the Fleet. H.M.

The father had made his *début* in some town in Ireland in the character of *Richmond* in the tragedy of *Richard III.* He came on the stage in great trepidation, and after speaking the first two lines of the scene—

> Thus far into the bowels of the land
> Have we marched on without impediment—

he suddenly stopped, and after a little pause said in his native brogue, 'By Jasus, I can go no further!' and ran off the stage. Afterwards, however, he acquired more courage, got into several strolling companies, and played some capital parts, very ill indeed, but not without conceit of his own abilities.

He was to play the part of *Othello* one evening, and on looking into the box-book found scarce one taken. 'By the Lord,' said he, 'I will not black my face for so miserable an audience.' And he actually played the character in his natural colour, which to be sure was brown enough, but not that of the Moor as understood by Shakespeare.

## EDINBURGH 'CONCERTS'

BEFORE the time of Digges's and his predecessor's (David Ross's) management, the management of the Theatre was vested in several gentlemen among whom were Lord Montboddo, Mr. Ross (afterwards Lord Ankerville), and Mr. Moncrieffe (afterwards Baron Steuart Moncrieffe). They had no patent nor licence, but the company of actors employed by them acted under a flimsy evasion of stating in their bills that there was a *concert* for which the tickets were price so and so (the boxes and pit then 2*s.* 6*d.*, first gallery 2*s.*, and second gallery 1*s.*, but to which the servants of parties in the boxes were admitted gratis), 'after which would be performed *gratis* such a Piece, a Tragedy or Comedy',—to avoid the statutory prohibition of playing for *hire*.

An actor of the name of Aitken [Aickin] had insulted a gentleman behind the scenes where gentlemen were then

admitted, and the audience resenting his insolence insisted on his making an apology; this he refused to do (probably from having determined to go to London, where his brother was then employed at Drury Lane), and some young gentlemen, most of them at the Bar, indignant at this refusal, made a riot in the house, not having found the object of their resentment there, and demolished almost the whole property, such as lamps, mirrors, &c. For this outrage they were prosecuted by the gentlemen proprietors, against whom they brought by way of set-off a counter-action on the statute against unlicensed theatres. It was the subject of several pasquinades, one of them written by Lord Algernon Percy, son of the Duke of Northumberland, then boarded with Dr. Blair, the celebrated preacher; and of a performance full of his native humor by my friend Mr. Robt. Sinclair, an opera which he used to sing and 'set the table in a roar'.

## FOOTE

INHUMANITY of —— Anecdote of the actress —— His wit, profane & [word illegible]; but very clever—proposed by his friends to bring him into Parliament—as you have a *Legge* alre..dy in the House of Commons I think you ought to have *Foote* there—

An excellent company of comedians here under his management; disgusted because Edinburgh liked them better than him,—they had not seen the originals and therefore could not judge of his manners, [he said.] Lord Hailes, who had a strong sense of the ludicrous, always attended the playhouse when Foote acted.

Bragged of the names of his comic characters, *Pepper* and *Plaster*, the most appropriate to the characters, he said to me, that ever were invented. His character of *McSarcasm* from Sir Archibald Grant.

I was with President Blair at the first night of his *Man of the World*—nearly damned; it was saved by an excellent Epilogue spoken by Miss Young who acted Rodolpha—In the play the audience did not understand. . . .

## JOHN KEMBLE

JOHN KEMBLE, after his journey to Paris, introduced an improvement in theatrical representation borrowed from the French stage in what is called in playhouse language the *property* of the scene. Before his time, there were beautiful and well painted scenes of saloons, drawing-rooms, and libraries, but quite empty of furniture such as is always found in such rooms in real life. In the improved management to which I allude, chairs, tables, mirrors, and other articles of appropriate furniture were brought on the stage, which certainly were powerful auxiliaries to the scenic deception, such as it is, to which theatrical representation always aspires.

## TALMA

DEATH of Talma; his English education a great advantage to him; he improved his acting, making it less French by the example of Garrick. He was a great favorite with Bonaparte, and a stanch advocate for the Revolution. Strange difference between the civil and religious rank of players in France; caressed and fêted while living, yet denied funeral rites when dead.

## FRENCH AND BRITISH ACTING

POISSON was the most celebrated comic actor of his day, about 1750. His parts were chiefly of broad extravagant comedy, or rather farce; he played admirably some of Molière's exaggerated comic characters. After he left the stage, Préville succeeded, the best comic actor I ever saw, who came first on the stage in 1753. I saw him often at Paris at the Comédie Françoise in 1784, still in perfect vigor. He played in *Figaro*, the best acted comedy I ever witnessed, nearly tho' not altogether rivalled by the performance of *The Clandestine Marriage* in which Yates, Mrs. Clive, Miss Pope, King, and others performed. Garrick was to have played his own Lord Ogilvy, but was not quite strong enough and gave it over to King.

I am persuaded, tho' Grim[m] was not of that opinion

(but perhaps he might change that opinion as Préville advanced in his art and his reputation), that he was much beyond Poisson. His acting was *nature*, sometimes the *grotesque* of nature, never exaggerated; a *portrait*, not a *caricature*, except when the part he played was a caricature, as in some of Molière's most diverting pieces, and then it truly kept pace but never exceeded the representation of the author. How different is our British stage, with the exception, however, of Weston, long since dead, and perhaps of Yates. King was an impressive and very popular actor, and so was Woodward; but they went beyond nature and the author; the audience (the bulk of an English audience not being very discriminative) applauded them to the very echo. Miserable degradation of comedy in England into wretched farce and pantomime.

Fops and *petits maîtres* or men of fashion are scarce ever well acted in Britain; admirably in France. Molé, Préville, and other such comic actors as we have no idea of here—not *farcical* or *caricatura* playing, but with all the truth of nature and the actual situation in common life.

## COLOSSAL ACTING

JUDGMENT and taste create temperance in an actor. The want of judgment and taste in the audience destroys it. With a popular audience the loud and the boisterous is always more felt and applauded than the feeling and the temperate. Our modern theatres, from their great size, as well as our modern audiences must have *colossal* acting, which, like the colossal in statues, is necessary to distant and vulgar perception.

## FRENCH PLAYS

THERE is some resemblance between the tragedies of the Italian Alfieri and those of the great French tragedians in this, that they both exert their genius more in long speeches with a great deal of eloquence as well as imagination, rather than in the introduction of incidents or short and striking traits of character, which distinguish British

tragic writers and delight British audiences and readers. In Corneille and Racine there are scenes of dialogue where the beauty of the verses somewhat compensates for their number, and which would be insufferably tedious were it not for that beauty from which Frenchmen certainly feel more pleasure, which Englishmen, even those littérateurs of England most conversant in the French language, feel but very imperfectly. There is, however, a felicity of expression which we cannot deny, for which we pardon speeches of 150 or 200 lines. Such is the taste of France; and we must own (after the frank confession of a French critic, talking of the dramas of Shakespeare) that those scenes which are so captivating to a people so enlightened as the French must be excellent, tho' the national taste of England cannot fully perceive their excellence.

Voltaire wished to make a sort of commercial treaty between the two countries, and borrowed something of that nature and those short concentrated bursts of passion which in the pride of criticism and the vanity of a Frenchman he had ventured to ridicule. His *Zaïre*, almost literally translated by Aaron Hill, adopts the English manner so far as to allow sorrow and despair their broken exclamations, and to admit suicide on the scene, which at one time was not allowed on the French stage.

Racine, generally and justly celebrated for taste and natural expression, seems to me to have forgotten both in an admired description of the death of Hippolyte in *Phèdre*. The whole passage is unnaturally bombastic, but the last of the three following lines is beyond all the others:

> Le Ciel avec horreur voit ce monstre sauvage;
> La terre s'en émeut, l'air en est infecté;
> Le flot, qui l'apporta, recule épouvanté.
>
> Acte v, Scène vi.

When Voltaire celebrates the sublimity of the exclamation of the elder Horace when told of the flight of his son from the three Curiatii ('Qu'il mourût'), he takes no notice of the second line of the couplet, which lets that sublimity sadly down:

> Ou qu'un beau désespoir alors le secourût.

The only apology, if such it may be deemed, is the giving rhyme to the preceding line.

It is held, I think justly, that rhyme is necessary to heroic and dramatic poetry in French; but it certainly has a bad effect in passionate or natural expression; yet there is something in the felicity of the couplets which overcomes the jingle, and in the excellent declamation of their actors, or even to the reader in his closet, gives a pleasure independent of the trespass it frequently exhibits against nature and passion. From the words in French being accented on the last syllable, rhyme is more easy than in any other language I know.

In comedy the English stage gives its revenge to the French, and except some characteristic strokes of character in Shakespeare (which are always to form exceptions to general criticism) [the French] are certainly much beyond the best productions of the English drama. Molière, Re[g]nard, Gresset, Destouches, but far before the rest Molière gives the reader as well as the spectator the most perfect delight from the justness of his characters and the electric strokes of the dialogue by which the portraits are distinguished. There is often *wit*, but it never, like that of our Congreve, leaves the character behind it. Applause and admiration are the tribute of wit; but the sallies of character and incident are what produce mirth; and nothing could be more just than the eulogium which the King (Louis the 14th) bestowed on some scenes of a comedy of Molière which the critics had censured, 'See if they will not make everyone laugh.'

It was a strange opinion which I heard a very able critic, Mr. Jeffrey, once deliver, that he could not enjoy the French comedy. I could only account for it from his not perfectly understanding the language in which the comedy was given, which we, tho' we all read and some of us speak tolerable French, find it very difficult to understand, when present at a French comedy. He made a remark not more just on the costume of the actors in the French comedy, which he said presented disgusting *chevelures* of a foot and half in height, and coats and petticoats ornamented in an absurd manner.

He forgot that they adopted the costume of the time represented, which is precisely what the French stage valued itself upon, and which it certainly taught the English when, even in the time of Garrick before he visited Paris, *Macbeth* was played in a laced uniform and a brigadier wig.

One of the best modern French comedies is by Col[lin] d'Harleville, *l'Optimiste*, contrasted with his brother who is a *pessimiste*. The idea seems an excellent one and is brought out with great justness of sentiment, and in very good poetry. One couplet particularly struck me as applicable to our own country and our own times:

> On ne sait ce que c'est que de payer ses dettes,
> Et de sa bienfaisance on remplit les gazettes.

## REALISM

AN absolute literal copy (a *facsimile* I may call it) of manners must often be vulgar or disgusting. It is what we, even we, accustomed as we are to something of that kind in our older dramas, should be displeased with on the stage or to read in a poem; yet to depart from it too widely is to lose the reality of nature. Something between these two extremes is what seems desirable. If the French theatre [is too] refined, our dramatists, particularly the elder ones, have erred equally on the other side. Voltaire had certainly an idea of hitting this medium; he has ventured, in some of his tragedies, on situations not allowed before his time in the French drama; but the national prejudice would not allow him to go so far as he probably contemplated. In his ridicule of some passages of Shakespeare, he has, I think, mistaken the true ground of his objection. If a common sentinel is to be introduced, his 'not a mouse stirring' is quite natural, and descriptive of the perfect quiet and silence of his watch; but whether a common sentinel be a person not to be introduced, as being beneath the dignity of tragedy, may be a question.

## CUMBERLAND

CUMBERLAND, vain man. He sent to me at London his novel entituled *Henry*, and asked my impartial opinion of it. When he called on me for that purpose, I told him, truly, that I was much pleased with it; but there were passages rather of a luscious sort, which I could not venture to read to a lady. 'Good God!' said he (almost in the words which Sheridan has put into his mouth in *The Critic*). 'You do not say so! I read it to Mrs. Cumberland, to my daughter, to Lady ——, to the Countess of ——, none of whom found the least impropriety in it. You must, my dear Sir, have confounded it with some other book, as I know you are a great reader.' I was fain to eat up my words, owned my defect of memory, and that it was not unlikely that I had confounded it with some other less virtuous novel.

## OTWAY

OTWAY was a blackguard from extravagance, poverty, and low company, but had in his soul, from nature, inspiration and particularly tenderness. The manners of the man could not stifle the genius of the poet. His *lost tragedy*, said to have been pawned in some low tavern, and thus destroyed, has never been discovered, nor any traces of it, tho' a reward was offered in the newspapers for its discovery. I never heard what its subject was; it was to be expected that some biographer or anecdote-monger would have discovered that. It might have been excellent like *Venice Preserved*, or stupid and mean like *Don Carlos*.

It was singular that he should write with infinite pathos and power when the persons of his drama were ruffians and banditti, and yet produce the lowest sort of dialogue when his characters were kings and statesmen. But heroic tragedy in rime is destructive of dramatic excellence; it even quenched the fire of Dryden, and brought down the lofty extravagance of Lee. Who could have believed that any man of the smallest poetical talent could have written, or that any audience could have borne, such a couplet as the following:

> 'Sdeath what is't—I hear and see!—
> If thou be damn'd, vile ghost, what's that to me?

Yet this couplet Otway wrote and the audience did not object to; for *Don Carlos* was a very popular tragedy, so successful as to stir the envy of the Duke of Buckingham; *vide* his poem entituled *The Session of the Poets*.

## OTHER DRAMATIC LOSSES

A LOSS, but from a different cause, was suffered by the dramatic world, as Mr. Murphy told me, from the unfinished state in which Macklin left a comedy which, according to Murphy, had great excellence, tho' quite irregular and incorrect. It had, he said, properly seven acts, but there was in all of them much wit and humor. I don't know into whose hands it got after Macklin's death; Murphy was the publisher of his Life and Works and in that capacity had seen it, but he did not mention whether his daughter, who was his heir, or who else, got it at last.

Another dramatic loss was Sheridan having left the plan and parts of a comedy which he never finished, but which, I was told by a friend of his, promised to be excellent. The subject indeed was a good one. It was called *Affectation*, and consisted of characters ambitious to be what they had no talents for being,—an ignorant woman for a scholar, a prude for a coquet, a coquet for a prude, a dull man for a wit, a sober man for a buck, and so forth. I think Sheridan with his talents for bringing out the ludicrous, and his knowledge of life, would have made it an excellent comedy.

## NEW READING OF SHAKESPEARE

I WAS told by a young man who had been stage-struck, and actually joined a strolling party of players in one or two excursions, of a very ingenious reading of a passage in *Othello* by one of the heroes of their troop, a Cockney,—

> . . . Perdition catch my soul
> But I do love thee, and when I love thee not,
> Chaos is come again.

'The word *chaos*,' said their Othello, 'should be *chay-horse*. The Moor, when a single man, could only afford a single-

horse-chay; with his wife he got a fortune that enabled him to set up a chaise-and-pair. But if he parted from his wife he must return to his former circumstances, and could then only, as before, keep a gig.'

## SHERIDAN

THE *School for Scandal* more immoral in some respects than the loosest dramas of Congreve or Vanbrugh; that is, not to *sense*, but to *sentiment*; the old plays corrupt the first, the *School for Scandal* the latter; the one may be said to corrupt the body, but the other the mind. 'Tis pity the *School for Scandal* should be liable to this objection, for it has infinite pleasantry and wit, and the plot is so managed as to produce excellent theatrical situations. Of these the admired one of the discovery of Lady Teazle behind the screen is taken from *Tom Jones*; and the picture of the philosopher Square, still more ludicrous than that of any of the parties in the comedy; the contrast of the philosopher and his attitude and business is infinitely amusing. I say nothing of the defects in the connection of scenes, or the want of some of them bearing on the plot. They are like parentheses in composition, which if very clever and witty in themselves we easily pardon and even praise, tho' critics may censure.

I proposed a caricature on Sheridan at the time of his persecution of Hastings (which I thought very unjust, and that therefore reprisals were fair) when he was so eloquent in the cause of the Rajah Cheit Syng [Chait Singh]. I sent to a friend of Mr. Hastings a suggestion of a caricature which might be drawn: figures of Sheridan and his wife, beneath his the word *cheat* and below hers *sing*, which would have been appropriate, as the common opinion was, to both their occupations. But I did not send the squib which suggested it to the newspaper, as the friend of Mr. Hastings wished me to do, because, tho' I did not like Sheridan and hated his morals, I thought it not fair to attack him anonymously on his *private* conduct, the faults of which were probably exaggerated by his political enemies.

Sheridan, in some speech on an abuse of official power in

Lord North's secretary *Robinson*, spoke so pointedly that the House called loudly on him for *Name ! Name !*—' I do not wish to name anybody,' he said, ' tho' if I had a mind I could do it as soon as say *Jack Robinson*,'—a proverbial phrase in England [meaning] anything easy of performance.

Sheridan, says Kemble in an apology for his thoughtless extravagance, was not so much an enemy to anyone as to himself. But such a man has no title to involve others in the ruin, or to inflict on them the hardships and privations which not paying his debts occasions. Sheridan, I fear [it] must be owned, in his dissipation and improvidence forgot the duty he owed to society and indulged every selfish propensity without once thinking of its consequences to others.

## MACDONALD

McDONALD, author of the tragedy of *Vimonda* and other ingenious publications, is said by D'Israeli to have died of actual want; I doubt the correctness of so strong an assertion; but I knew that he was in extreme indigence aggravated by that honest pride which prevented his applying to his friends, and even shy of accepting assistance from them. He was a man of undoubted genius, as his tragedy and a novel (I think called *The Independent*) sufficiently evince. He suffered a severe disappointment which hurt him exceedingly from the refusal of a patent to the Royalty Theatre, at which *Vimonda* was to have been brought out. He wrote to me earnestly entreating an Epilogue, which I sent him by return of post. I think it is inserted in the last volume of my Works.

## MASSINGER AND SHAKESPEARE

MASSINGER and Shakespeare have been compared by some critics of the drama; but tho' both of the same time and in some respects of the same mould, there seems to me to be a very marked distinction between them. Massinger had or attempted more the art of eloquence and declamation, was more uniformly elegant and poetical. Shakespeare speaks like the vulgar, when his characters are

vulgar or of low rank. Even in his higher ranks he often neglects the tongue to get at the mind. Massinger thinks of the expression in almost all situations, and sometimes weakens the outline of the character by the artificial colouring of the language.

## MURPHY

IN writing his dramas, Murphy used to take a mechanical help, which applied to the acting and stage effect; he placed himself, while meditating the speeches which the actors were to speak, in the very place and attitude which he supposed the actor or actress would occupy and assume in that part and speech of the scene.

Murphy was a singular instance of a man bred to the Bar, leaving it to be manager of a theatre (the Haymarket), performing there as an actor, and then resuming his practice at the Bar, where I heard him speak in a cause in the King's Bench. The cause I heard him argue was one not inappropriate to Murphy, one in which a dancing-master was plaintiff. Murphy said he knew there was a certain prejudice against the profession as not respectable. 'But surely, my Lords, you are too liberal to allow that circumstance to weigh against my client in this case; what is it to the merit of his suit whether he walks on his toes or his heels?' Neither should his own stage life prejudice him as a barrister; but that was a necessary consequence. He kept up the externals of his legal character amidst all his literary and dramatic occupations. I visited him at his chambers in the great square of Lincoln's Inn.

## MY OWN PLAYS

I TRIED a sketch of false pretension to a character foreign to the man in *The White Hypocrite* in the character of Sedley, but it was not well enough brought out nor defined, and therefore the comedy did not succeed. Cumberland led me to believe that it did not meet with justice in the acting of the principal character, of which it was difficult to bring out the little shades, the *nuances*, as the French call them.

I also learned that there was a jealousy among some other authors whose pieces Mr. Harris had refused, who made parties against the play, which being acted without the author being known, or any of his friends interesting themselves in its favor, had both positive and negative difficulties to struggle with.

I wrote the tragedy of *The Prince of Tunis* several years before it was brought on the stage at Edinburgh; it was then (I think about 1772 or 1773) acted here, for which a good opportunity occurred, by Mrs. Yates, then one of the greatest actresses in Britain, coming to Edinburgh where she played one season. Her acting in the part of Zulima was certainly very impressive, perhaps less tender than the part required. It run 7 consecutive nights (equal to 70 in London) to full houses. The play, it must be confessed, has many faults, particularly in the winding up of the plot; but it has some good poetry, and passages in which there was room for Mrs. Yates's powers of passionate declamation to exert themselves. The elder Palmer wished to play it in London for his benefit, which I was induced to decline at the persuasion of Mrs. Yates, who had then a plan for a theatre of her own at London where she wished much to have the preference of performing it. This was unlucky, as it would, by Palmer's bringing it out, have been introduced to the London audience.

Mr. W. Strahan, a play-going man and a great admirer of Mrs. Yates (then certainly the handsomest woman as well as the most powerful actress on the stage), got a copy of the play as soon as it was printed on which he marked his guesses of passages [in which] she would (to use his expression) be great; and his guesses were uniformly borne out by the fact.

The Licencer for the time objected to and struck out one passage. Heli says to Zulima, when pressed to tell the circumstances of her lover Arassid's death,—

> Think of thy vows—it touches Barbarossa.

Zulima replies,—

> I give them to the winds—the laws of virtue
> Are the first ties of Nature!

But in spite of the Licencer's prohibitions, Mrs. Yates, to whom the passage gave great scope for her burst of passion, spoke it always with particular emphasis. I am at a loss to comprehend the reason of the Licencer's objection.

## LOUD LAUGHTER

THE title of Ford's play, which has a great deal of merit, is so gross as almost to prevent its being brought on the stage, *'Tis pity she 's a whore*. Indeed the plot and dialogue are very indelicate. In that and some other plays loud laughing behind the scenes is supposed indicative of illicit love. Without imputing anything criminal to it, I think violent bursts of laughter, however innocent, are rather unfeminine. Since my ill-health and, what may seem odd, since I became deaf, they go thro' my head and affect my nerves like the bray of an ill-blown trumpet. Yet I do not relish the mumbling whisper of some fashionable ladies, which the comedy says is made by putting the lips together in pronouncing *Mimini primini*.

## NONSENSE SONGS

I THINK it was about forty years ago, that a foolish practice was introduced of adapting nonsense words as the chorus or refrain of favorite airs in operas or farces. One of the first I quote from memory as sung by Munden, I think, and by a good comic actor Moss in the character of Lingo the schoolmaster in *The Agreeable Surprize*; at the end of each verse of [his song] was the following elegant refrain:

Horum Scorum, sunt divorum,
Horum Scorum divo;
Trim tram pomedidle, periwig and Hatband
Hic haec hoc genitivo.

Catley, a singer in great vogue about that time, but a most impudent creature, afterwards living with, and it was believed married to Col. Lascelles, was celebrated for an air in *Midas*, which she was rather disappointed if it was not

encored once or even twice. She sung it in the part of Juno in *Midas* with a mug in her hand:

When bickerings hot
To high words got
Break out at Janicorum,
The golden rule
The flame to cool
Is—push about the Jorum
With Can on Jug—
Who Can can lug;
Or shew me that glib speaker
Who her red rag
In wrath can wag
When her mouth's full of liquor.

## NOTES

Players the greatest of pedants; scarce any (not even Garrick & John Kemble) free from it; talk of nothing but plays and players. O'Keefe's books very poor & ill written.

Love of the theatre in France—consequent great profits to dramatic authors—Reason of that, idleness & love of Amusement in the People; not the same objects of *politics* &c as in England.

Sentimental Comedy, sometimes dull, but more elegant & elevated than the wretched *dialogue*, hackneyd *puns* & prosaic songs of Dibdin.

CHAPTER XIV

# PAINTERS AND ARCHITECTS

## JAMESONE

OF the painters of Scotland the earliest and most illustrious was Jamieson [sic]. He was the fellow-scholar of Vandyke, but I think had more of the Rubens manner. He painted a great number of portraits, of which there is a numerous collection the property of Lord Breadalbane at Taymouth. He was, I believe, a native of the West of Scotland, and I have heard an odd accident that befell a number of portraits which he had painted (I think) at Dunlop in Ayrshire, that family being one with which he was intimate. About sixty or seventy years ago, a company of itinerant tailors were there (as was the custom then) making liveries for the servants. They ran short of buckram; the housekeeper said there was a quantity of old buckram which had lain long in one of the garrets. This she fetched down for the use of the tailors, who began cutting the pieces into such shapes as fitted the clothes they were making. At last one of them exclaimed, 'I canna find in my heart to cut this bonny face!' and sparing that piece, nailed it on the wall of the room. Some of the family coming in, discovered that this buckram, as the housekeeper called it, was in truth a collection of portraits which Jamieson had painted during a residence in the house, but which in the confusion of the times, not long after, had been huddled into the garret, from what motive was not certainly known.

## SIR JOHN MEDINA

HE was the next painter of eminence in Edinburgh, where he resided, and painted a number of very good portraits. He was a freethinker (not a common propensity in those days) and, falling under the censure of the Church, had a sort of lesser excommunication pronounced against him, and was, at the celebration of the Sacrament, excepted by name from those who were allowed to communicate.

This piece of severity, like all severity not tempered with discretion, had the common consequence, that of confirming the offender in his principles. He profanely said that he hoped the interdiction would never be taken off, for it was the most effectual advertisement of his profession, and brought him every year a great deal of business.

## SKIRVING AND GAVIN HAMILTON

SON of a respectable farmer in East Lothian, who procured him the appointment of a junior clerk in the Custom House at Edinburgh, in which capacity I first knew him; but even then he devoted himself to painting, and did several miniatures, in water colours, of very considerable merit, among which I recollect two that got him a great deal of reputation, one of his old father and one of Lady Eleanor Hume, daughter of Lord Hume, both excellent subjects for a painter. This bringing him into notice, and affording him from the price of several other miniatures some money, which to him, a man of no expense, made in a short time a stock to begin the world with, he used it very properly in a journey and some stay at Rome, where he improved himself in his art, which he now confined to painting in crayons, which, in one of his singular fancies, he said was the only good mode of painting. At Rome he painted an excellent portrait of his countryman Gavin Hamilton, a native of Scotland, but from his long residence in Italy an Italian rather than a Scots painter, well known for his pictures chiefly from Homer. Mr. Hamilton painted, however, a few very pleasing portraits, one of which, the beautiful Duchess of Hamilton, is among the collection at Hamilton House.

Skirvine [sic] was from nature an odd eccentric creature, and unluckily took singularity for genius (a very common mistake) which he indulged in himself, to his injury as a painter, as in the whim about crayon-painting, and greatly to his prejudice as a man. It was impossible to befriend him, because favours he often conceived to be affronts, and valued himself on a proud independence of the world. This he carried so far as to make his own shoes and part of his clothes, tho' the time bestowed on his bungled work might,

if employed in painting, have produced him ten times the value of the shoes or the coat. Time, indeed, he did not well appreciate to himself or others; and being the most elaborate and minute of artists made his patients (as they might be called) who were sitting to him sometimes give him fifty or sixty sittings. His portraits indeed were *facsimiles*, even of the blemishes of the faces which he painted; he never spared a freckle or a smallpox mark, and once, with his characteristic rudeness, told a lady who had a very dingy complexion he could not paint her, for he had not enough of yellow chalk for the purpose. He died worth a good deal of money, having lived several years before his death in East Lothian on his father's farm in the most penurious style. I saw him during one of his visits to Edinburgh, and found him the same rude dogmatical being as ever.

## RUNCIMAN

A SORT of Heaven-taught painter, tho' he went to Rome and studied there for some time. He loved the gigantesque, and resembled in that sort of exaggeration the London painter Fuseli. Sir James Clerk, a great encourager of native merit in the arts, employed him to paint in fresco the Hall at Pennycuik House, called, from the subject suggested by Sir James to the painter, Ossian's Hall. Some of the figures (the females) were beautiful, and the composition of some of the Ossianic stories good; but there was in many of them a very disgusting anatomical exaggeration. In truth, even exclusive of his love of that *outré* sort of anatomy, he wrought in too hurried a manner for any great correctness in the drawing. One of the best of the productions of his pencil was the Altar Piece painted for the Episcopal Chapel in the Cowgate.

## RAEBURN

AFTER Skirvine [sic], but much superior as an artist, and more estimable as a man, was Raeburn, who painted some admirable portraits, very little inferior (except in one article which I shall state by and by) to Sir Thomas Lawrence's. He studied some time in Italy, and on his return got into the first business in Edinburgh. At first he

indulged in a sort of trick of the art, a violent contrast of light and shade, which afterwards he ceased to practise, warned of its inferiority and bad taste by some good judges, tho' it had surprised and pleased the million of the unskillful. The best specimen of it is a portrait of Sir John and Lady Clerk at Pennycuik House, which, in that *falsetto* style (if the expression may be allowed me), is striking, as well as in point of resemblance.

His heads were in general excellent, but their adjuncts, the hands for instance, were grossly defective in drawing and anatomical precision so as often to look like an unshaped piece of plaster of Paris. If he had, like some great painters, much employed as he was, procured the help of some assistant to paint the hands and still life of his portraits, they would have been of much greater value.

I sat to him several times, and he certainly made one good picture from me painted for, and now in the possession of Sir W. Cumming Gordon. I found him in one article the most agreeable of portrait painters, from his extreme good temper and talents for conversation, which took off the tiresome stiffness of a sitting which often spoils a portrait, and is the reason of the families, who see the original in his gay and convivial moments, being so seldom satisfied with the likeness of their father or brother. It also affords a reason for the portraits of artists painted for one another being generally so excellent.

## JACOB MORE

THIS landscape painter was bred at Edinburgh under a very indifferent master, Norie, and before he went abroad painted several landscapes more natural and pleasing, I think, than those which he was employed to do for the Pope and some of the *amateur* cardinals at Rome, where he resided a good many years till his death, and got into high reputation. The first encouragement which he received was from Sir James Montgomery (afterwards Chief Baron) from the circumstance of his being the nephew of the housekeeper, whom he used to visit on some spare days at the Whim, the seat of Sir James in Peebles-shire.

## SKILL IN PICTURES

JAMES BALFOUR, of a very good family in Fife, kept the Coffee House called after him Balfour's Coffee, which was the resort of all the men of rank and fashion, and was the Button's (vide *Tatler* and *Spectator*) also for wits and literary men. Mr. Balfour himself had a good deal of humour. He wished some favour from the Minister of the time, and applied to a friend of the great man to whom he proposed to pay his respects, to know what sort of conversation would be most acceptable to him. The friend said: 'The Minister's present passion is the collection of pictures; he has lately purchased one which he believes to be Salvator Rosa's, tho' it is no more a Salvator than it is mine. You will be shewn into the library, where it hangs on the right side of the door; be sure you praise it as a first-rate Salvator.'

Balfour obtained the interview he wished, was shewn into the great man's library, and saw the picture in the place described to him; but, quite unskilled in pictures, he had forgot the name *Salvator*. He set himself, however, in an attitude of admiration; the Minister on his entry into the room took immediate notice of this. 'I see,' said he, 'Mr. Balfour, you have an eye for excellence in painting. Whose hand may you take that to be?'—'I know the hand, I believe,' said Balfour with a happy forwardness; 'it is undoubtedly Melchisedec's.'—'Melchisedec's!' replied the great man; 'why, it is Salvator's!'—'I know it is,' rejoined Balfour, 'but Melchisedec was a nick-name given him at school.'—'Indeed! I never knew that anecdote before; allow me to put it down in my commonplace book.'—That was done and Balfour obtained the favour he solicited.

## SANDERS

SANDERS and one or two others originally coach-painters. Before he left Edinburgh, Sanders painted a panorama, a view of Edinburgh from the sea, which had a great deal of merit, particularly in the figures. His prices now in London seventy and eighty guineas for a portrait.

## NATIVE ARCHITECTS

MILL [Mylne] planned Blackfriars Bridge. Before his time Bruce of Kinross, who built the Abbey of Holyrood-house, at least the modern part of it. He was remarkable for his construction of private houses, that they never smoked. I lived thirteen years in one of his building, at Auchindinny, seven miles from Edinburgh, the only chimney of which that smoked was that of the kitchen in which some modern alteration had been made.

## CHAPTER XV

# SOLDIERS, PHYSICIANS, SAVANTS, TRAVELLERS

### MEDICAL ADVICE

DR. PORTERFIELD, a celebrated physician in my younger days, being asked by an acquaintance who wished to save a fee what he should take, answered, 'Take advice.'

### AN EMPIRIC

DR. GRAHAM, the celebrated empiric who got himself, I don't know how, considerable celebrity in London, gave lectures in Edinburgh (whither he had come for one season in the hopes of practice in his native city), one of which I heard. I remember only one passage in the lecture, which was delivered with some power of language and great fluency, in which the Doctor used an unfortunate expression. The *earth-bath* was at that time one of his favourite prescriptions; he said it had been eminently successful. 'Last time I was at Liverpool,' said he, 'I sent almost all my patients to the earth.' The *équivoque* was too palpable to be missed; and there was a roar of laughter from the audience.

Graham had taken a house in Pall Mall, and had put up in a niche a statue of Venus, typical of his prescription for ladies who had no families. The Magistrates thought this indecent, and of their own authority had it taken down. This was scarcely legal, and had Graham had the courage to oppose the order, it would have [been] in his favour, at least with the mob; but he took fright and submitted, continuing however to have his medicated bed, the use of which cured sterility; and he had a female whom he exhibited, in no very decent costume, as Hygeia. This was long before the Goddess of Liberty was exhibited at Paris at the outbreaking of the French Revolution.

## GENERAL MELVILLE

GENERAL MELVILLE a man of considerable information and of a lively fancy. Great enquiry as a military man into the route of Hannibal conducting his army across the Alps, and also as to the scene of his battles and the plan and disposition under which they were fought. For these purposes he travelled into Italy, and examined minutely the districts and grounds in which the events took place.

He passed another English traveller on the Rhetian Alps, when he was pushing forward to investigate what he supposed had been the route of Hannibal. Two days after, the gentleman met him on his return. 'What has turned you back?'—'I cannot get my elephants over the rock,' answered Melville.

I heard him tell a story of himself. When at Glasgow, with his constant desire of mixing with all sorts of men, he got a friend to introduce him into a club of manufacturers and artisans. His friend, who had desired the General to meet him at the place of rendezvous of the club at a particular hour, was a little later than the General, who was, however, introduced into the clubroom where at that time only one member had arrived. After the ordinary salutations, that member said, 'You will excuse me, Sir, but it is customary with us to be told the trade or profession of our guests in order that we may converse with them accordingly; I am a weaver.'—'A very good profession,' replied the General; 'I am sorry mine is not near so good.'—'And what may it be?'—'I, Sir, am of a very bad trade, a killer of men.'—'A killer of men? Are you a doctor?'—'No.'—'I should be sorry to affront you by supposing that you are an executioner.'—'No, Sir, I am only a soldier.'

The General wished to establish at London a Sunday Meeting of a moral rather than a religious kind, and actually procured subscriptions and hired a room near Hanover Square for the purpose. It lasted some Sundays, and the General, I believe, read some moral pieces; but he was shamed out of it by the question of a French *petit maître*

whom he met one day in the street, who, tripping up to him, said in the hearing of some friends by whom the General was surrounded, 'Eh bien, M. le Général, comment va la nouvelle religion?'—The General gave up his project and left people to spend Sunday as they used to do.

## TOPHAM AND JODRELL

THEY resided one winter in Edinburgh, and then it was that Topham collected material for his account of that city, [a book containing] strange blunders and impertinencies. There was a poor ideot known by the name of Jamie Duff whom charitable persons supported, a harmless creature with one remarkable passion, that of attending funerals. There never was a funeral of which he did not contrive to receive information and always to attend, preceding the funeral procession with a paper band and paper weepers. Topham had seen him, I suppose from the window of his lodging, in this situation; and taking him from his old rusty black coat and paper band for a clergyman, set down in his book the remarkable custom in Edinburgh of a clergyman walking before the procession to the grave. Such is, I doubt not, the correctness of other Travels as well as Topham's; strangers look on the surface of things and publish their Journals from the raw materials which a slight and short view of the manners of countries through which they travel affords, hurried as they are and imperfectly skilled in the language,—at least the language of the lower orders,—of the places which they describe.

There was a fine show of wild beasts that winter at Edinburgh, which people went to see. 'There are two other curious animals arrived,' said a wag.—'What are they?'—'Topham and Joddrel [sic].'

When Boswell was bear-leading Samuel Johnson through Scotland, he introduced him, in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, to Henry Erskine, who after making his bow and a short conversation left the conductor and conducted, putting a shilling into Boswell's hand, being the common fee for a sight of wild beasts.

Soon after leaving Edinburgh, Topham set on foot a new newspaper called the *World*, the first which dealt in private anecdotes, made such liberal use of by the public press since that time. Topham's paper was less scurrilous than some modern journals, having only now and then a fashionable *tête à tête*, but detailing, in more harmless paragraphs, the balls, assemblies, and other fashionable meetings of the *beau monde* of the capital.

## MEN OF SCIENCE

THE transit of Venus in 17[69], which all the astronomers of Europe were anxious to observe, was visible only for a few seconds at a time at Edinburgh. Tho' a lad I was allowed to sup with a party of astronomers, Dr. Hutton, Dr. Lind, and others who set out, after a late supper, to Dr. Bryce's at Kirknewton (of which parish he was minister), another zealous astronomer, to take the earliest opportunity of observing it; and Dr. Lind, who was a great mechanic, had made an instrument for assisting them in the accuracy of the observation. But Dr. Hutton, who liked a sound sleep, and used to say that a good bed was the best of all situations for a philosopher, went away along with me, bargaining, however, that I should call him at the very early hour of the commencement of the transit; and he had a good telescope in his room for the purpose of the observation. I went accordingly and was on the sharp outlook for a moment's clear sky. He lay awake but did not rise; and the morning continued so dark that it was impossible to make any celestial observation, of which I communicated, every second or third minute, the unpleasant intelligence to the Doctor. I was released at the time when the transit was known to be past. The party at Dr. Bryce's had little better success, tho' less agreeably situated than Dr. Hutton in his warm bed.

On the subject of Dr. Bryce, I may relate an anecdote of him, which might have been of serious consequence to his personal safety. When travelling in Caithness and Orkney, he was told of the remarkable sea-washed cave in the little island of Stroma off the coast of Caithness, which (whether

from the saline particles it derives from the dashing of the waves at its mouth, or from whatever other cause) had the remarkable property (similar, I believe, to a cave near Avignon, called from that circumstance the Corps Morts) of preserving dead bodies deposited in it from decay. The Doctor visited the cave, and by a very sacrilegious tho' philosophical theft carried off the dead body of a child, which like an Egyptian mummy was quite entire; but the country people having heard of the deed conceived it so atrocious that if they had found him they would probably have put him to death; but he had left Caithness before they discovered the theft. Some of the caverns of the isle of Lewis have the same property as the cave of Stroma, in so much that the fishers deposit herrings there which remain sound, hardened like red herrings, till they choose to use them.

One of the most remarkable men of science I ever knew was one in a situation which might not be supposed favourable to the cultivation of science, Mr. Gray of the Iron Mill near Dalkeith. He was very conversant with mathematics, astronomy, and all other branches of art and science. He was an intimate acquaintance of my father, and I was occasionally a resident with him at that very pleasant place, situated in a little retired valley on the banks of the Esk a little below Melville. I was delighted with the lessons which he was pleased to give me in the simpler parts of science, and in the application which he taught me to make of them to the comforts and convenience of life. He was so particular in this object that I may mention a trifling instance of it in making keys to locks, which was a branch of manufacture carried on at his mill. The ordinary form of the bole or handle of a key is a sort of anomalous oval with a flat in the middle of its outer seam. This he saw was a want of taste and a want of beauty, and therefore all his keys had their handles accurately circular. Yet there was a certain inconvenience in it which a similar form of the handle of a chamber-lock presents, and of which I am more sensible now that the little finger of my right hand is contracted and bent inwards, so as to impair its power; the flat,

which of old was always made in the middle of the lock-handle, enabled the opener or shutter of a door to use a good deal of force by pressing his finger on this flat part of the handle, which a circular one does not so well allow.

In astronomy he was a constant and skillful observer. I recollect a sagacious countryman in his neighbourhood, who, being told that Mr. Gray was about to measure the *halo* round the moon, called in vulgar Scots a *brough*, said with a doubt natural enough in an untaught unscientific man, 'To measure that! faith then he must have a long elwand!' —As an architect he gave plans for several buildings, particularly a most elegant and well-contrived bridge over the Esk at Dalhousie, over the great road to Carlisle, &c.

Another very scientific tradesman was Mr. D. Robertson, a cousin of the historian, an engineer of eminence with whom I was well acquainted, a great wholesale worker in iron like Mr. Gray. He was well acquainted with all the men of science of his time, and was equally beloved for his gentleness and amiable manners, as for his knowledge and science. I was so much with him, that I have introduced him into the *Man of Feeling* as an instance of such pleasing manners in one whose profession seemed so unlikely to produce them: 'I know a man . . . yet this man is a blacksmith.'

## A MILITARY QUALIFICATION

LORD MOIRA, Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, was blind of an eye; so was General Hope, D[eput]y Adjutant-General; so was Major Graham of the Castle of Edinburgh. Witticism of young Sheridan on that subject. A wag asked him if being blind of an eye was a necessary qualification for military rank in Scotland. 'Not absolutely necessary,' answered Sheridan, 'but it is well taken.'

## LORD MOIRA

CHARACTER of Lord Moira; somewhat vain and no value for money,—forgot, like other extravagant men, that he was spending his creditors' money as well as his own. Commander-in-Chief in Scotland; popular from the

graciousness of his manners; lived handsomely and hospitably, but not ostentatiously expensive. I saw him often; kind to me as to all the old acquaintance of his wife, Lady Loudon, and her family. Good management of the great war in India when Governor-General. His correspondence with Lord Advocate, now President Hope, on that subject; the President's turn for soldiership, he commanded a regiment of Edinburgh Volunteers and he published a pamphlet recommending certain measures in [case] of an invasion, which at that time was apprehended. His friend and namesake, Mr. Jas. Hope, W.S., found time, amidst his business, to discipline a regiment of Volunteers which he commanded, and to teach them military movements which they executed in a style little if at all inferior to the regular troops.

## MILITARY COURAGE

CONSTITUTIONAL courage is the lot of some men of strong nerves. The courage of *habit* is acquired in service. I was told by an officer of high rank in the East Indian Army [of an example of this]. Major Weir of Edinburgh, who was Aide-de-Camp to Lord Clive, had a slow way of walking which nothing ever made him quicken. Lord Clive, with a cruel sort of joke, said he would try to overcome the solemnity of Weir's walk; he sent him with a pretended message across the line of fire of a battery then playing. Weir carried the message and returned with the answer without quickening his pace in the smallest degree.

## DR. PITCAIRNE

HE spent the greatest part of his day at a tavern situated under the piazzas at the entrance to the Parliament Close (since denominated, rather unnecessarily, Parliament *Square*) which, from the consumption of wine, I suppose, was called the Graping Office; it was afterwards John's Coffee House, burned down in June 1824. That was his house of call. A country-woman, who came to town to ask his advice on behalf of her sick husband, was directed to this place, as the surest way of finding him. She was

admitted into the room where the *Symposium* was held (the business there being too pleasant to admit the Doctor's leaving), told her husband's case, and received, according to the Doctor's benevolent practice to the poorer class of patients, a recipe gratis. But her gratitude prompted her, when next in Edinburgh at the distance of several weeks, to bring a present of some nice poultry for the Doctor, which she delivered to himself in the identical room, surrounded by the same jovial companions, and with a similar range of bottles before him, as she had observed on her former visit. After accompanying her rural presents with many blessings and good wishes (her husband being perfectly recovered), she said with a hesitating voice, 'Doctor, if you would not take it ill, I would ask you a question.'—'Anything you please, my good woman, and be assured it will not offend me.'—'Then, Doctor, I wish to know if you have sat here all the time since I saw you last.'

## ROB ROY

THIS celebrated freebooter, towards the end of his career, being hunted from his own shire of Dumbarton, took refuge among the inaccessible mountains of Lochaber, and lived on shabby depredations among the few flocks of sheep supported by their pasturage with now and then a deer which he shot where it might not alarm. At that time it was the custom of the War Office to send to Fort Augustus the monthly pay of that garrison by an orderly sergeant. One of those sergeants was travelling on this errand, with the monthly allowance in his pocket, across the mountain of Corryarrick, where the road to Fort Augustus separates from that to Inverness a little beyond the inn of Dalwhinny, when he overtook a stout good-looking man in the Highland garb and arms, who told him, on being accosted, that he was going towards Fort Augustus. 'I am glad of that,' said the sergeant, a very uncautious messenger, 'because I think you will serve as a protector to me from a desperate fellow who, I am informed, frequents this district, called Rob Roy, who would have a good subject for his trade in me, as I am the

'SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS FRIENDS'

*By Thomas Faed, R.A.*

Mackenzie, wearing a cap, occupies the place of honour at Sir Walter's right

bearer of the monthly pay of the garrison of Fort Augustus.' —'I do not believe,' answered the Highlander, 'that Rob Roy would meddle with you; but you are welcome to such protection as I can afford.'

They journeyed on together, till they reached the high ground from which there is a bird's-eye view of the Fort.— 'Now,' said the Highlander, 'you cannot miss your way, and I must bid you farewell.'—'But we must not part so, my good friend,' replied the sergeant. 'You must be my guest to-night at the Fort, and shall have the best supper it can afford, as a reward for your good company.'—'That would not be quite convenient for me,' rejoined the stranger; 'but when you reach the Fort, make my compliments to the Governor, and tell him that Rob Roy escorted you in safety.'

Sir Walter Scott thinks this generous freebooter was Donald Gunn; his authority is entitled to great respect, but in Atholl, where I first heard the anecdote above sixty years ago, it was said to be Rob Roy, a name, however, which, like that of the great hero of romantic writing, King Arthur, might be used without any good historical authority.

## BOERHAAVE

WHEN people complained of disorders arising from the coldness of our climate, Lord Elibank used to mention his conversation with Boerhaave, when a young man, whom he consulted (being, like other young Scotsmen, a student at Leyden) about a rheumatic complaint under which he laboured.—'Wear a flannel waistcoat,' said Boerhaave.— 'So I do.'—'Wear another.'—'In this cold weather, so I do.'—'Then put on a third.'—'In truth,' said his Lordship, 'no man who can afford to purchase a few yards of flannel need complain of cold; but we forget our own climate and clothe ourselves as they do in France or Italy.'

Boerhaave gave a similar advice to another Scotsman, Mr. A. M—, a particular acquaintance of mine, a merchant at Inverness who was a native of Sutherland. When a very young man, he was in Holland studying the profession of a merchant, when he was attacked by a violent rheumatism,

so violent that he thought it necessary to consult Boerhaave, who gave him his usual prescription of warm clothing. Mr. M— did not like flannel, and preferred fur. He got from a Jew at Rotterdam a skin rough-dressed, extremely warm, to which the tail was still attached; and this he wore next his skin, and found his lumbago much relieved by it.

Dining one day at a *table d'hôte* where a company of different countries was assembled, an Italian gentleman said he had met with a strange narrative in a book of travels, of the natives of a remote district of Scotland called Sutherland having tails. A German sitting near him ridiculed the belief of such a phenomenon; a third, pointing to Mr. M., said, 'Gentlemen, you may soon have that matter cleared up; that gentleman is a native of that very district.' There was a clamour for the testimony of Mr. M., who without answering a word rose in his place, and, unbuttoning his waistcoat behind, drew out the tail of his fur skin, to the astonishment of the company and the triumph of the champion for human tails.

## COMMISSIONER EDGAR

COMMISSIONER Edgar was originally in the Army, but was more a scholar and reader than was common among soldiers. So much noticed were his talents and acquirements that Lord Shelburn[e], who had known him early in life, had doubts whether he should bring him or Col. Barré into Parliament, but the boldness and bitter language of Barré induced his Lordship to prefer him. Edgar, having met with an accident (a broken thigh), retired from the Army and was made first Collector and then Commissioner of Customs by Lord Melville, in whose neighbourhood he lived. With that noble Lord he corresponded pretty regularly, and his letters contained much original thought as well as information derived from his various reading. He said to me that to a man in his situation the day was often too long; he contrived to shorten it by driving much out in his gig, [or] playing at bowls (when I was often of his party, both at his own bowling-green and Lord Mel-

ville's, who bowled with us); he had greyhounds for coursing, bats for shooting either with gun or bow and arrow, and had got made by his old valet an enormous kite which he used to fly when the wind was rather high for coursing.

## ANDREW HUME

ANDREW HUME, who was particularly kind to me in my schoolboy days, had a considerable office in the Excise. He was a great scholar and reader, and as he went little abroad spent many hours of the day in reading, particularly history. He suggested to Dr. Henry the new plan of his History of English into sections or departments, which makes that book very valuable as a repertory in a library but is very unfavorable to it as a continued narrative.

He was a great observer and chronicler of little events. He said there were at that time about 58 or 59, nearly 60 different kinds of what was called tea-bread in Edinburgh. That was then the meal of ceremony. Being a bachelor, his tea parties had not the enlivening company of the ladies, but consisted of very pleasant men and often of us boys, whom he was fond of treating at tea with a collection of all the cates of which that meal admitted.

## HERSCHEL

HERSCHEL'S large telescope was of such an enormous size that the late King George III crept through it. He contrived to get two scientific Bishops to perform the same feat, and to enter the telescope at different ends and meet in the middle so as to be obliged to creep backwards to get out. The King of Prussia, I think it was, or some other royal philosopher on the Continent, was very desirous to come to England to go through this magnificent telescope.

## CHAPTER XVI

# IRELAND, SWEDEN, FRANCE

## THE IRISH

THE Irish in their language have a great resemblance to our Highlanders, but in their tempers and habits are very different. The Irish character, like their music, has a certain wildness in it which the Highland airs have not. Even in their crimes there is a sort of eccentricity which other countries do not possess; they commit crimes without profit, as if it were a pastime or amusement to accomplish them. My father, who was much in Ireland with the regiment to which he was surgeon, told me that a young lad an ensign of theirs, returning one evening and crossing the bridge over the river, was met by a party of Irish.—'Damn it,' said one of them, 'as he is a soldier, let's try his metal.'—They never asked his money nor attempted to rob him, but hoisting him from the ground were going to toss him over the bridge when he was luckily rescued by some soldiers of his regiment who heard him call for help and knew his voice.

Lord Chesterfield was a Lord Lieutenant quite to their mind, tho' he was always abusing them; but it was in a good-humoured jocular way, and they took the reflection as a *bon mot*. There was a disturbance in the theatre one night where he was to attend but had not then come in. The pit pelted a sentinel on the stage, posted there, as was always the case on the nights of the Lord Lieutenant's attending the theatre. He was so provoked that at last he presented his musket to the pit, and the tumult was quelled, the Lord Lieutenant then entering the house. Lord Chesterfield was told of the circumstance.—'What a pity the fellow did not fire,' said his Lordship; 'he would have killed either a knave or a fool.'

There is a vivacity and readiness of wit in the Irish much beyond their countrymen in Britain. Dr. Magee, now Archbishop of Dublin, mentioned an anecdote to shew this

in a striking manner. He was going to the country in a post-chaise with Mr. Plunket, whose eloquence is well known and who exerted it strenuously against the Union. When they came to the Toll-bar, Mr. Plunkett held out a shilling; the keeper of the turnpike looked hard at it as if suspecting the goodness of the coin.—' 'Tis perfectly good,' said Mr. Plunket, ' tho' the *harp* is a little defaced.' —' Oh, God love your Honour, that was not your fault! '— There was an inventive delicacy in this answer, besides the quickness of conception; and it must have been impromptu, from the circumstance which occasioned it.

I recollect another stroke of wit which a gentleman who had travelled from Liverpool with an Irishman and one or two other fellow-passengers in a stage coach told. One of those missed his pocket-handkerchief and very bluntly accused his right-hand neighbour, the Irishman, with having picked his pocket of it. When they were changing coaches, however, he found the handkerchief, on which he had sat down without observing it. The gentleman who told the circumstance said [that the accuser] should make an ample apology to the Irishman, but Paddy said, ' Oh, there is no occasion for an apology; there was a mutual mistake: he took me for a thief, and I took him for a gentleman.'

Amidst other circumstances of neglect and misgovernment of Ireland, one has always struck me very strongly: that there is no place of Protestant worship in that island where the service or the sermon is read in Irish. I am certain that if our Highlands were treated in the same way, and our Gaelic prayers and sermons discontinued, nine-tenths of the population would turn Catholics.

In general, people of excursive imagination are great dreamers, the fancy keeping awake while the body sleeps; yet there are exceptions. Curran never dreamed, tho' certainly a man of a most lively imagination; so indeed generally are all the Irish of every rank. Their *bulls* partly arise from the excursiveness of their fancy; they do not pause on a subject to make it accurate, but take different views of it, and apply figures and metaphors, inventive and ingenious but often incongruous.

## THE FATE OF THE SWEDISH THRONE

SIR ROBERT LISTON tells a singular story which he heard when envoy at the court of Sweden :

Charles the 11th, who died in the year 1697 at the early age of forty-two, had long been possessed with the belief that some great calamity was to happen to one of his descendants and successors to the Crown of Sweden. This opinion, together with the singular circumstance that gave rise to it, were well known in that monarch's own time, and have ever since been remembered and familiarly talked of among the Swedes.

Charles the 11th had for many nights successively his sleep disturbed by the noise of voices as of a great number of people assembled in the great hall below the King's bedchamber, where the States of the Kingdom used to assemble. He told the circumstance to some of the nobles of the Court who were most in his confidence; but they, as might be believed, treated it as a dream or delusion of the imagination. At the King's request, however, a few of them attended him one night in his bedchamber, and they, as well as the King, heard the voices in the hall. His Majesty then declared his resolution to be at the bottom of the matter, and taking a light in his hand he, together with his nobles, went downstairs, and the King himself opened the door of the hall. To his astonishment he beheld the room hung with scarlet cloth, and all the benches filled by men in the robes of the nobility, but none of whose faces he knew. Upon the throne sat a young child who held in his hand a naked sword, and in the centre of the hall were many blocks covered with scarlet cloth. Suddenly, on a signal from the child, certain of the nobles were led from their seats, and had their heads struck off upon these blocks. The King, smitten with horror at the sight, addressed himself to the figure of a Genius who appeared to guard the entrance to the hall, and enquired of him what those things meant which he saw. 'Those,' said the Genius, 'are scenes which must pass in this kingdom.'— 'When?' asked the King. 'Must they pass in my time?' —'No, but in the time of the fifth sovereign who succeeds

to you.'—The vision then disappeared entirely. It had been seen by the King only, but his attendants heard his questions and the answers given by the Genius.

The last sovereign, Gustavus [III], who fell by the hand of the assassin Anckerström in consequence of a plot in which several of the nobility were engaged, was at times uneasy in his mind when he recollected this tradition of the vision of his predecessor. He was the fifth sovereign in succession from Charles the 11th; but he was wont to argue that he was only the fourth, as Ulrica the sister of Charles the 12th and her husband the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, who was raised to the throne two years after her accession, were reckoned by him but as one sovereign. Thus Gustavus sought to avoid the prediction; but his mother was always strongly impressed with the belief that it was to be verified in his time.

Sir Robert Liston, a man of the most perfect and scrupulous veracity, declares that he heard this story of the vision several years before the assassination of Gustavus,—which produced the capital punishment of several of the conspirators,—and that it had to his knowledge been long current in Sweden.

## A FRENCH DUEL

ST. FOIX (I think), the French author, possessed of great humour and a good deal of oddity. Sitting in a coffeehouse next a man not of the best odour, he said, loud enough to be heard by anybody near, 'Ah! Vous me puez au nez!' On his repeating this, the gentleman said, 'Vous êtes un impertinent; venez avec moi!' When they had got to a convenient place for the *rencontre*, St. Foix addressed his adversary: 'Eh bien, Monsieur, nous voici prêts à nous battre; mais, après tout, il vous faut avouer, que si vous me tuerez vous ne puerez pas moins, et si je vous tuerai vous puerez plus.' His adversary owned the justice of the reflection, and they did not fight.

## A VISIT TO FRANCE

I WENT to France forty years ago, when few men of business went there, and spent some weeks in Paris. The society was excellent and there were meetings of men of literature and science in which I was allowed to mix and found great pleasure. The Count de Catuélan, made so much mention of [in?] Sterne's Sentimental Journal [sic], introduced himself to me, and I went to several of his *English Breakfasts*, where very learned company was assembled, and one gentleman always read some essay or poem on which the other members of the party were allowed, or rather invited, to make remarks.

Leaving the *Diligence de Paris*, then a clumsy vehicle in which we sat *à la ronde*, eight I think in number, I walked on thro' some of the fields of Picardy examining the agriculture and the farming implements. I came up to a farmer of respectable appearance. Just as we met, we flushed a covey of partridges. Being a sportsman, I spoke of the game, which he said was abundant, there being a *preserve* (*remise de la chasse*) within twenty yards of us, into which the covey flew and lighted quite near where we stood, seemingly no more afraid of us on that privileged ground than a debtor is afraid of a dun within the *Rules of the King's Bench*.—' *Si par hazard*,' said I to the farmer, ' you should kill one of those partridges.'—' *Ah! Monsieur*,' answered he, ' *c'est une affaire de galère, cela*.'—' Good God! ' thought I, ' can this be so? Could that sweet couple with whom I conversed near yonder château, with whose physionomies I was so much charmed, send a fellow-creature to the gallies for killing a partridge or pheasant!—Yet, *je ne sçais pas*, custom and the example around us do so change the nature, extinguish humanity, and harden the heart.'—

It was no wonder that the tyranny of the aristocracy about their game was one of the most odious things in the old system, and one of the first which the new system abolished. It is on these little matters of everyday occurrence, rather than on more important concerns, that arbitrary power is

most galling; as a pebble in one's shoe is more irksomely annoying in walking than an accidental blow from the branch of a tree, or a fall over a stone.

## FRENCH POLITENESS

POLITENESS is cultivated in France by the lowest ranks, and the lowest ranks have none of that awkward bashfulness which prevents the exercise of it. At a dinner in Paris, a very amiable lady told us a pitiable story which she had met in one of her circuits of charity. She was called out of the room to speak to the father of the family which she had relieved. Our host proposed to call him in, in order to hear the interesting narrative from himself. He came in accordingly, and told the tale of his distresses with a simple eloquence that was quite affecting. He received a good many francs in addition to what the lady had given him. After satisfying our curiosity, he laid his hand to his heart (as much as to say, 'Your goodness, Ladies and Gentlemen, is registered here!'), made a low bow, and retired. But there is a buoyancy of spirit national to France that soon recovers the spring of happiness. Some of us walked on the boulevards after dinner, where we found this poor man dancing to the kit of a beggar (who had a merry face too), the gayest of the gay group around him.

## FRENCH BUOYANCY

THERE is a buoyancy in a Frenchman's spirit that rises above distresses under which an Englishman suffers extreme dejection. On the day after the battle of Trafalgar, the French officers, prisoners on board one of the victorious ships, played a play, which they had prepared for representation before the battle, with all the spirit and glee which victory could have given them.

This temperament overcomes sorrow, and, what to the rich and great is of equal importance, prevents *ennui*, an evil which a Frenchman is little subject to. He is always active, and to be active even if suffering, is happiness. No

sooner is a French detachment quartered anywhere, however ill provided in more essential [things], than they set instantly about providing themselves with a *salle d'armes*, a billiard table, and a theatre for private theatricals.

## FRENCH TACT

THE French have a very significant phrase to denote the expediency of certain conduct according to circumstances,—'*C'est selon*'. To perform this requires a certain practiced knowledge of the world, and attention to its customs, manners, opinions, and prejudices, for which they have another expression which we have no equivalent for in English, *tact*, which is partly a gift of natural genius, but still more the creature of art and mixing with various society. A great deal is to be accomplished by discretion, a conciliatory and pleasant manner, with half-willing minds, much more than trying to awe them with fear or overcome them by power. Even in arbitrary government a wise ruler will do much by this discreet and temperate conduct, and a certain bland deportment which steals the good will of men around him.

Bonaparte had this talent beyond any man in the world, according to every account whether of friends or enemies; he forgot it sometimes in the outbreakings of an irritable temper in the paroxysms of ill-health, and this forgetfulness of his usual good temper did things which shook his power and at last annihilated it.

## FRENCH COMFORT

THE French, it has been often observed, have no word for *comfort*, but have borrowed the English word when they wished to express it; it is no wonder, because the buoyancy and gaiety of a Frenchman's spirits do not admit of so calm a feeling. An Englishman, grave, sedate, shy, and thoughtful, values it beyond any other state. A Frenchman with passion, love, loyalty, gay as a lark and above all care, is quite out of the region of *comfort*.

## MONSIEUR, COMTE D'ARTOIS

WHEN at Paris I saw the Count d'Artois (now in 1824 King Charles the 10th) at the head of 10,000 soldiers which were reviewed before the King his brother, in all the brilliant costume of his military rank, an exceedingly handsome man, a great favorite of the Queen, and looked to as the glass of fashion. The next time I saw him was when expatriated by the Revolution and living in the Abbey of Holyrood-house at Edinburgh, wrapped in an old surtout, accompanied only by his favorite M. de Puysegur, in a little dirty close in the Canongate where they had been looking at some old house (I believe the old Theatre), and almost wept to think of his reduced state. Afterwards, however, the wheel of Fortune came round, and he is now (September 1824) King of France and very popular, his son presumptive heir of the Crown.

He did not forget his Edinburgh acquaintance; seeing a hair-dresser who used to attend him when here, passing in the street, having gone to Paris to study the fashion of hair-dressing, he stopped his carriage, made him come up to it, spoke to him with great kindness, and desired him to call next morning, when he received him with cordial welcome, and made particular enquiry after all the persons who had paid him attention in Edinburgh. Some people of a lower rank, but of less humility, chose to forget their Scots acquaintance and were denied to them at their hotels.

At Edinburgh he had weekly levees, one of which I attended, having been introduced to him, at his own desire, by Lord Adam Gordon. His manners were affable tho' princely; his bow, like that of our own King, most graceful. He spoke to every one in the circle and seemed to know a great deal of matters both foreign and domestic. The apartments occupied by him and his suite were well furnished, and he had a very good room fitted up for a chapel, and a billiard-room, which no Frenchman can be without. His *chère amie*, Madame Polestron, lived in a house adjoining the palace, a most elegant woman but living like a nun in sober sadness, with a due sense, as it seemed, of her

situation. A baker within the purlieus of the Abbey, of the name of Greig, was taught by her to bake a loaf of a particular shape and excellently good, called after her a *Polestron loaf*, which I got regularly tho' then living at a mile's distance in Brown's Square.

Lord Adam Gordon, uncle to the Duke of Gordon, then Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, was charged with the reception and entertainment of Monsieur and his suite, and certainly executed that commission well. He introduced such gentlemen as wished to be presented to Monsieur at his weekly levees. His Lordship wanted only one qualification for the office, not being a very good Frenchman and speaking French very imperfectly. Introducing one day a Highland chieftain in the garb of the Highlands, he said, 'Votre Altesse me permettra de vous présenter M. Tel, un gentilhomme *sauvage*,' instead of *montagneus* [sic]. To some of the presentees the epithet, tho' a blunder in Lord Adam, might very properly have been applied.

His Highness and his suite visited several of the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, Lord Wemyss, Col. Wemyss, and Lord Chief Baron [Dundas], to whom he gave his picture now at Arniston. They had some good days' shooting, particularly at Genl. Wemyss's, where the partridges were plenty. The General's gamekeeper was horrified with their mode of shooting: they went four or five abreast with all their guns cocked, and when a covey was flushed fired all together in a volley which sometimes killed half the covey.

The Duc de Coigny and old M. Ribergille I dined with at Sir James Grant's. The Duke was a martyr to the gout, but such a gourmand and epicure that he eat a quantity of every dish of the heaviest kind and drank wine abundantly. His friend Ribergille was moderate in the use of both. I rather think he is still alive (1823) or died very lately; but being a zealous Royalist, he might say with Simeon, 'Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace &c.'. He was very unlike a Frenchman too in his modest, unassuming manner, and rather silent than talkative.

Monsieur now is said to be a *devote* [sic], and very regular

and temperate in his habits, very different from the manners of his youth. He is likely to be a good King, inclined to peace and not shewy nor expensive. In former times it was very different. A man of pleasure and great expence, he was the chief cause of all the odium the Queen incurred when the Austrian Party, as they were called, was the perpetual theme for the contempt and hatred of the people, and indeed, by their extravagance and the insolence of their deportment, the principal causes of the Revolution.

## OTHER ÉMIGRÉS

HUMANITY and attention shown such of them as came to England; but a proud and sensitive man suffered severely from the sense of dependence. Walking one morning in St. James's Park, I came behind a genteel looking man with an old and nearly worn out dress; when near him I heard his sobs and saw his tears: I durst not ask his name and address, but I afterwards learned it; he was a noble French émigré who would not ask and happened not to receive assistance from the benevolent among the English. He was discovered, however, by a gentleman who had known him abroad and assisted him liberally.

The Duke of Queensberry was a great friend of the émigrés and had them much at his house, and assisted them, narrow as he was, with considerable sums of money. When I was in the Duke's neighborhood at a friend's near Richmond, he had eight or ten emigrants living with him. The Duke was naturally enough an *aristocrat*, his dignity and consideration in the world depending mainly on his birth and great wealth. This use of his wealth, however, from whatever motive, was laudable.

The Duke was seldom out of London, except during the Newmarket races or when in the North of England, whence he sometimes, tho' rarely, visited his magnificent seat in Scotland. There he was very unpopular, tho' he endeavoured to be gracious and condescending.

## A FRIEND OF BUONAPARTE

MR. HAMILTON'S son happening to be at the same academy with him, one season he spent some of the holidays at Mr. Hamilton's,—the same determined character, Mr. Hamilton said, as in after-life. He had made in the play-ground of the academy a little garden which he had fortified; there was a mock fight, the other lads attacking it; one only assisted him in defending it. Afterwards, when Emperor, he found this person in the army, whom he immediately recognized as his ally in the defence in the garden, and instantly promoted him and attached him to his own person.

## ARITHMETIC AND COINAGE

I HAVE sometimes thought that in putting down very large sums, such as occur in statements of finance, it were better, instead of making the denominations by tens, hundreds, and thousands of millions, to call the next decimal on the left hand, after passing a million, a *billion*, the next a *trillion* and so on, as I have found the great number and length of ciphers delay and sometimes mislead the reader.

I think another change (of which, however, I am aware of the difficulty, perhaps the impracticability) might be made, if the nations civilized and advanced in political economy would agree to it to establish one common measure of value to save the puzzle of different values and different coins, such as *pounds*, *livres*, *dollars*, *zequins*, *and rupees*. Of all these, I think, the French *livre* is the worst, not only as too small for large concerns, but as being fractional. Were any denomination of value easily divisible into decimal parts to be agreed on by commercial men, it would save a good deal of troublesome reduction.

Denominations of value are to nations what weights and measures are to individual countries. Long habit and usage indeed have made such a reform exceedingly difficult. The absolute power of Buonaparte introduced it into France; but I understand that now (1826) it is scarcely ever put in practice.

## CHAPTER XVII

# MISCELLANY

### MARS TO VENUS *

MR. FRAZER for the sweet servant Lawce the writter hese lost hir nem he come from Aberden the 13 october

Ng Edinr new Town

Berwick upon Tweed June
4
1811

I ame shoure ye will be surprized whin this comes to your hand my der, but I hope you will excuse me for may Impendencies my der, fore I have ben in love with youe since ever I sed youe, an that is six months ye will reclock me when ye red this few lines from may hand—I come up with youe from Aberden and your sister ye said to me, but she was not like youe may der, but I have ben realeay in Love with youe ever sins. I hope ye will prefer me before the shomacker. I have been menny time desint to write to ye or this time, but never could get a right Derection to you May Der & I hope ye will excuse me at this time, ye will mind one the Doctor that had the Bottel, he told me that he was to cal on you as he went to Aberden sum time ago I expeck that our Regment will sune be removed out of Berwick we ar expecken to goe to Musselberg—I hope ye wil not disden me althoe that I be a soulder, ye must know that every person is belongen to Armay at this time May Der, but menny is the time that I hove thought one youe sins the tim that I see you first, and fen would I have gone with youe thet night that we land at Leith ye will mind thet the shomacker went with but I must excuse youe for he never leafed ofe the Bige Cot ye could not see him he had a good apperins below the Cot now my Der I houp ye wil

* This is an exact copy of the honest grenadier's letter, found treasured in Mackenzie's correspondence.

not tak this amis at me for writing this few lins fer I ame realleay in sinceritay with youe If ye hef not got a betar match I hop ye wil prefer me I shal axe no Mor at present but remains your well wisher & Lover without asken your leve my Der

Signed
Alexr Ramsay

If ye be as gode as writ to me direct to Alexr Ramsay Grenadere Companie 55 British Militea or Aberdenshir Regment

I dont now your neme may Der but I hope ye will subscribe it in yer letter

## NATURAL HISTORY, BIRDS

*NIGHTINGALES* are still unknown in Scotland, tho' they seem to be travelling northwards, some being now seen in Yorkshire. *Woodlarks* are pretty common in Clydesdale and on the Esk in Roxburghshire. I heard one last year, in June 1824, at Millburn, Sir Robert Liston's.

*Pheasants* now plentiful in many places in Scotland, tho' it is only twenty or twenty-five years that they were introduced. *Quails*, formerly so plentiful in some counties (they were heard every evening in the fields where now the New Town of Edinburgh is built), are hardly ever seen, and but in a few parts of Scotland. An old sportsman told me, the reason is, that good farming banishes them, the young ones living chiefly on certain weeds which good farming extirpates.

The *Capper Coille* now extirpated in Scotland. I have seen one at Inverness stuffed, and about twenty-five years ago one (a hen upon her nest) was discovered in the woods of Strathglas in Inverness-shire; but being somewhat a curiosity, it was so much visited that it deserted the nest, or it might have [been] killed by some vermin. That bird must have been very common in the beginning of last century; for in a book of my uncle Lewis Rose's, copied by him and containing receipts for making salmon-flies, almost every one directed the fly-maker to 'take the feather of a Capper Coile's tail, or of his wing'.

*Woodcocks* very scarce this year (1826). Several storms at the time of their migration hither, numbers found drowned in the sea; others so weak after landing that cats caught them. Yet I suspect some other cause, for there were no *Fieldfares*, who generally come here at the same time with the Woodcocks.

## NATURAL HISTORY, FISHES

THE *Char* is said to be nowhere found in Britain but in Westmoreland, but that is a mistake; they are found in some of the Highland lochs, tho' not in Loch Leven, as has been said.

In one loch in Dumfries-shire, that of Lochmaben, there is a fish which the townspeople there boast is nowhere else in Scotland, called a Vendice; it is certainly known nowhere else in this country, but I have little doubt that it is just a species of Dace, *Vendace* [sic] in French signifying that fish; and they were probably brought from France, tho' how it is not easy to say; for they are so delicate that, like Herrings, they die instantly on being taken out of the water.—Qy. if their spawn can bear carrying?

There is much doubt among naturalists as to *Salmon*, whether the *Grilse* or *Gilse* is the same fish, and whether the little fish [called] the *Samlet* is a young Salmon or a separate species. It is certainly never seen but in rivers where Salmon occasionally are; those who contend, I think erroneously, for its being an independent species, argue from its being sometimes found with roe or spawn. But tho' I have caught a great many, I never saw this; and indeed when a lad at Nairn, I have known a demonstrative proof that some of them grow to be Salmon from marks put on some of them by my uncle Lewis and afterwards caught in the river Nairn as Salmon with those marks still upon them.

A similar doubt is entertained with respect to the *Herling*, a species of Trout found in several of the rivers of the south of Scotland, such as the Nith and the Annan. Being pretty conversant in my long practice of angling with all river-fish, I am pretty confident it is a different species from either the

Salmon or the Sea-Trout. It is very different when eaten, being much fatter than any other Trout, resembling a Herring in richness of taste.

## PLANTATIONS

LORD STAIR planted his trees at Newliston in large clumps, so as to represent the disposition of the armies at Dettingen. The same thing is said to have been done at Blenheim, where they shew clumps of trees representing the disposition of the army by the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Blenheim.

## A DISAPPOINTED WIFE

COLONEL G— lived to eighty-seven; burial place at Moy.—'Our friend G—,' said a Northern joker, 'when he purchased that estate, objected to the neighbourhood of that church-yard; his widow has verified that objection; it has been of very little use to her.'

## INVENTIONS

THE most important and consequential of modern times (1825) is certainly the steam vessel, which has so shortened the expense and duration of navigation in Britain; and its sanguine promoters look to its extending to East India voyages, a steam vessel bound to Calcutta having sailed about two months ago (in September last) which it is supposed will perform the outward voyage in about eighty days. (June 1826, she made out the voyage, but, owing to some very cross winds, not so speedily as was expected.) The chief difficulty lay in the great space of stowage required for the fuel which was to produce the steam. Various plans for getting the better of this difficulty have been suggested, one by a concentration of steam which will occupy little space with an undiminished power; the other, adopted I am told in the present voyage, of having a depot of coal at the Cape of Good Hope, sufficient to furnish fuel for their purpose, as far as the Bay of Bengal.

I joked a lady, a friend of mine much addicted to senti-

mental poetry, that the invention of the steam vessel had almost accomplished the wish of the lover in Lee's tragedy:

> Ye gods, annihilate but space and time,
> And make two lovers happy!

At least, it has certainly greatly abridged both in the voyages performed by these vessels.

At this moment (December 1825) a Mr. Parker, a chymist, has invented a steam gun, whose power in propelling shot exceeds both in strength and quickness of firing (particularly the last) the best served and best constructed piece of ordnance. It is said not to be very manageable in the field, which perhaps is fortunate as giving a check to its general use in war. An argument in its favour, that the immense increase of destruction to an army would sooner put a period to destructive warfare, seems to me a sophism. Princes of warlike habits would make and foment wars and continue them till perfect subjugation had made them absolute over conquered countries, and armies raised by people contending for freedom would be gathered together notwithstanding the increased destruction of the race by means of such an engine as Mr. Parker's.

## POLITICAL WAR-CRIES

THERE is always some *cri de guerre* among parties to mark the ruling system which they favour. In Walpole's time the constant cry against Government was *Bribery and Corruption*; in Pelham's time for Government *Candor*; in Pitt's, it was *Anti-Jacobinism*; at present (1824) it is *Duty, Principle, and Political Economy.*

## AN INNOVATION

AN odd ungrammatical *participle present* has become fashionable of late:—'Such a thing is *being done*';—'Such a book is *being printed*'. Yet there is a sort of use in this mode of expression, to signify the actual occurrence or operation, particularly if applying to a person,—where the situation of such persons is of a *passive* kind; it may serve to mark that mood, with which sometimes in English the *active* is not immediately distinguished.

## AUCTIONS

THERE were frequent *auctions* of books at which I often bought little articles very cheap. The word *auction* was then only applied in Scotland to *books*; everything sold by auction was called *roup* or *rouping*.

## TIME

'TIS with time as with money: they who have often occasion to give it out in small parts, best know its value. Thence the common observation that the busiest people are the most punctual. From the nature of their occupations, women are almost all insensible of the value of time.

## FAMILY SOCIETY

WHAT a delightful meal is a family breakfast! 'Tis the youth of the day, full of spring and vigour, of plan, of expectation. The concluding meal of the day reassembles the family indeed, but brings them together to compare their supper realities with their breakfast hopes, their better feelings outraged or annoyed, with delicacy disgusted, with taste offended, with virtue indignant at the world; as the partridge calls her young at sunset in the shooting season, but finds them with lessened numbers, with ruffled wings, with plumage soiled.

In family society, good manners should never be lost in familiarity. A certain gentle ceremonial is to intimacy and affection like oil to a machine, which tho' perfect in all its parts, grates and is harsh if not occasionally smoothed and lubricated. We shall find how much pleasanter is our own reception, or the reception we give to others, if we mix something of the stranger with the acknowledgement of our dearest friend, somewhat of the form of courtesy with the substance of affection.

## WELLINGTON EARS

LE SAGE, author of *Gil Blas*, very deaf as I now am; and used a trumpet, as I do; but it is awkward to use it in mixed companies; and to hear a sermon or the dialogue of a play, it is fatiguing to hold it up for a long time to the

ear. An invention just now (July 1826) of artificial ears, called *Wellington ears* from the Duke's using them, which are fixed on with a ribbon tied at the back of the head. General Robertson always uses them at his own table, and Sir James Hall walks the street with them to the amusement of the boys who meet him. Ladies can manage them better by putting them below their cap. I tried them, but could not prevent their falling off; one day in church I put them so close behind the flap of my ear as to hear the sermon, taking care to sit quite still and not move my head. It is somewhat remarkable that the Chief Baron of the Scots Exchequer, and I who have long been the father of that Court, are both deaf, and both use trumpets.

## HAND-WRITING

FORMERLY no lady wrote any other than what was called an Italian hand,—a sort of long-shaped, hair-stroke hand; it was deemed masculine to write any other.

Folly of a common belief nowadays that the temper and disposition may be judged of from the hand-writing, a sort of physiognomy of hand-writing. If that were true, all foreigners would have dispositions different from the British, the hand-writing being of a quite different kind.

I do not know if it was from this strange theory that a custom has prevailed not only among booksellers and the illustrators as they are called of books, the engravers, but among other persons having an eager curiosity, and a great deal of idle time, of collecting *autographs* of authors and other people of any note or distinction. Insignificant as I am, I have every day applications for specimens of my hand-writing, which a critic, alluding to this custom, says is too good a hand to belong to a man of any genius or imagination. I cannot help wishing that some correspondents of mine, private as well as official, were endowed with less of those autograph-spoiling qualities.

## REMINISCENCE

THERE is something wonderfully tender and of a milder melancholy in the recollections of old men when looking, after a long absence, on the scenes of their younger days, thinking on the changes in their own (perhaps many-changing) life, and the companions and friends who were once with them the inhabitants of such a place in the careless and happy days of boyhood and youth. I said of a *milder* melancholy, because no man would wish not to feel it. *Ossian* expresses the feeling simply tho' boldly in two Gaelic words, *the joy of grief*, which McPherson has softened down to the construction of a sentiment: ' the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul '.

The last time that I was at Aviemore in Strathspey, a little inn built by Sir James Grant in a most beautiful situation at the bottom of the birch-fringed hill of Craiglachy, with its little silver lake of Boladerin at its base, I felt that sort of melancholy in the strongest degree. A friend who was with me spoke to me without receiving an answer. I was absent, perfectly and literally absent, not with the time present but with the times long past. I recollected when I used to arrive in Strathspey and was greeted with the salutations of the landlord of Aviemore; I remembered how many there were in that district, interested in my welfare, connected with me by the tenderest ties, to whom my visit made a holiday, and to me a delight. But at the present *now*, when my friend and I passed through the district, how lonely it seemed. The memory of the dead brooding in sorrow and in silence over the beauteous spots,—but I need not multiply *words* to express *feelings* which congenial minds will understand without words, and [which] to those of other harder mould no words could convey.

*Finis.*

# BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX

## A

Abel, Karl Friedrich (1725–87), performer on viol-di-gamba ; chamber musician to Queen of England, 1759. *81*

Abercromby, Alexander, Lord Abercromby (1745–95), judge and essayist ; elevated to Bench, 1792 ; member of the Mirror Club and contributor to *Mirror* and *Lounger*. In 1796 Mackenzie read an account of his life to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, published in the Society Transactions and in vol. vii of Mackenzie's *Works*, 1808 edition. *86, 109, 110, 152, 189*

Abercromby, George of Tullibody (b. 1705), father of Alexander, Sir Ralph, and Sir Robert ; an advocate ; neighbour of Mackenzie in George Square. *15, 109, 110*

Abercromby, Sir Ralph (1734–1801), general, died of wounds after defeating the French at Alexandria. *109, 110*

Abercromby, Sir Robert (1740–1827), general. Governor and commander-in-chief in Bombay, 1790 ; reduced Tippoo Sultan, 1792 ; commander of forces in India. *109*

Aboyne, Lord ; Charles Gordon, 4th Earl of Aboyne (1726–94), succeeded 1732. His first wife was Margaret Stewart, third daughter of the 6th Earl of Galloway ; she d. 1762. *66*

Aboyne, Lady ; perhaps Margaret Stewart (d. 1762), daughter of the 6th Earl of Galloway ; wife of the 4th Earl of Aboyne. *132*

Adam, John, architect, father of John, Robert, James, and William, famous architects. *50, 120*

Adam, Robert (1728–92), architect to George III. His plan for Dr. Joshua Mackenzie's proposed house at Nairn is dated 26 July 1753 ; probably the house was not built. *121*

Adam, William (1751–1839), lawyer, politician, judge. Wounded Fox in a duel, 1779 ; later his ally. Had an important part in the impeachment of Hastings. Lord Chief Commissioner of Scottish Jury Court, 1816. Intimate friend of Scott and Mackenzie. Proposed a memorial to Michael Bruce in 1818 and secured from Mackenzie an epitaph. Son of John Adam, the younger, architect. *36, 120*

Aickin, James, came to Edinburgh as leading actor in season of 1758–9. Was principal actor at time the stage was wrecked in January 1767. Dibdin says that this riot was occasioned by the refusal of the management to rehire an actor named Stayley. Mackenzie may be confusing this incident with a riot in July 1788 over an actor named Fennell when 165 lawyers, headed by Robert Dundas, demanded his resignation after failure to apologize. *196–7*

Akenside, Mark (1721–70), physician and sentimental poet, author of *Pleasures of Imagination*, 1744. Studied at Edinburgh 1739–40. *158*

Alemoor, Lord; Andrew Pringle (d. 1776), judge. Solicitor-General for Scotland, 1755; Lord of Session, 1759. *108, 109*

Alfieri, Victor (1749–1803), Italian poet. Mackenzie treasured his cap, presented by an admirer. *199*

Alison, Archibald, the Man of Taste (1757–1839), minister of the Episcopal chapel in the Cowgate, Edinburgh, 1800–39. Famous for an *Essay on Taste*, 1790. Father of Sir Archibald Alison, the historian. *36*

Allan, David (1744–96), Scottish painter. Illustrated poems by Ramsay and Burns. *123*

Alston, William (d. 1775), a Writer to the Signet and Deputy Auditor of Exchequer. *126, 127*

Anckerström, Jean-Jacques (1761–92), assassin of Gustavus III of Sweden. *231*

Anderson, Dr. Walter, of Chirnside (d. 1800), clergyman and historian *History of France*, 1769. His absurd *History of Croesus, King of Lydia*, 1755, was said to have been suggested to him by David Hume in jest. The story of the kite is told by R. Chambers in connexion with Anderson's pamphlet against the French Revolution. *175*

Angus; Archibald Douglas, 8th Earl of Angus (d. 1588). His earldom devolved upon Sir William Douglas of Glenbervie as 9th Earl. King James IV as heir of line contested unsuccessfully in the Court of Session. *115*

Ankerville, Lord; David Ross of Tarlogie (1727–1805), judge, famous for potation. Elevated to the Scottish Bench in 1776, succeeding Lord Alemoor. *196*

Argyll, Duke of; John, 2nd Duke (1678–1743), succeeded to title in 1703. Favoured the Union; suppressed the rising of 1715; defended Edinburgh against the Queen's wrath after the Porteous riots. *32*

Argyll, Duke of; Archibald Campbell, 3rd Duke (1682–1761), Sir Robert Walpole's chief adviser in Scotland. Promoted the Union; Justice-General, 1710; fought for George I at Sheriffmuir, 1715; in 1743 became Duke, succeeding his brother John, who figures in *The Heart of Midlothian*. His reputation is stained by the trial of Stewart of Acharn in 1752, described in Stevenson's *Catriona*. Before 1743 he was known as Lord Islay or Ilay. *30, 97, 126–7, 180, 181*

Armstrong, Dr. John (1709–79), physician and poet, author of *The Art of Preserving Health*, 1744. M.D. Edinburgh, 1732. *39*

Arnot, Hugo (1749–86), advocate, historian, and antiquary. Best known for his *History of Edinburgh*, 1779, and *Criminal Trials in Scotland*, 1785. Being very tall and thin, he was a favourite subject for Kay's caricatures. *30, 57, 100*

Arrigoni, a musician who directed Italian operas in the Edinburgh Theatre in 1763. Possibly related to the Italian composer Carlo Arrigoni (1708–38). *76*

Atholl, Duke of; John Murray, 3rd Duke (1729–74), sold sovereignty in Isle of Man in 1765. *138*

Auchinleck, Lord; Alexander Boswell (1706–82), judge, father of James Boswell. Educated at Leyden. Lord of Session, 1754, and of Justiciary, 1755. *110, 111, 112*

B

Baillie, Lieutenant, a Scottish officer serving in Ireland under Lord Chesterfield in 1745–6. *137–8*

Baillie, Thomas (d. 1802), defended by Thomas Erskine in a famous libel trial in 1778 and acquitted. *113*

Baker, Mrs. (d. 1778), leading actress at Royal Theatre in Edinburgh 1769–72. After a quarrel with Digges she left the stage and taught English pronunciation. *195*

Balfour, James, of Forrett, keeper of a famous Edinburgh coffee-house from about 1741; it adjoined the west side of the Parliament House and was popular with lawyers. *215*

Bankton, Lord; Andrew MacDowall (1685–1760), Scottish judge; elevated to the Bench in 1755. *113*

Bannatyne, Sir William MacLeod, Lord Bannatyne (1743–1833), judge and essayist; elevated to the Bench in 1799; a member of the Mirror Club and contributor to *Mirror* and *Lounger*; an original member of the Highland Society and of the Bannatyne Club. *86, 152*

Barclay, Anthony (d. 1811), a Writer to the Signet. Neighbour of James Boswell in James's Court. *35*

Barré (or Barry), Col. Isaac (1726–1802), soldier and politician; M.P., 1761–90; Treasurer of the Navy, 1782. *148, 226*

Barry, Mrs. Ann Spranger, *née* Street (1734–1801), actress. Played in Edinburgh in 1776. *193*

Barry, Spranger (1719–77), acted in Edinburgh in 1776 with his wife, Mrs. Ann Barry. *193*

Beattie, Dr. James (1735–1803), poet, professor, divine. Professor of Moral Philosophy at Marischal College from 1760. *Essay on Truth* in 1770 attempted to answer David Hume. Best known for poem of *The Minstrel*, 1771, 1774. Contributed to the *Mirror*. Knew Gray and Johnson. A fawning, sentimental prig. *167, 178*

Bell the Brewer; probably a member of the firm of Bartholomew and Hugh Bell, brewers in the Pleasance, Edinburgh; listed from 1774 in the Edinburgh directory. *2*

Bell, William, clerk to 1st Lord Melville; not mentioned in accounts of Melville's life. There were three lawyers of this name in Edinburgh at the time. *144*

Bellamont, Earl of; was wounded in a duel with Lord Townshend in 1773. *137*

Binning, Lord; Charles Hamilton (1697–1732), Knight-Marischal of Scotland. Elder son of the 6th Earl of Haddington and father of the 7th

Earl. He wrote verses, but Mackenzie may be confusing his productions with two volumes of licentious rhymes by the 6th Earl, published after that nobleman's death. *121*

Blacklock, Thomas (1721–91), blind poet who encouraged Burns in 1786 by a famous letter to Dr. George Laurie of Loudon. Son of an Annan bricklayer, he was educated at Edinburgh University for the Presbyterian ministry and presented to the parish of Kirkcudbright in 1762. After a struggle over his induction he settled in Edinburgh in 1764 and made a living by teaching pupil-boarders. His *Poems* were published in 1745, 1753, 1756. His *Works* with an account of his life by Mackenzie appeared in 1793; the *Life* was reprinted in vol. vii of Mackenzie's *Works*, ed. of 1808. In his old age he introduced to the boy Scott the writings of Macpherson and Spenser. *168*

Blair, Dr. Hugh (1718–1800), clergyman, professor, man of letters. Tutor to Lord Lovat's son. Minister of Canongate, Lady Yester's, and the High Kirk of Edinburgh. Professor of Rhetoric in Edinburgh University in 1760, and of Belles Lettres in 1762. His *Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian*, 1763, asserted the authenticity of Macpherson's translations. The first volume of his very popular *Sermons* appeared in 1777 and made him famous. They were admired by Dr. Johnson and George III, and the author obtained a pension. The *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*, 1783, was long a standard text-book. *94, 189, 197*

Blair, Sir David Hunter, 2nd Bart., became King's Printer for Scotland in 1787 on the death of the first Baronet, Sir James Hunter Blair, who was Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1784. *180*

Blair, Robert, of Avontoun (1741–1811), Lord President of the Scottish College of Justice from 1808. Son of the clergyman who wrote *The Grave*. He was as noted for his modesty as for his legal learning and integrity; George III called him 'the man who will not go up'. *36, 86, 144, 147, 152, 174, 183, 197*

Bland, John, actor and manager at Edinburgh. After a university education he served in the army at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and in the 'Forty-Five under General Honeywood. In 1772 he became partner with Digges in the management of the Edinburgh Theatre. That gentleman left, owing him £1,300, in January 1777; Bland retained the management until December 1778. An actor named Bland is listed by Dibdin as at the Edinburgh Theatre from 1782 until 1791. *195–6*

Boerhaave, Dr. Hermann (1668–1738), greatest teacher of medicine of his day; Professor of Medicine, Botany, and Chemistry at Leyden, and Rector in 1714. He taught Monro *primus* and may therefore be called the grandfather of the Edinburgh Medical College. In 1739 Dr. Johnson wrote an account of his life. *41, 225–6*

Boig, Adam (d. 1710), editor of the *Courant* in Edinburgh. *183*

Boswell, James (1740–95), biographer. Attended the Edinburgh High School and University. Met Dr. Johnson in 1763. Studied law at Utrecht

n 1765. Admitted advocate, 1766. Published *Account of Corsica*, 1768, and *Essays in favour of the brave Corsicans*, 1769. Toured with Johnson in Scotland, August–November 1773. Published *Journal of Tour to the Hebrides*, 1786, and *Life of Johnson*, 1791. *49, 54, 66, 105, 106, 112, 176, 189, 219*

Boyle, David, Lord Boyle (1772–1853), judge. Solicitor-General for Scotland, 1807 ; Lord Justice-Clerk, 1811 ; President of the Court of Session, 1841. A Tory. *171*

Braxfield, Lord ; Robert MacQueen (1772–99), judge ; Lord of Session in 1776, and of Justiciary in 1780 ; Lord Justice-Clerk in 1788. The most famous trials over which he presided were those of Deacon Brodie in 1788, of the Sedition Cases in 1793–4 (for the conduct of which he has been severely censured), and of Sir Archibald Gordon Kinloch in 1795. Two brilliant essays in his defence will be found in William Roughead's *The Riddle of the Ruthvens*, 1919. He is said to be the original of the old judge in Stevenson's *Weir of Hermiston*. He was a neighbour of Mackenzie in George Square. His second wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Chief Baron Ord. To him Walter Scott dedicated his advocate's thesis. *108, 111*

Breadalbane, Lord ; John Campbell, 4th Earl and 1st Marquis of Breadalbane (1762–1834), succeeded in 1782. *211*

Brewster, Dr., later Sir David (d. 1868), natural philosopher. In 1810 married Juliet, daughter of James Macpherson. *182*

Brodie, William (1741–88), Deacon of Wrights at Edinburgh and famous burglar. His great-grandfather was Brodie of Milnton ; his grandfather was Ludovick Brodie of Whytfield, Writer to the Signet ; his father was Deacon of the Wrights at Edinburgh four times. He himself was Deacon in 1781, 1782, 1783, 1786, 1787 ; also Trades Councillor in 1784. In 1781 he held the casting vote of the Council for M.P., when Sir Laurence Dundas was elected. After directing a number of burglaries he was caught in connexion with an attempted robbery of the Excise Office in 1788 when one of his gang turned King's evidence ; he was tried and executed that year. See William Roughead's *Trial of Deacon Brodie*, 1906. In 1892 Stevenson and Henley published a melodrama called *Deacon Brodie, or the Double Life* ; the Deacon's career probably furnished hints for *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. *70, 142*

Brooke, Henry (1703 ?–83), Irish author. His best-known work is *The Fool of Quality*, 1765–70, interesting for a presentation of sentimental ideals of education similar to those of Rousseau. *81*

Brougham, Lord ; Henry Peter Brougham, Baron Brougham and Vaux (1778–1868), Lord Chancellor in 1830, and a great leader of the Whigs. His education was directed by Principal Robertson, his mother's uncle. He left the Edinburgh High School as *dux* at the age of 14 and entered the University, where he distinguished himself in science. He was a founder and principal contributor to the early issues of the *Edinburgh Review*. His father was an Englishman domiciled in Edinburgh. *140*

Brown of Newhall, proprietor of the estate near Carlops on which is to be found Habbie's Howe, the scene of part of Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*. *122, 124*

Brown, James; a builder who bought land south of the Old Town of Edinburgh for £1,200, erecting there two fashionable squares. Brown Square, built *c.* 1763–4, was the home of the Fairfords in *Redgauntlet*. George Square, started *c.* 1766, was named for George III. For about twenty years this was the most fashionable neighbourhood. Scott and Mackenzie lived in George Square, Mackenzie having moved there from Brown Square. *43*

Bruce, Michael (1746–67), poet. Son of a poor weaver, and himself for some time a shepherd. He was educated at Edinburgh University, 1762–5, taught school, and died of consumption. In 1767 Logan borrowed the dead boy's manuscripts to prepare a volume of *Poems*, published in 1770, supposedly for the benefit of Bruce's parents, though it is charged that they received only one guinea and six copies of the book. In 1782 Logan took legal measures to prevent publication of a second edition, having himself published a book of *Poems* under his own name in 1781, including the *Ode to the Cuckoo*, the most admired poem of the volume of 1770. It was charged that he never returned the manuscripts of Bruce. In spite of what H. Mackenzie says the evidence seems to favour Bruce. See James Mackenzie's *Life and Works of Michael Bruce*, 1914. The earliest important recognition of Bruce's talents is an article by Lord Craig in *Mirror*, no. 36, 29 May 1779. *153–4*

Bruce, John, King's Printer for Scotland. *180*

Bruce, Sir William of Kinross (d. 1710), King's Surveyor in Scotland; architect of the restoration of Holyrood House in 1671–9. Mackenzie rented Auchindinny House from Vice-Admiral John Inglis from 1795 till 1807. *216*

Bruin, Mr., deputy to General Sir William Erskine. *142*

Bryce, Dr. Alexander (d. 1786), parish minister of Kirknewton from 1745. *220, 221*

Buchan, Lord; David Steuart Erskine, 11th Earl of Buchan (1742–1829), brother of Henry and Thomas Erskine. Founded the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland in 1780. Corresponded with his 'cousin', George Washington, and fought for independence of choice in the matter of the Scottish representative peers. A vain and eccentric man of liberal principles. *177*

Buckingham, Duke of; George Villiers, 2nd Duke (1628–87), author of a burlesque play called *The Rehearsal*, produced 1671, and of several poems. *204*

Buller, Sir Francis (1746–1800), English judge. *112*

Buonaparte or Bonaparte, Napoleon (1769–1821). At school at Dieppe from May 1779. In October 1784 went to the military school at Paris and left there in October 1785. *238*

Burke, Edmund (1729–97), statesman and orator. Entered Parliament in 1765. Opened case for impeachment of Hastings. His *Reflections on the French Revolution* was issued in November 1790 and was criticized by

Mackenzie in his *Letters of Brutus*, no. 6, which originally appeared in the Edinburgh *Herald* for 22 November 1790. Visited Edinburgh in 1784 and again in 1785. *139–40, 144*

Burns, Robert (1759–96), met Mackenzie shortly after coming to Edinburgh in November 1786. The Kilmarnock edition of his *Poems*, 1786, received its first tribute in print from a noted man of letters in Mackenzie's *Lounger*, no. 97, 9 December 1786. Mackenzie drew up the agreement between the poet and Creech regarding the copyright of the *Poems*, the sum being referred to Mackenzie for decision. When Burns set out on his Highland trip he carried letters of introduction from Mackenzie to various Highland families, including the Roses of Kilravock and the Grants of Grant. Throughout his life the poet greatly admired Mackenzie, whom he called ' the first of men '. The memorial stone to Fergusson was set up in February 1787. *59, 150–2, 168, 173*

Busley, an English actor. *192*

Bute, Lord ; John Stuart, 3rd Earl of Bute (1713–92), Scottish statesman very influential at the opening of the reign of George III, and bitterly attacked by Wilkes and Churchill. He became Secretary of State in 1761. Through him Dr. Johnson received his pension. John Home the dramatist lived with him for years and acted as a secretary-companion. Bute was accused, and with reason, of favouring Scots in his appointments. He was a nephew of the 3rd Duke of Argyll. *47, 185*

C

Caithness, Lord ; probably Alexander Campbell Sinclair, 13th Earl (1790–1855), succeeded 1823. *6*

Callender, Mr., followed Lee as manager of the Edinburgh Theatre in 1756 with Digges as assistant ; took Beat as his associate in 1758 ; resigned in the summer of 1759. *194*

Campbell, Colin, of Glenure (d. 1752), whose murder occasioned the famous trial of Stewart of Acharn. Campbell was Crown Factor of three forfeited Jacobite estates, including that of Ardshiel, former property of a natural brother of Stewart of Acharn. See Stevenson's *Catriona*. There is an excellent account of the trial edited by D. N. Mackay in the Famous Scottish Trials Series. *30*

Campbell, Sir Ilay of Succoth, Lord Succoth (1734–1823), Lord President of the Scottish Court of Session, 1799–1808. *108*

Campbell, Miss, with whom Adam Smith was in love. *176*

Campbell, Thomas (1777–1844), poet. In Edinburgh 1797–1800, Mackenzie being one of his chief patrons. His reputation made by *Pleasures of Hope*, 1799. *Gertrude of Wyoming* published in 1809. *161, 168*

Canning, George (1770–1827), statesman and man of letters. A follower of the younger Pitt and friend of Scott ; wrote anti-Jacobin satires. Rose to be Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1827. *37*

Carlyle, Alexander (1722–1805), minister at Inveresk from 1748. A leader of the Moderates in the Church of Scotland ; Moderator of the

General Assembly in 1770. His *Autobiography*, published in 1860, is a principal source for knowledge of Scotland from 1740 to 1770. *166, 179*

Caroline (1683–1737), Queen of George II, Regent during 1736–7. Enraged at the lynching of Captain Porteous because she had granted him a reprieve, she threatened to make Scotland a hunting-ground, whereat John of Argyll craved her permission to go and prepare his hounds; the Queen sought other sport. *72*

Carter, Mrs. Elizabeth (1717–1806), chiefly known for her *Letters*, 1817. A friend of Dr. Johnson. *135*

Cartwright, Edmund, poet. Published *Armine and Elvira*, 1771, and *Poems*, 1786. *162*

Catley, Ann (1745–89), vocalist; sang in Edinburgh in 1776. Married Major-General Francis Lascelles. *209*

Catuélan, Comte de, French man of letters. Translated Shakespeare into French, 1776. Corresponded with Mackenzie as late as 1805. *189, 232*

Cawdor, Lord; perhaps John Campbell of Cawdor (1695–1777), Lord of the Admiralty and afterwards of the Treasury. His successor, a grandson, was created Baron Cawdor. *59, 118*

Chait Singh, Zemindár of Benares. In 1781 Warren Hastings deposed him and appropriated his treasure. *205*

Chalmer, Andrew, a writer (lawyer), father of Mackenzie's friend James C. *67, 115*

Chalmer, James (d. 1830), a Writer to the Signet. *67, 115*

Charles Edward, Prince (1720–88), leader in the '45. *24, 27, 31*

Charles X of France; Charles-Philippe, Comte d'Artois; 'Monsieur' after the death of Louis XVII; lived 1757–1836; King of France 1824–30. He took up residence at Holyrood Abbey, Edinburgh, in June 1796, leaving for a trip to Sweden in 1799, but returning in 1804 to remain until August 1806. After the Three Days in 1830 he returned with his suite in October and remained at the Abbey until September 1832. *59, 235–7*

Charles XI of Sweden (1655–97), ruled 1660–97. *230, 231*

Charles XII of Sweden, ruled 1697–1718. *231*

Charteris, Colonel Francis (1675–1732), famous gambler and profligate. Dismissed army for cheating, dismissed Dutch service for theft, censured for fraud, convicted of rape but pardoned. He made a fortune by gambling and usury, and set up as a landowner. *103*

Charters, Rev. Mr.; perhaps Dr. Samuel Charters (1742–1825), minister of Wilton from 1772; well known in Edinburgh. *36*

Chatterton, Thomas (1752–70), poet. He went up to London from Bristol in 1769, and that year contributed at least sixteen numbers to the *Town and Country Magazine*. He wrote to Horace Walpole in March 1769 and at first received a courteous reply. Walpole became convinced that his poems were forgeries and was remiss in returning them. Chatterton himself said, 'It is my pride, my damn'd, native, unconquerable pride, that plunges

me into distraction.' He committed suicide in August 1770, after contributing to at least eleven publications. *135, 155*

Chesterfield, Lord; Philip Dormer Stanhope, 4th Earl (1694–1773), statesman and wit. Viceroy in Ireland 1745–6. *137–8, 228*

Churchill, Charles (1731–64), satirist, author of *The Rosciad*, 1761. His *Prophecy of Famine*, 1763, satirizes the Scots and particularly Lord Bute, 'the mighty Thane', then Prime Minister. The poem attacking him to which Mackenzie refers is probably *Verses occasioned by the death of the Rev. Mr. Charles Churchill. Written by a native of Britain*, published in the *Scots Magazine* for March 1765. It concludes, 'Judas, tho' dead, tho' damned, we still detest'. *155, 167, 168, 193*

Cibber, Colley (1671–1757), actor and dramatist. *193*

Clerk, Alexander; uncle of the 3rd Bart. of Pennycuik. *124*

Clerk, Sir George of Pennycuik, 6th Bart. (1787–1867), statesman; succeeded 1798; nephew of 5th Bart. *124*

Clerk, Sir James of Pennycuik, 3rd Bart. (d. 1782). *124, 213*

Clerk, John, Lord Eldin (1757–1832), judge, elevated to the Bench in 1823. Grandson of the 2nd Bart. of Pennycuik; son of John Clerk, naval writer, merchant, etcher. *86*

Clerk, Sir John of Pennycuik, 2nd Bart. (1676–1755), a Commissioner for the Union, 1707; Baron of the Scottish Exchequer, 1708–54. Collaborated with Baron Scrope on a *Historical View of the . . . Court of Exchequer*, published 1820. Patron of Allan Ramsay; collected antiquities and wrote antiquarian tracts. *122*

Clerk, Sir John of Pennycuik, 5th Bart. (d. 1798), son of 4th Bart. Married Rosemary, daughter of Joseph Dacre Appleby of Kirklington, Cumberland, the Lady Clerk mentioned by Mackenzie. *31, 124, 214*

Clive, Lord Robert, Baron Clive (1725–74), one of the founders of the British Empire in India. *223*

Clive, Mrs. Catherine (Kitty), *née* Rafter (1711–85), actress. *198*

Cockburn, Henry Thomas, Lord Cockburn (1779–1854), Whig leader and judge, related to the Dundas family. Elevated to the Bench in 1834. His *Memorials of His Time*, published in 1856, shows very strong political bias, but is unsurpassed in Scottish literature for humorous and vivid portraiture. Other valuable books are his *Life of Jeffrey*, 1852, and his *Journal and Letters*, 1874. *37*

Cockburn, Mrs. Alison, *née* Rutherford (1712?–94), song-writer, best known for 'I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling' to the tune of 'The Flowers of the Forest'. A friend of Scott. Her husband was an advocate. *125*

Coigny, Duc de; Marie-François-Henri de Franquetot (1737–1821), Marshal of France. *236*

Coleman, George, the elder (1732–94), dramatist and manager. Joint author with Garrick of *The Clandestine Marriage*, produced 1766. *198*

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor (1772–1834), author of an *Ode to the Departing Year*, 1796. *159–60*

Collins, William (1721–59), poet. Best known for *Odes*, 1747. His *Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland*, addressed to John Home, was found by Dr. Alexander Carlyle and read to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in April 1784. *158, 165–6*

Congreve, William (1670–1729), dramatist. *201, 205*

Cooper, Sir Grey (d. 1801), statesman. M.P. 1765–90; Secretary of the Treasury, 1765–82; friend of Lord North. *136*

Corneille, Pierre (1606–84), French dramatist. *169, 177, 200*

Cornwallis, Charles, 2nd Marquis and 3rd Earl of Cornwallis (1774–1823), married Louisa, daughter of the famous Duchess of Gordon. *130*

Corri, Domenico (1746–1825), musician, composer, publisher. Born in Rome; came to London about 1774 when his opera of *Alessandro nell' Indie* was performed there. Settled in Edinburgh about 1774, his name appearing in the Directories from that year until 1788. For a few months in 1779 he managed the Edinburgh Theatre; he also built music-rooms and was a member of the firm of Corri & Sutherland, music publishers. His wife was a Miss Bacchelli. John and Natale Corri, music-masters, are listed in the Directories; possibly they are his sons. *76*

Cowley, Abraham (1618–67), poet and essayist. *156*

Cowper, William (1731–1800), poet, a correspondent of Mackenzie. Published *John Gilpin* in 1782, and his translation of Homer in 1791. *165–6*

Crabbe, George (1754–1832), poet, author of *The Village*, 1783. He visited Scott in Edinburgh in 1822, and was much in the company of Mackenzie; it is quite probable that they had met before. *163, 164*

Craig, William, Lord Craig (1745–1813), judge; Lord of Session from 1792. One of Mackenzie's most intimate friends and his ablest assistant in the Mirror Club, contributing to *Mirror* and *Lounger*. He was a relative and intimate friend of Mrs. M'Lehose, Burns's 'Clarinda', and left her an annuity. He lived in George Square. *86, 152, 153*

Cranstoun, George, Lord Corehouse (d. 1850), judge; elevated to the Bench in 1826. A Whig, but a friend of Scott. *37*

Crawford, Gideon, Edinburgh bookseller. *68*

Crébillon, Prosper Jolyot de (1674–1762), French tragic poet, father of the novelist. *174*

Creech, William (1745–1815), principal Scottish publisher and bookseller of his generation. He held what was called his levee at noon, receiving the *literati*. He published books by Kames, Blair, Beattie, Mackenzie, Ferguson, Lord Woodhouselee, &c. In May 1787 he published the first Edinburgh edition of the poems of Burns, and in that year Burns addressed to him the verses 'Willie's awa''. He was a founder of the Speculative Society in 1764 and contributed to the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, of which he was the publisher, Mackenzie being the editor. His *Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces*, published in

1791 and enlarged in 1815, contains a valuable *Comparative View of . . . Edinburgh in 1763, 1783, and 1793*. He was Provost of the City 1811–13. *49, 55, 72, 180*

Croker, John Wilson (1780–1857), politician, editor, essayist; contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, founded 1809. *37*

Cromartie or Cromarty, Lord; George Mackenzie, 3rd Earl of Cromartie (d. 1766), a Jacobite. At battle of Falkirk; captured, imprisoned in Tower, sentenced to death, pardoned. His wife was Isabel, daughter of Sir William Gordon of Invergordon, Bart. The daughter mentioned is Lady Augusta, who married Sir William Murray of Ochtertyre, Bart., in 1770. *118–19*

Cromwell, Oliver (1599–1658), in Scotland on important business in 1650–1. *34, 99*

Crosbie, Andrew (d. 1785), advocate. The original of Pleydell in *Guy Mannering*. At the time of the American War he commanded an Edinburgh Defensive Band. *45, 112*

Cullen, Dr. William (1710–90), famous Edinburgh physician, father of the judge, Lord Cullen. Professor of Medicine at Glasgow, his own University, 1751–5; Professor of Chemistry at Edinburgh, 1756, and of the Theory of Physic, 1766; F.R.S. 1777. Boswell consulted him about Dr. Johnson. *118*

Cumberland, Duke of; William Augustus (1721–65), 3rd son of George II; won at Culloden, 1746, for which he received the thanks of Parliament and £25,000 a year for himself and his heirs, but he was never a popular figure in Scotland. Mackenzie is lenient with him. *23, 24, 26, 149*

Cumberland, Richard (1732–1811), sentimental dramatist, essayist, and novelist; a friend of Mackenzie. Among his better-known works are *The West Indian*, 1771, a play; *Henry*, 1795, a novel; and his contributions to *The Observer*, a periodical, 1785–6. *203, 207*

Cumming, Alexander (1733–1814), watch-maker and mathematician; an F.R.S. His shop was in Bond Street. *22*

Cunningham, General Robert, Lord Rossmore (d. 1801), Commander of the Forces in Ireland, 1793–6. Probably the one whom Mackenzie mentions as being a governor in Ireland. *56*

Cunningham, Sir William Augustus of Milncraig, 4th Bart. (d. 1828). Married in 1768 Frances, daughter and eventual heiress of Sir Robert Myrton, 2nd Bart. of Gogar. *3*

Curran, John Philpot (1750–1817), Irish orator, statesman, and judge. *229*

Currie, Dr. James (1756–1805), a Liverpool physician. Spent much of his early life in America; studied medicine at Edinburgh. Published in 1800 an edition of the *Works of Burns* with an account of his life. *173*

D

Dalzel, Andrew (d. 1806), Professor of Greek in Edinburgh University from 1772; tutor to Lord Lauderdale; son-in-law of Dr. Drysdale; winner over A. Carlyle in a famous election for the Clerkship of the General Assembly in 1788. A Whig. *36*

Darnley, Lord; Henry Stewart, Duke of Albany (1545–67), married Mary Queen of Scots in 1565 and was father of James VI of Scotland and I of England. *31*

Defoe, Daniel (1661 ?–1731), was licensed to publish the Edinburgh *Courant* in 1710. *183*

d'Harleville, Jean-François Collin (1755–1806), French dramatist; author of *l'Optimiste*, 1787. *202*

Derby, Lady; Elizabeth (d. 1797), only daughter of the 6th Duke of Hamilton; married the 12th Earl of Derby in 1774. *97*

Destouches, Philippe (1680–1754), French sentimental dramatist; in London 1716–23. *201*

Devonshire, Duchess of; Georgiana Cavendish (1757–1806), daughter of the 1st Earl Spencer, married the 5th Duke of Devonshire in 1774. Canvassed for Fox in the Westminster election of 1784. *134*

Dibdin, Charles (1745–1814), dramatist and song-writer; gave concerts in Edinburgh. *210*

Dick, Robert (1722–82), minister of Grayfriars and later of Trinity College Church, Edinburgh; author of a *Dissertation on the Numbers of Mankind*, 1752. *94*

Digges, West (1720–86), actor and manager. Of high birth and good education, he began his stage career in Dublin in 1749, and came to Edinburgh as leading actor and stage manager in 1756, acting Young Douglas in the first performance of *Douglas*, 14 December 1756. He was manager from 1756 till 1758, when he was discharged by Beat and the leads taken by Aickin. He returned as actor in December 1760, shifting in *Douglas* to the part of Old Norval in March 1762. In 1764 he ran away to escape his creditors. In 1771 he bought the lease of the Theatre from Foote, and took Bland as an associate manager in 1772; being in financial difficulties in 1777 he ran away again, owing Bland £1,300. His last appearance in Edinburgh was as an actor in 1781. In 1784 he was paralysed while acting with Mrs. Siddons at Dublin. He seems to have been the most popular actor of his time at Edinburgh. Mackenzie knew him well and used to help him select his company. *194–5, 196*

Dirom, Lieut.-General Alexander, of Mount Annan (1757–1830), author of *A Narrative of the Campaign in India which terminated the War with Tippoo Sultan in 1792*, &c., 1793. *109*

D'Israeli, Isaac (1766–1848), author of *Curiosities of Literature*, 1791; *Calamities of Authors*, 1812–13, &c. Father of the statesman. *206*

Donne, John (1573–1631), poet. *166*

Doria, Signora, singer at the Edinburgh Concert. *76*

Douglas, Archibald James Edward Stewart (1748–1827), son of Lady Jane Douglas, sister of the Duke, and therefore claimant to his estates. He assumed the name Douglas in 1761. By the final decision of the House of Lords he received the estates in 1769. He was created Lord Douglas in 1790, a title now extinct. *54, 105, 106, 115*

Douglas, Duke of; Archibald, 3rd Marquess and 1st Duke of Douglas (d. 1761), whose death was followed by the famous Douglas Cause. His dukedom became extinct, but the title of Marquess of Douglas and Earl of Angus devolved upon William, Earl of Selkirk, afterwards Duke of Hamilton. The struggle was over the right to his estates, the claimants being the Hamiltons and Archibald James Edward Stewart (Douglas). *106*

Douglas, James Sholto (d. 1768), advocate, son of Charles Ayton Douglas of Kinglassie. He was a founder of the Belles Lettres Society in 1759 and according to the minutes, now in the National Library, was the most active member in a group of brilliant young lawyers which included Henry Dundas and Robert Blair. *36*

Douglas, Lady Jane (1698–1753), sister of the Duke, married secretly Sir John Stewart, 3rd Bart. of Grandully, and by him had twin sons in 1748, one of whom, James Edward Stewart, assumed the name of Douglas and laid claim to the Duke's estates. *53*

Douglas, Margaret, Duchess of Douglas (d. 1774), the Dowager Duchess to whom Mackenzie refers, married to the Duke in 1758; had no children. *105, 106*

Downie, Edinburgh dancing-master. *74*

Dreghorn, Lord; John Maclaurin (1734–96), judge; elevated to the Bench in 1758. He was a son of the mathematician Colin Maclaurin. He published satirical poems and legal works. *177*

Drummond, George D. (1687–1766), Edinburgh's greatest Lord Provost, elected in 1725, 1746, 1750, 1754, 1758, and 1762. He was a moving spirit in all the city improvements which took place during his lifetime. *53, 65 (?)*

Drummond, Robert, printer. There was a Wm. Drummond, a Jacobite bookseller of Edinburgh, who corresponded with Dr. Johnson in 1766–7. *183*

Drummond, William, of Hawthornden (1585–1649), Scottish poet; entertained Ben Jonson in 1618–19. *154–5*

Drummore, Lord; Sir Hew Dalrymple (1690–1755), judge; Lord of Session in 1726. *61*

Dryden, John (1631–1700), English poet. *203*

Drysdale, Dr. John (1718–88), minister of Lady Yester's and later of the Tron Kirk in Edinburgh; at the Tron he was colleague of George Wishart. Twice Moderator of the General Assembly. *94*

Duff, Daft Jamie (d. 1788), Edinburgh 'ideot'. Scott has him attend the funeral of Mrs. Margaret Bertram in *Guy Mannering*. *219*

Dunbar, Sir William, 2nd Bart. of Hempriggs (d. 1793), whose third wife was Henrietta, daughter of Hugh Rose of Kilravock, sixteenth laird; this lady's sister married Mackenzie's father. The family seats are Hempriggs and Ackergill Tower, the latter of which Mackenzie mentions. *5, 100*

Dundas, Henry, 1st Viscount Melville (1742–1811), the younger Pitt's lieutenant and from 1782 the uncrowned king of Scotland. Solicitor-General

for Scotland, 1766; M.P. for Midlothian, 1774–90 (except a few months), and for Edinburgh, 1790–1802; Lord Advocate, 1775–83; Privy Councillor and Treasurer of the Navy, 1782–3 and 1784–1800; Keeper of the Scottish Signet, 1782; Home Secretary, 1791–4; President of the Board of Control, 1793–1801; Secretary of War, 1794–1801; Keeper of the Privy Seal of Scotland, 1800; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1804–5; erased from the roll of the Privy Council, 1805, and impeached for malversation, 1806, but acquitted (though found guilty of negligence) and restored to the Privy Council, 1807. Created Viscount Melville and Baron Dunira, 1802. He was son of Lord Arniston the elder, and uncle of Chief Baron Robert Dundas, who acted as his lieutenant politically and with whom he carried on an important correspondence, part of which is preserved in the library of the University of Edinburgh. Mackenzie did a considerable amount of political writing for Lord Melville, and through his influence was made Comptroller of Taxes for Scotland in 1799. *36, 129, 139, 140, 143–5, 174, 180, 226*

Dundas, Lady Eleanor, one of the 'Three Graces'. *176*

Dundas, Robert, Lord Arniston the elder (1685–1753), Lord President of the Court of Session, 1748–53. *113*

Dundas, Robert, Lord Arniston the younger (1713–87), Lord President from 1760, having the casting vote against the Stewart in the Court's decision of the Douglas Cause in 1767, which was reversed by the House of Lords in 1769. He was the eldest son of Lord Arniston the elder, brother of Henry Dundas, and father of Baron Robert Dundas. *105, 108, 109*

Dundas, Robert of Arniston (1758–1819), Solicitor-General for Scotland, 1784; Lord Advocate from 1789 through the troublous time of the French Revolution and Sedition Trials; M.P. for Edinburghshire, 1790–6; Chief Baron of the Scottish Exchequer, 1801. Son of Lord Arniston the younger, nephew of Henry Dundas, and grandson of Lord Arniston the elder. *236*

Dundas, Sir Laurence of Kerse, 1st Bart. (1748–59), Commissary-General and Controller to the Army. In 1781 was elected M.P. for Edinburgh by the casting vote on the Town Council of Deacon Brodie. His son, Sir Thomas, was created Baron Dundas of Aske in 1794, and the Baron's son was created Earl of Zetland in 1838. *141–2*

Dundonald, Lord; William Cochrane, 7th Earl of Dundonald (d. 1758), killed at the siege of Louisbourg. Thomas, the 8th Earl, died in 1778. *11, 106*

Dunsinnan or Dunsinane, Lord; Sir William Nairne (1731 ?–1811), judge; Lord of Session, 1786, and of Justiciary, 1792. *111*

Dysert, Mrs., a relative and correspondent of David Hume, living at Eccles in 1754. *171*

## E

Eccles, John (d. 1777), Irish clergyman living in Bath who claimed the authorship of *The Man of Feeling*, exhibiting the alleged manuscript. He was drowned while attempting to save a boy in the Avon. There is a family tradition among the Mackenzies that the case was taken to court by Mackenzie's

publishers and that the forgery was proved by the watermark of the alleged manuscript, which was later than 1771, the date of publication of the book. *190*

Edgar, Commissioner James (d. 1799), Commissioner of Customs for Scotland, 1782–98; in his youth a Captain of Marines. He delighted in the reputation of parsimony, and had a carriage built with only one seat so that he might not have to give any one a ride; this he called his *sulky*. *226*

Eldin, Lord; John Clerk (1757–1832), judge and famous advocate; defended Deacon Brodie and was very insolent to Lord Braxfield; a Lord of Session, 1823–8. He was a son of John Clerk the etcher, and a grandson of Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, the Baron of Exchequer. *86*

Eldon, Lord; John Scott, 1st Earl of Eldon (1751–1838), Lord Chancellor of England, 1801. He attended Oxford, not Cambridge, and was a fellow of University College in 1767. He opposed the Reform Bill. *112, 113–15*

Elibank, Lord; Patrick Murray, 5th Baron Elibank (1703–78), legal writer, wit, patron of the drama. Friend of Dr. Johnson. *11, 15, 145, 225*

Ellenborough, Lord; Edward Law, 1st Baron Ellenborough (1750–1818), Lord Chief Justice of England, 1802; a leading counsel for Hastings in 1788. *111*

Elliot, John (d. 1808), Admiral in 1795; defeated Thurot's French squadron off the Isle of Man in 1760. Third son of Lord Minto and brother of Sir Gilbert and Lady Jean. *125*

Elliot, Lady Jane or Jean (1727–1805), sister of Sir Gilbert and the Admiral. Author of the finest version of *The Flowers of the Forest*, *c.* 1756. Mackenzie's neighbour in Brown Square. *125*

Elliot, Sir Gilbert, Lord Minto (1693–1766), judge; Lord of Justiciary, 1733–66; Lord Justice-Clerk, 1763–66. Said to have introduced the German Flute into Scotland. *125*

Elliot, Sir Gilbert of Minto, 3rd Bart. (1722–77), statesman, philosopher, poet. Son of Lord Minto and brother of the Admiral. At first supported Bute, afterwards Pitt. Entered Parliament in 1754; Admiralty Lord, 1756; Keeper of the Scottish Signet, 1767; Treasurer of the Navy, 1770. Encouraged George III's policy towards America. His best-known poem is *Amynta*, mentioned by Mackenzie. *79, 125*

Elwes, John of Meggott (1714–89), famous miser; M.P., 1774–87. *63*

Erskine, Andrew (d. 1793), younger brother of the musical Earl of Kellie. Contributed to Donaldson's *Collection of Original Poems by Scottish Gentlemen*; published his *Correspondence with James Boswell* in 1763; wrote *Town Eclogues* and farces. Like his brother he was an accomplished musician. Committed suicide in the Forth. *176*

Erskine, Ebenezer (1680–1756), founder of the Secession Church in Scotland in 1733. His first printed sermon is entitled 'God's little remnant keeping their garments clean', 1725. *93*

Erskine, Henry (1746–1817), the leading advocate and most famous Edin-

burgh wit of his generation as well as the chief liberal politician; Dean of Faculty from 1785 till 1796, when the Tories turned him out for his supposed Jacobinism; Lord Advocate for a few months in 1783 and again for a very short time in 1806. He was the third son of the 10th Earl of Buchan and brother of Lord Thomas Erskine and the eccentric 11th Earl of Buchan. Like his brother Thomas he was known as the defender of the poor and the oppressed. In his old age he enjoyed, as he said, *otium cum diggin' a tautie.* *35, 86, 107, 177, 188, 219*

Erskine, Thomas, 1st Baron Erskine (1750–1823), Lord Chancellor of England, 1806; brother of Henry, and like him a great liberal. Five generations of his ancestors were custodians of the heir to the Scottish throne. At first enthusiastic for the French Revolution, he defended Paine in his London trial in 1792. *107, 112*

Erskine, William, Lord Kinneder (1769–1822), judge; elevated to the Scottish Bench in 1822. Son of an Episcopal clergyman in Perthshire. One of Scott's most intimate friends, he shared Sir Walter's early studies in German literature. *37*

Erskine, Sir William, Bart. (d. 1795), lieutenant-general, 1787. His daughter married General Wemyss of Wemyss Castle. *142*

Eskgrove, Lord; Sir David Rae (1724 ?–1804), judge; Lord of Session, 1782, and of Justiciary, 1785; Lord Justice-Clerk, 1799. Had a part in the Sedition Trials of 1793–4. Cockburn's account of him in his *Memorials* is a masterpiece of ludicrous description. *108*

F

Falconer, Bishop William (d. 1787), Bishop (Episcopal) of Moray, 1742; Bishop of Edinburgh, 1776–87. Between 1739 and 1776 no Episcopal bishop was appointed for Edinburgh; it is very likely therefore that this is the bishop whom Mackenzie had in mind. *93*

Falconer, John of Phesdo (d. 1764), advocate; M.P. for Kincardineshire, 1734–41. *54*

Farquhar, Robert (d. 1782), master in the Edinburgh High School, 1752–72. Previously he was at Forres. *22, 33*

Farquhar; two clergymen, of Kildrummy and Hayes, relatives of the master in Edinburgh High School. *33*

Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick (1721–92), field-marshal; took a distinguished part in the Seven Years' War and received the Order of the Garter from George II of England. *141*

Ferguson, Adam (1723–1816), philosopher, historian, man of science. Chaplain to the Black Watch under Sir Robert Munro. Professor at Edinburgh University: of Natural Philosophy, 1759; of Moral Philosophy, 1764; of Mathematics, 1785. Author of *Essay on Civil Society*, 1767; *Institutes of Moral Philosophy*, 1769; *History of . . . the Roman Republic*, 1783, his best-known work; *Principles of Moral and Political Science*, 1792. He was an enthusiastic Highlander and a believer in Macpherson's *Ossian*. *109*

Fergusson, James, of Pitfour (d. 1820), M.P. for Banff, 1789–90, and or Aberdeenshire, 1790–1820. *143*

Fergusson, Robert (1750–74), Edinburgh poet; educated at St. Andrews University. Published pastorals in the *Weekly Magazine*, 1771, and in 1773 a book of *Poems* for which he received £50. He was a member of the convivial Cape Club; as to his dissipation there seems to be some difference of opinion. For a sympathetic study by a critic who knows the period very well see William Roughead's *A Note on Robert Fergusson*, the last essay in a volume entitled *The Riddle of the Ruthvens*, Edinburgh, 1919. Mackenzie's attitude may partly be explained by a poem of Fergusson's entitled *The Sow of Feeling*, a satire on the sentiment of *The Man of Feeling*. *150*

Fielding, Henry (1707–54), author of *Tom Jones*, 1749. *85, 191*

Fitzpatrick, Richard (1747–1813), general, politician, wit; life-long friend of Fox from their school days at Westminster. *134*

Fletcher, Andrew, Lord Milton, q.v. (1692–1766). *126*

Fletcher, Andrew, of Saltoun (1655–1716), Scottish patriot; opposed the Union. He is sometimes given credit for the famous dictum that a nation's ballads are more influential than its laws. *126*

Foote, Samuel (1720–77), actor and dramatist; built the New Haymarket Theatre in London in 1767 and held it until 1777. He brought the company from it to the Edinburgh Theatre in 1770–1 for the winter, the Haymarket having only a summer season. The season was successful, the comedian Woodward making the chief hit, but Foote sold his lease to Digges. He himself had visited Edinburgh earlier as actor in 1759. The characters called Pepper and Plaster occur in his play called *The Bankrupt*. *197*

Forbes, Duncan, of Culloden (1685–1747), statesman and judge; Lord Advocate for Scotland in 1725, and President of the Court of Session from 1737. He was influential for the Hanover interest at the time of the '45 and advocated measures of conciliation, leaving a high reputation for integrity, moderation, and wisdom. *40, 113, 123, 130, 132*

Forbes, 'Jock', of Culloden, son of the Lord President; friend of James Thomson the poet. *40*

Forbes, John, brother of the Lord President, patron of Ramsay and Thomson. *123*

Forbes, Sir William, of Pitsligo, 1st Bart. (1739–1806), the greatest Edinburgh banker of his day, philanthropist, writer. Member of Johnson's Club. Author of *Memoirs of a Banking House*, 1803, and a *Life of Beattie*, 1806. His son married Sir Walter Scott's first love. *77*

Ford, John (fl. 1639), English dramatist; author of *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, 1633. *209*

Fordyce, John, of Ayton, Receiver-General of the Land Tax in Scotland; married in 1767 Catherine Maxwell, elder sister of the Duchess of Gordon. *129*

Fox, Charles James (1749–1806), Whig statesman so much admired by the circle of Jeffrey and Cockburn in Edinburgh that they used to celebrate his birthday with public dinners. His coalition with North took place in April 1783. He attacked Warren Hastings in 1786–7 and opened the Benares charge in 1788. He claimed for the Prince of Wales an inherent right to regency during George III's first 'illness' in 1788–9. *110, 133–5, 144, 146–7, 153*

Fox, Stephen, brother of Charles. *133, 136*

Francis, Sir Philip (1740–1818), English politician. In 1816 John Taylor attempted to identify him with the author of the Junius Letters. *182, 183*

Franklin, Benjamin (1706–90), American statesman; friend of Hume, Smith, Robertson, Strahan. Agent for Pennsylvania in London, 1757–62; again in England, 1764–75. He was given the freedom of the Burgh of Edinburgh in 1759, and was made an honorary member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1783; in 1759 the University of St. Andrews made him a Doctor of Laws. In 1766, in pleading for conciliation with the colonies, he compared their status with that of Scotland before the Union. The war with the colonies seems to have been popular in Scotland at the start except with a few liberals like Henry Erskine. *140, 170*

Fraser, Simon, Master of Lovat (1726–82), supported Prince Charles in 1745, apparently with the consent of his father, Lord Lovat, who wanted friends on both sides. He was pardoned in 1750, and for a time practised as an advocate, being of the counsel for the prosecution in the trial of Stewart of Acharn at Inverary in 1752. He later entered the army, was wounded in the siege of Quebec, raised a regiment for the American War, and rose to the rank of lieutenant-general. *132*

Fraser, William, of Balnain and Aldourie, a cadet of the house of Lovat. His eldest daughter and heiress married Lord Woodhouselee in 1776; hence the change of name from Tytler to Fraser-Tytler. *67*

Fuseli, Henry (1741–1825), artist, native of Zurich; R.A., 1790; Professor of Painting at the Academy in London, 1799–1825. *213*

## G

Garrick, David (1717–79), the greatest actor and manager of his day; made his début in 1741. Travelled in France, 1763–4. Mackenzie met him in 1773, having a letter of introduction from Principal Robertson. His farce of *Bon Ton, or High Life below Stairs*, written in 1775, was first produced in Edinburgh on 16 January 1760; footmen, declaring that they were insulted by the piece, caused a riot; they were evicted, the free gallery for footmen was thereafter closed, and resolutions were passed by various organizations abolishing *vails* (tips). Garrick's last appearance on the stage was in 1776. *17, 178, 191–3, 198, 202, 210*

Gay, John (1685–1732), poet, author of *Fables*, 1727, 1738, and of *The Beggar's Opera*, 1728. After their marriage in 1720 the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry took care of the poet. *123*

George II (1683–1760), ruled from 1727. The rupture with Frederick, Prince of Wales, took place in 1737. The king was personally in command of the British troops at the battle of Dettingen in 1743. *24, 126*

George III (1738–1820), reigned from 1760; at first influenced largely by Bute, who was Secretary of State in 1761 and First Minister in 1762. *227*

George IV (1762–1830), visited Edinburgh in 1822. *13, 82, 134*

Germain, Lord George Sackville, 1st Viscount Sackville (1716–85), known as Lord George Sackville until 1770. Neglected to lead British cavalry in pursuit of the French at the battle of Minden in 1759, and after a trial was dismissed the service. He was Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1775–82. *145–6*

Gessner, Solomon (1730–88), Swiss poet and painter; author of *Idyls*, 1756, 1772. *163–4*

Gibb, James, master in the Edinburgh High School, 1719–59. *34*

Gibbon, musician; Wm. McGibbon (d. 1756). *76, 78, 79*

Gifford, William (1756–1826), Tory editor and satirist; author of *The Baviad*, 1794; editor of the *Quarterly Review*, 1809–24. *37, 158*

Gilchrist, John (d. 1766), master in the Edinburgh High School, 1750–66. *33*

Glenbucket, The Laird of; John Gordon (1676 ?–1750), Jacobite leader, out in 1715 and in 1745. He met Prince Charles at Glenfinnan; commanded a regiment of about two hundred; fought at Clifton Muir, Falkirk, Culloden. In 1746 he was tried *in absentia* at Southwark; his house was burned and his lands forfeited. The Jacobites declared that George II would start from his sleep crying, 'De gread Glenbogged is coming!' He was evidently feeble physically in 1745, but not so harmless as Mackenzie suggests. See *The House of Gordon*, iii, pp. 520–3 (Aberdeen, 1912). *28*

Glenorchy, Lord; John Campbell, Viscount Glenorchy (1738–71), son of the 3rd Earl of Breadalbane (d. 1782), and husband of the pious Lady Glenorchy. He seems to have been an indecorous person. *1*

Glenorchy, Lady; Wilhelmina, *née* Maxwell (d. 1786), daughter of William Maxwell, Esq., of Preston, sister of Lady Sutherland, and stepdaughter of Lord Alva. Unlike her husband she was very pious, and founded a chapel in Edinburgh, *c.* 1775, one of the ministers of which, Dr. T. S. Jones, published an account of her life in 1822. *1*

Goldsmith, Oliver (1728–74), studied medicine at Edinburgh in 1752; author of *The Traveller*, 1764, and *The Deserted Village*, 1770. *164*

Goodall, Walter (1706 ?–66), Scottish historical writer; sub-librarian of the Advocates Library, Edinburgh, 1735. His *Examination of Letters of Mary Stuart*, 1754, is sometimes regarded as the first apology for the Queen. *171*

Gordon, Duke of; Alexander, 4th Duke (1743–1827), husband of Jane, the famous Duchess; called 'the greatest subject in Britain'. *129, 184, 236*

Gordon, Duchess of; Jane, *née* Maxwell (1749 ?–1812), daughter of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith; married the 4th Duke of Gordon in 1767; a leader of society in Edinburgh and London; had a Tory *salon* at her house in Pall Mall, London, 1787–1801; a patron of Burns, who 'swept her off her feet' on his visit to Edinburgh in 1786–7. She was an intimate friend of the Rose family and an admirer of Mackenzie's writings. *93, 111, 115, 129–30*

Gordon, Lord Adam (1726 ?–1801), general; Commander of the Forces in Scotland, 1782–98. He was a son of the 2nd Duke of Gordon. *235, 236*

Gordon, Mr., uncle of Lord Aboyne. *66*

Gordon (Cumming-), Sir William Gordon, 2nd Bart. of Altyre and Gordonstoun (1787–1854), a relative of Mackenzie's by marriage and an intimate friend; his mother and Mackenzie's wife were sisters, daughters of Sir Ludovick Grant of Grant, Bart. *214*

Gordon, William, of Newhall (d. *c.* 1780), an early and intimate friend of Mackenzie; died young. His character is sketched in *Mirror* no. 90, an essay by Lord Abercromby; Mackenzie wrote the epitaph for his tomb at Newhall. His father is the good man described in the concluding verses of Mackenzie's *Pursuits of Happiness*. *189*

Grafton, Duke of; Augustus Henry Fitzroy, 3rd Duke (1735–1811), Secretary of State in 1765; Prime Minister, 1767–8. *182*

Graham or (usually) Graeme, David of Gorthie (1716–98), major-general; said to have been commissioned by Bute to select a consort for George III; brought Queen Charlotte to England and acted for some time as her private secretary; entered Parliament in 1764; lived in George Street, Edinburgh, from 1793. *88*

Graham, Dr. James (1745–94), studied at Edinburgh with Monro *primus*. He had a Temple of Health at London in the Adelphi, moved to Pall Mall in 1781; Emma Lyon (Lady Hamilton) is said to have represented the Goddess of Health. He lectured in Edinburgh in 1783 and was imprisoned for libelling the magistrates. Later he became a religious enthusiast and was confined as a lunatic at Edinburgh. His pamphlets are amusing examples of quack advertising, though a few of his theories are now commonly accepted. A typical title is: *A new and curious treatise of the nature and effects of simple earth, water, and air, when applied to the human body: how to live for many weeks, months, or years, without Eating any Thing whatever: with the extraordinary histories of Many Persons, Male and Female, who have so subsisted. To which is added, an appendix, containing pathetic remonstrances and advices to young persons, and to old men, against the abuse of Certain debilitating and degrading Pleasures*, London, 1793. His favourite remedies in 1781–2 were (1) electrical æther or aromatic smelling-bottle, (2) nervous æthereal balsam, (3) imperial electrical pills, (4) liquid amber or preventive lotion, (5) British pills, (6) the bracing balsam or restorative balmy essence. *217*

Graham, Major, of Edinburgh Castle. *222*

Grahame, James (1765–1811), Episcopal clergyman, poet; author of *The Sabbath*, 1804; satirized by Byron. *37*

Grant, Sir Archibald of Monymusk, 3rd Bart. (1734–96), or Sir Archibald Grant of Monymusk, 2nd Bart. (1696–1778), both of whom Mackenzie doubtless knew. *78, 197*

Grant, Colquhoun (d. 1792), Jacobite; distinguished for bravery at Prestonpans, 1745, and one of Prince Charles's life guards at Culloden, 1746. Later a Writer to the Signet, sometimes conducting cases in London, where his pronunciation of English did not meet with approval. Once when he had been speaking at some length, Thurlow interrupted him to say, 'Mr. Col-co-hon, I will thank you to give that paper to the clerk, as I do not understand Welsh'. *25, 26*

Grant, Dr. Donald (d. 1809), clergyman, educated in Edinburgh; lived in London; D.D. Edinburgh, 1775; founder of the Grant Bursaries. His letters to Mackenzie from London prove him a shrewd, witty, and amiable man. *36, 153, 154*

Grant, General; perhaps General James Grant of Ballindalloch (1720–1806), served in the Low Countries and in America; Governor of Dumbarton Castle and of Stirling; a *bon vivant* on familiar terms with Melville and Pitt. There was also a General Sir Colquhoun Grant (1764?–1835), who led a hussar brigade at Waterloo. *92*

Grant, Sir James, of Grant, 7th Bart. (1738–1811), known as 'the good Sir James'; chief of Clan Grant; brother-in-law to Henry Mackenzie. Educated at Westminster and Cambridge, he succeeded to his title in 1773, entered Parliament, supported Pitt, and was appointed General Cashier of the Excise for Scotland in 1795. He had a town house in Edinburgh. *8, 17, 36, 246*

Grant, Lewis Alexander (1767–1840), son of the 'good Sir James'. His education was supervised more or less by his uncle, Henry Mackenzie; he was educated for the law at Edinburgh and Oxford; entered Parliament with brilliant promise, but had to retire on account of health. He succeeded to the title and estates of Grant in 1811, and in the same year became the 5th Earl of Seafield with the name of Ogilvie-Grant, but his affairs had to be managed by a brother who succeeded him on his death. *36*

Grant, Sir Ludovick, of Grant, 6th Bart. (1707–73), succeeded in 1747; Mackenzie's father-in-law. His second wife was Lady Margaret Ogilvie, eldest daughter of James, Earl of Findlater and Seafield, and his Countess, Lady Elizabeth Hay, daughter of the Earl of Kinnoul. As the acting-chief of his clan he showed a rather tepid loyalty to the Hanoverian interest in 1745, though Colquhoun Grant, Grant of Corriemonie, and other members of the clan fought for Prince Charles. Mackenzie married this Baronet's daughter Penuel in 1776. *130*

Grant, William, of Congalton (d. 1821), admitted to the Faculty of Advocates in 1773. *36*

Gray, Mr., of the Iron Mill near Dalkeith. *221*

Gray, Thomas (1716–71), author of the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, 1757. He visited Edinburgh in 1765, and with fine loyalty to Matthew Arnold ' never spoke out '. *40, 158, 164, 167*

Grenville, George (1712–70), statesman ; held positions in the ministries of the elder Pitt and Bute. In 1763 he became First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer ; the Isle of Man was purchased in 1765 under his ministry, and the unfortunate Stamp Act was passed the same year. *4*

Grenville, Lord ; William Wyndham, Baron Grenville (1759–1834), head of the ministry of the Talents, 1806–7, which abolished the slave trade. Thomas and Henry Erskine held positions in this ministry. *133*

Gresset, Jean-Baptiste Louis (1709–77), French poet and dramatist. *201*

Greuze, Jean-Baptiste (1725–1805), French *genre*-painter. *157*

Grey of Rogart, a Jacobite. *28*

Grey, de, William, 1st Baron Walsingham (1719–81), English judge ; Chief Justice of Common Pleas, 1771–80. *108, 112*

Grimm, Friedrich Melchior, Baron von Grimm (1723–1807), author of *Correspondance littéraire, philosophique et critique*, 1812–14, a book which interested Mackenzie greatly. *198*

Gunn, Donald, freebooter of Inverness-shire, lived in the early part of the eighteenth century. Scott refers to him in a note on *The Lady of the Lake* as John Gunn, but in a letter to Mackenzie regarding the *Anecdotes* he calls him Donald Gunn. He was probably thinking of a Donald Gunn who defeated part of Clan Campbell in 1589 and had adventures with the Sinclairs. See T. Sinclair, *The Gunns*. *225*

Gustavus III of Sweden (1746–92), assassinated by Anckerström. *231*

## H

Haddington, Lord ; the one living when Mackenzie wrote the *Anecdotes* was Charles Hamilton, 8th Earl (1753–1828), son of Thomas, 7th Earl (d. 1794), and grandson of Charles, Lord Binning (1697–1732). *77, 121*

Haddington, Dowager Lady ; probably the widow of the 6th Earl. *87*

Hailes, Lord ; Sir David Dalrymple (1726–92), judge and historian ; Lord of Session, 1766, and Judge of the Criminal Court, 1776 ; author of the still valuable *Annals of Scotland*, 1776. He was one of the best-educated men in Scotland, having studied at Eton and Utrecht, and was a friend of Dr. Johnson. He contributed to the *Mirror* and assisted Bishop Percy in collecting ballads. *144, 197*

Hall, Sir James (1761–1832), geologist and chemist ; President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh,—succeeded by Scott. *245*

Hamilton, Duke of ; James, 6th Duke (1724–58). *79*

Hamilton, ' the beautiful Duchess of ' ; Elizabeth, *née* Gunning (1734–90), married the 6th Duke in 1752. *212*

Hamilton, Duke of ; James George, 7th Duke (1755–69), claimant in the

Douglas Cause. The 6th Duke, James, died in 1758; the 8th Duke, Douglas, died in 1799. *115*

Hamilton, Gavin (1730–97), Scottish painter. *212*

Hamilton, Mr., a schoolmate of Napoleon. *238*

Hamilton and Balfour, Edinburgh booksellers. *180*

Hamilton, Mr., perhaps James (d. 1783), lieutenant-governor of Pennsylvania, 1748–54 and 1759–63. *182*

Hamilton, Sir William, 3rd Bart. (1788–1856), metaphysician. Professor of Civil History at Edinburgh University, 1821; Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, 1836. *37*

Hardwicke, Lord; Philip Yorke, 1st Earl of Hardwicke (1690–1764), Lord Chancellor of England, 1737. He was present as Lord High Steward at trials of the Jacobite lords after the '45, and favoured severe measures in Scotland, such as proscription of the tartan and abolition of heritable jurisdictions. *28, 112*

Harper, Mr., Episcopalian clergyman in Edinburgh. *94*

Harris, Thomas (d. 1820), proprietor and manager of Covent Garden Theatre. *208*

Hartley, David, the younger (1732–1813), statesman and inventor. He opposed the war with the American colonies and the slave trade; with Franklin he drew up and signed the treaty between Great Britain and the United States in 1783. *139, 140*

Hastings, Warren (1732–1818), Governor-General of India, 1773. He was impeached and tried on the grounds of corruption and cruelty, 1788–95, and acquitted after a trial of 145 days, during which the Whig leaders made severe attacks. Mackenzie thought Hastings ill-used. *153, 205*

Havard, William (1710 ?–78), actor and dramatist. *192*

Hawley, General Henry (1679 ?–1759), Hanoverian general in the '45; defeated at Falkirk; commanded cavalry at Culloden; his severe measures after the war gave him the title of 'Chief-Justice'. *26, 27*

Hay, Charles, Lord Newton (1747–1811), 'the mighty Goth'; a Whig elevated to the Scottish Bench in 1806 by the ministry of the Talents. Cockburn says that he was famous for 'law, paunch, whist, claret, and worth'. A fine portrait by Raeburn is in the National Gallery at Edinburgh. *86*

Hay, Dr. James, of Haystoun (1725–1810), served as surgeon in Flanders, *c.* 1745; interested in Scottish agriculture. *10*

Hayley, William (1745–1820), poet; author of *The Triumphs of Temper*, 1781. *167*

Henderson, John (1747–85), actor; played at Edinburgh. *165*

Henderson, Matthew, of Tannochside (1737–88), whom Boswell thought 'very happy in uncommon wild sallies', an Edinburgh *bon vivant*. Burns wrote an *Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson, a gentleman who held the patent for his honors immediately from Almighty God*. *1*

Henderson, William, librarian of Edinburgh University, 1667–85. In his *Story of Edinburgh University*, 1884, Sir Alexander Grant states that before the appointment of Henderson and after 1635 there were some ten librarians; he does not state who was librarian in Cromwell's time. *34, 35*

Henry, Dr. Robert (1718–90), historian and clergyman; author of a *History of England*, 1771–93. *227*

Herschel, Sir William (1738–1822), astronomer. *227*

Hertford, Lord; Francis Seymour Conway, Earl and Marquis of Hertford and 2nd Baron Conway (1719–94), British ambassador to France, 1763–5; Hume was one of his secretaries. *172*

Hill, Aaron (1685–1750), sentimental dramatist; author of an adaptation entitled *Zara*, 1736. *200*

Hill, Dr. John (d. 1805), Professor of Humanity at Edinburgh University, 1775–1805, at first as Joint Professor; previously Professor at St. Andrews. His *Life of Dr. Hugh Blair*, 1807, contains some information on his period. *177, 178*

Hogarth, William (1697–1764), painter and engraver; etched the famous portrait of Lord Lovat in 1746. *131*

Home, John (1722–1808), author of the most popular romantic tragedy written in Britain during the eighteenth century, *Douglas*. He was a volunteer on the Hanoverian side in the '45, captured at Falkirk. In 1747 he became parish minister of Athelstaneford, resigning in 1757 because of scandal occasioned by a clergyman's writing a play. *Douglas* had its first performance in Edinburgh on 14 December 1756; for a pretty full account, see J. C. Dibdin, *The Annals of the Edinburgh Stage*, 1888, chapter VI. Home became private secretary to the Earl of Bute and tutor to the Prince of Wales, later George III, spending a considerable part of every year in London, where a number of other less successful plays were produced. His journey to Bath with the dying Hume took place in 1776. He settled in Edinburgh in 1779, having a pension from the king. His *History of the Rebellion in the Year 1745* was published in 1802, and his *Works* in three volumes, with a Life by Mackenzie, were issued in 1822. He seems to have been a charming, affectionate child all his life. *23, 32, 166, 169*

Home, Mrs., of Billy or Billie; perhaps Margaret, eldest daughter of George Home of Wedderburn, who married Ninian Home of Billie in 1732. *7, 8*

Hope, Charles, Lord Granton (1763–1851), judge; Lord President of the Court of Session, 1811–41; Lieut.-Col. of the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers, 1801; great-grandson of the 1st Earl of Hopetoun. *223*

Hope, General; probably Sir John Hope (1765–1836), brother of Charles Hope; Assistant Adjutant-General for Scotland, 1804. There was also a General Sir Alexander Hope (1769–1837), who was Lieutenant-Governor of Edinburgh Castle, 1798, and Assistant Adjutant-General of the Eastern District, 1798–9; and a General John Hope (1765–1823), the 4th Earl of Hopetoun. *222*

Hope, James (1769–1842), a Writer to the Signet; third son of Dr. John Hope, a well-known physician. *223*

Hope, John (1794–1858), advocate and judge, son of the Lord President; Solicitor-General for Scotland, 1822–30; Dean of Faculty, 1830; Lord Justice-Clerk, 1841–58. *37*

Hope, Sir Thomas, of Rankeillor, 8th Bart. (d. 1771), a member of the last Scottish Parliament; drained the Meadows at Edinburgh. *44*

Hume, Andrew, an officer of Excise. *227*

Hume, David (1711–76), philosopher and historian. His works include *A Treatise of Human Nature*, 1739 (anon.); *Essays Moral and Political*, 1741–2; *Philosophical Essays*, 1748; *Enquiry concerning Principles of Morals*, 1751; *Political Discourses*, 1752; *History of England*, 1754–61. At one time Mackenzie planned to continue the *History*. Hume studied law; was in France 1734–7; was unsuccessful candidate for the chair of Ethics at Edinburgh in 1745; Keeper of the Advocates Library, 1752–7; Secretary to Embassy at Paris in 1765, and for a short time Chargé d'Affaires; brought home Rousseau and procured a pension for him in 1766; returned to Edinburgh in 1769 and lived there until his death. It was during these latter years that Mackenzie must have served as a 'literary page', when Hume filled the literary scene at Edinburgh as no other man except Sir Walter Scott has ever done. *169–72, 176*

Hume, Baron David (1757–1838), nephew of the philosopher, a judge and legal writer. He was Professor of Scots Law in the University of Edinburgh, 1786; Clerk to the Court of Session, 1811; Baron of Exchequer, 1822. He contributed to the *Mirror* and *Lounger*. If the Whigs are to be believed, he was the most bigoted and violent Tory in Edinburgh at the time of the French Revolution. He was an intimate friend of Scott. *170, 171*

Hume, George, of Wedderburn, a Principal Clerk of Session; this is probably the man mentioned as a friend of the first Lord Melville; in that day no man was made a Principal Clerk of anything in Scotland who was not a friend of Lord Melville. *144*

Hume, Lady Eleanor; probably Elizabeth Eleanora, daughter of Alexander, 9th Earl of Home; she died in 1837, having married General Thomas Dundas in 1784. *212*

Hunt, Leigh (1784–1859), essayist and radical journalist; editor of the *Examiner*, 1808, which he edited in prison after a trial in 1813. At an earlier trial in 1811 he was acquitted. *107*

Hunter, Dr. Andrew (d. 1809), minister of Tron Church from 1786 and Professor of Divinity in same year; Moderator of the Church of Scotland, 1792. He was a Highflyer. *36*

Hunter, Dr. Henry (1741–1802), author of *Sacred Biography, or the History of the Patriarchs and of Jesus Christ*, 1783, which, in spite of Mackenzie's opinion, enjoyed a seventh edition by 1814. He translated Lavater's

*Physiognomy*, 1789–98, bringing it out in a sumptuous edition that cost thirty pounds the copy. *175*

Hunter, Robert, Professor of Greek in Edinburgh University, 1741–72. *38*

Hutton, Dr. James (1726–97), called by Scottish writers the founder of the science of geology; he settled in Edinburgh in 1768. *220*

I

Idle, John (d. 1755), Chief Baron of the Scottish Exchequer, 1741–55; he was followed by Mackenzie's friend Robert Ord. *104, 105*

Inglis, George, of Redhall and Auchindinny (1711–85), King's Attorney in Exchequer from 1756. Mackenzie was apprenticed to him in 1761 and took over his Crown practice in 1773. *186, 187*

Inglis, Sir Patrick, of Cramond, 5th Bart. (d. 1817), wealthy merchant; succeeded to his brother's title in 1799. *194*

Ireland, William Henry (1777–1835), forger of Shakespearian manuscripts. His pseudo-Shakespearian play of *Vortigern and Rowena* was produced by Sheridan at Drury Lane in 1796; on the failure of the play he avowed his fraud. His father, Samuel (d. 1800), was an author and engraver. *139*

Irvine, Alexander, Professor of Civil Law in Edinburgh University, 1800–26; elevated to the Bench as Lord Newton in 1826. Not to be confused with the more famous Lord Newton, Charles Hay, 'the mighty Goth'. *37*

J

James VI of Scotland and I of England (1566–1625), son of Queen Mary and Darnley. *43, 115*

Jamesone, George (1588?–1644), Scottish portrait painter, perhaps a student under Rubens. *211*

Jeffrey, Francis, Lord Jeffrey (1773–1850), critic, editor, politician, judge; a founder of the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802 and its editor from 1803 until 1829, when he was elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates; Lord Advocate, 1830–4, and Judge of the Court of Session, 1834–50. He was the leader of the brilliant Whig circle at Edinburgh, though his father was a Tory. He visited New York in 1813 to marry his second wife, Miss Charlotte Wilkes, grand-niece of John Wilkes, the English Radical. Lord Mackenzie, Henry Mackenzie's eldest son, was his neighbour and intimate friend though a Tory. Characteristic of his generosity was an offer to Thomas Carlyle in 1830 of an annual gift of £200. *37, 201*

Jodrell, Richard Paul (1745–1831), classical scholar and dramatist. This may be the person who visited Edinburgh with Topham in 1774–5. *219*

Johnson, Dr. Samuel (1709–84), pensioned by Lord Bute in 1762; met Boswell in May 1763; travelled with him in Scotland, 1773; published *Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland*, 1775. Mackenzie first met him in 1773. *11, 152, 168, 174, 181, 184, 189, 191, 219*

Jonson, Ben (1573?–1637), went on foot to Scotland in 1618–19; was

made a burgess of Edinburgh, and was entertained by Drummond of Hawthornden. *154*

Junius, author of political letters published 1769–72 in *The Public Advertiser*. The *Dictionary of National Biography* thinks Sir Philip Francis the most likely person to receive the doubtful honour of identification with this mighty shade. *182*

## K

Kames, Lord; Henry Home (1696–1782), judge and essayist; Lord of Session from 1752. Author of *Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion*, 1751, which strangely brought on a charge against the elder of heresy; *Elements of Criticism*, 1762, an influential work; *Sketches of the History of Man*, 1774; *The Gentleman Farmer*, 1776. A hard, inquisitive, zestful man with a malicious sense of humour, he gives the impression of great vitality and power in his writings and in the splendid portrait by Martin, one of the masterpieces of the National Portrait Gallery at Edinburgh. He was an intimate friend of Mackenzie's maternal grandfather. *77, 111*

Kay, John (1742–1826), miniature painter and caricaturist. Enrolled in the Society of Surgeon-Barbers of Edinburgh in 1771 he worked at that craft until 1786. Nisbet of Dirleton left him an annuity. In all he etched about nine hundred plates. After his death the *Original Portraits* were issued in monthly parts, 1837–8, the complete work in two volumes containing 361 portraits; there was a reissue in 1877, after which the plates were destroyed. The portraits are rather wooden, but the letterpress is valuable for biographical information, as the present editor can testify. For an informing essay on Kay and his work see W. Forbes Gray, *An Edinburgh Miscellany*, 1925. *128*

Kelly or Kellie, Lord; Thomas Alexander Erskine, 6th Earl of Kellie (1732–81), talented amateur musician; studied in Germany with Stamitz and others, composed dance-music, was prominent in the Edinburgh Concert. Head of a club called the Beggar's Benison. His mother was a daughter of Dr. Alexander Pitcairne, some of whose wit and love of wine he seems to have inherited. *81, 86, 96, 176, 177, 178*

Kemble, John Philip (1757–1823), actor, brother of Mrs. Siddons. At Drury Lane, 1783–1802; as manager from 1788 began to dress characters unconventionally. Acted in Ireland's *Vortigern*, 1796. Manager of Covent Garden, 1803–8. Acted in Edinburgh for first time in 1781, last in 1817. A friend of Scott. *139, 198, 206, 210*

Kerr, James, of Boughtrigg or Bughtridge (d. 1765), Edinburgh jeweller; M.P. for Edinburgh, 1747–54. *105*

Kerr, the Rev. Mr.; probably John Kerr, minister, who was living in Panmure's Close in 1774. No sermons by such a person are to be found in the Edinburgh University or National Library. *186*

Kerr, Lord Mark (d. 1752), held rank of General from 1743; a son of the 1st Marquis of Lothian. *119–20*

Kerr, Mr., Edinburgh printer. *180*

Kincaid, Alexander (d. 1777), Provost of Edinburgh, 1776. *180, 181*

King of Prussia; probably Frederick the Great (1712–86). *227*

King, Thomas (1730–1805), comedian and dramatist; the original Sir Peter Teazle; first played in Edinburgh in 1789. *198, 199*

Kitchiner, Dr. William (1775 ?–1827), took his medical degree at Glasgow; author of *Apicius Redivivus, or the Cook's Oracle*, 1817, which reached a tenth edition in ten years. *2*

## L

Laing, Malcolm (1762–1818), lawyer, historian, antiquary; M.P. for Orkney and Shetland, 1807–12. Author of a *History of Scotland*, 1802. Attacked Macpherson in *The Poems of Ossian, with Notes and Illustrations*, 1805. *13, 37*

Lamotte, Edinburgh dancing-master. *74*

Lane, Lady Bridget, *née* Henley (d. 1796), wit, friend of Horace Walpole; daughter of the 1st Earl of Northington; married first the Hon. Robert Lane, son of Lord Bingley, in 1761. In 1773 she married the Hon. John Tollemache, a younger son of the 4th Earl of Dysart. *177, 190*

Langhorne, John (1735–79), poet; commenced writing for the *Monthly Review* in 1764. *165*

Lant, Matthew (d. 1741), judge; Baron of the Scottish Exchequer, 1724, in place of Scrope; Chief Baron, 1726–41, following J. Smith. *104*

Lascelles, Major-General Francis, husband of Ann Catley, the vocalist. *209*

Lauderdale, Lord; James Maitland, 7th Earl of Lauderdale (d. 1789), succeeded 1744. In 1749 he married Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Lombe, a London Alderman. *111*

Lawrence, Sir Thomas (1769–1830), painter; P.R.A., 1820. He is said to have advised Raeburn not to settle in London. *213*

Lee, John, came from Drury Lane to manage the Edinburgh Theatre, 1752–4. In 1754 he assigned the Theatre to a group of gentlemen including Lord Elibank, Lord Alemoor, and Lord Monboddo. *196*

Lee, John (1733–93), barrister and politician; perhaps the one mentioned by Mackenzie as wishing to meet Mrs. Siddons. *193*

Lee, Nathaniel (1653 ?–92), dramatist. *203, 243*

Lees, Rector John (d. 1766), Rector of the Edinburgh High School, 1735–59. *33*

Legge, George, 3rd Earl of Dartmouth (1755–1810), statesman; entered Parliament in 1778. Dartmouth College in America is named for his father. *197*

Lennox, Colonel; Charles Lennox, 4th Duke of Richmond (1764–1819), married in 1789 Charlotte, daughter of the famous Duchess of Gordon. *130*

Le Sage, Alain René (1668–1747), French novelist and dramatist. *244*

Lewis, Matthew Gregory, 'Monk' (1775–1818), novelist and dramatist; made famous by the publication in 1795 of *The Monk*, a romance. His

*Castle Spectre* was brought out at Drury Lane in 1798, and that season was performed 47 times in London and 12 times in Edinburgh, a great run. *139*

Leyden, John (1775–1811), poet, physician, orientalist. Met Mackenzie about 1800 and consulted him regarding his literary ventures; dedicated a poem to one of Mackenzie's daughters. His *Scenes of Infancy* was published in 1803, shortly after he had left Edinburgh for India. 'His first appearance was somewhat appalling to persons of low animal spirits', says a critic in *The Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1811. *161*

Lind, Dr. James (1736–1812), an Edinburgh physician interested in astronomy; F.R.S. 1777. *220*

Liston, Sir Robert (1742–1836), diplomat; Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington, 1796–1802; envoy to Sweden, 1788–93. One of Mackenzie's most intimate friends from school days. He had an estate at Millburn Tower near Edinburgh. *36, 230, 231, 240*

Lochiel; Donald Cameron (1695 ?–1748), leader of his clan in the '45. He had urged Charles not to come without French troops. On the way to answer the Prince's summons in August 1745 he called at the house of his brother, John Cameron of Fasselfern, who urged him not to go personally but to write to the Prince, adding, 'If this Prince once sets his eyes upon you, he will make you do whatever he pleases'. Wounded at Falkirk and at Culloden, Lochiel escaped to France, where he commanded a regiment in the French service. His brother, Dr. Archibald Cameron, was executed in 1753. See Scott's Introduction to *Redgauntlet*. *31*

Lockhart, George, of Carnwath (d. 1764), a laird. *84*

Logan, John (1748–88), clergyman, pamphleteer, poet. Educated in Edinburgh University, he was tutor to Sir John Sinclair and then settled in South Leith in 1773 as parish minister, having brought out a volume of the poems of Michael Bruce (q.v.) in 1770. His *Runnimede* was refused a London performance in 1783, having in it 'too much about liberty', as the Chamberlain thought; it was acted in Edinburgh, but was found to have too little of any other merit. Logan went to London in 1785, where he managed the *English Review*; previously he had published in 1781–2 a volume of *Poems* which may have been his. In 1788 he published as the work of one Dr. Rutherford a *View of Ancient History*. His *Review of the Principal Charges against Mr. Hastings*, published anonymously in 1788, brought about the trial of his publisher Stockdale, who was acquitted. His *Sermons* bear the date 1790–1. His letters to Mackenzie from London show him a sharp, envious, rather clever man, and an unpleasant one. *98, 152–4*

Loudon, Lady; Flora Muir Campbell, Countess of Loudon (d. 1840), daughter of the 5th Earl of Loudon; married in 1804 the 1st Marquis of Hastings, Lord Moira. Her mother, a friend of Mackenzie's youth, was Flora, eldest daughter of John Macleod of Rasay. *223*

Loughborough, Lord; Alexander Wedderburn, 1st Baron Loughborough and 1st Earl of Rosslyn (1733–1805), Lord Chancellor of England, 1793–1801. *112*

Louis XIV of France (1638–1715). *201*

Lovat, Lady; Primrose, *née* Campbell (1710–96), married Lord Lovat in 1733. The poisoning of her companion, the Hon. Mrs. Elphinstone, took place in 1784; the incident of the fire in 1791. There is an account of her in R. Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh*, 1825. *130–2*

Lovat, Lord; Simon Fraser, 12th Baron Lovat (1667 ?–1747), chief of his clan; executed for treason in the '45; one of the most picturesque scoundrels in Scottish history. Mackenzie was descended from a Fraser of Lovat; his mother's family had intermarried with the Frasers; and the 12th Baron himself had taken for his first wife a Grant of Grant, the family of Mackenzie's wife. *130–2*

Lyttelton, Lord; George, 1st Baron Lyttelton (1709–73), statesman and man of letters, known as 'the good Lord Lyttelton'. Politically he was a member of the Cousinhood: G. Grenville and the Earl Temple were his cousins, and Pitt married one of his cousins. He was a friend of Pope, Thomson, Fielding (who dedicated *Tom Jones* to him), and Shenstone (his neighbour); Smollett satirized him as Gosling Scrag in *Peregrine Pickle*, and Johnson disliked him. His principal poem is the *Monody on the Death of his Wife*, 1747; the *Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul* was published the same year. He married a second time, unhappily, another Lucy, the daughter of Baron Aylmer; his first wife was Lucy Fortescue. *155–6*

M

Macadam or McAdam, John Loudon (1756–1836), road-builder. *51*

Macdonald, Andrew (1755 ?–1790), dramatist. The son of a Leith gardener, he was educated at Edinburgh for the ministry, but moved to London. His *Vimonda* was produced at the Haymarket in 1787, published in 1788, and first presented in Edinburgh on 4 May 1789. *206*

McDougall, A., possessor of an uncommon nose. *137*

Mackenzie, Lieut. Henry (d. 1743), grandfather of the Man of Feeling; stationed at Edinburgh Castle. *29*

Mackenzie, Henry (1745–1831), son of Dr. Joshua M. of Edinburgh and of Margaret Rose M., daughter of Hugh Rose, 16th baron of Kilravock. Born at Edinburgh, 6 August (n.s.) 1745. Educated at the High School, 1753–7, and at the University of Edinburgh, his name appearing on the lists of matriculation, 1758–61. Apprenticed attorney to Geo. Inglis of Redhall and Auchindinny, 1761; continued legal studies in London, 1765–8 (?); in latter year was practising law in the Scottish Court of Exchequer. Met Dr. Johnson in the autumn of 1773. Married on 6 January 1776 Penuel, daughter of Sir Ludovick Grant of Grant, Bart., by whom he had fourteen children, the eldest a Senator of the College of Justice with the title of Lord Mackenzie. Helped found the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1783, and the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland in 1784. Wrote pamphlets and letters in support of Pitt's Government from 1791. Made Comptroller of Taxes for Scotland in 1799 and held the office till his death. Rented

Auchindinny House, 1795–1807. Helped found the Friday Club in 1803. A patentee of the Edinburgh Theatre, 1809. Poet Laureate of the Gowk Club, 1822. Died in Edinburgh, 14 January 1831. Among his compositions are: Poems contributed to the *Scots Magazine*, November 1763–March 1765; the *Man of Feeling*, 1771; *The Pursuits of Happiness*, 1771; *The Man of the World*, 1773; *The Prince of Tunis*, 1773; *The Spanish Father*, written *c.* 1775; *Julia de Roubigné*, 1777; contributions to the *Mirror*, 1779–80, and the *Lounger*, 1785–7, both of which he edited; *Account of the German Theatre*, read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, 1788; *A Review of the Principal Proceedings of the Parliament of 1784*, 1792; *Letters of Brutus*, 1791, 1793; *Account of Dr. Blacklock*, 1793; *Account of Lord Abercromby*, read 1796; *A Short Account of... William Tytler, Esq.*, read 1796; *Report of the Committee of the Highland Society of Scotland appointed to inquire into the Nature and Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian*, 1805; *Works*, in 8 vols., 1808; edition of John Home's *Works*, with a *Life*, 1822; wrote his *Anecdotes and Egotisms*, *c.* 1824–6. *184–90, 207–9*

Mackenzie, Hugh (1783–1814), son of Henry Mackenzie; a London barrister. *38*

Mackenzie, John, of Delvine (d. 1778), Writer to the Signet and a Principal Clerk of Session; Henry Mackenzie's legal patron. His nephew John married Alice, daughter of Chief Baron Ord. *17, 113, 174, 187*

Mackenzie, Dr. Joshua (1714–1800), father of the Man of Feeling; married Margaret Rose of Kilravock in 1744. *194, 228*

Mackenzie, Lieut.-Colonel William Gordon (1785–1842), son of the Man of Feeling; distinguished himself in the East India Service. *16*

Mackie, Charles, Professor of History in Edinburgh University, 1719–65; he was a nephew of Principal Carstairs. His Chair of Universal Civil History was later held by Lord Woodhouselee and Sir William Hamilton. *28*

McKenzie, Captain Roderick, second son of the 2nd Earl of Cromartie; served in the Navy; was at Gibraltar in 1726; later got a captaincy of foot, 1740; served in Flanders, 1745. *119–20*

McIntosh, Lady Anne, of Mackintosh, wife of the 22nd Mackintosh, raised her clan for the Prince in 1745, her husband being out of the country and in the English service. The Prince arrived at Moy on 16 February 1746. There is evidence for the rout of Moy: see C. S. Terry, *The Forty-Five*, Cambridge, 1922, pp. 112–13. Mackenzie's grandfather was not so zealous a Whig as the grandson sometimes called him. Lady Mackintosh had been arrested but released after Culloden; why should Mr. Rose of Kilravock recall old embarrassments of a gallant lady? *27*

McIntosh, Sir James (1765–1832), philosopher and essayist; received a medical diploma at Edinburgh in 1787. *36, 37*

McIntosh, William, of Borlum (1662–1743), known as Brigadier Borlum, a dashing soldier who led his clan out in 1715. He escaped to France

in 1716, returned about 1719, was captured, and imprisoned for life in Edinburgh Castle. *32*

Macklin, Charles (1697 ?–1797), actor, manager, dramatist. In his farce of *Love à la Mode*, 1759, appears the Scottish character of Sir Archie MacSarcasm; in his comedy *The Man of the World*, 1781 (the title was borrowed from a novel by Mackenzie), are to be found Sir Pertinax MacSycophant and Lady Rodolpha Lumbercourt. All three are treated with lively satire. Sir Pertinax recommends by example 'an amiable reesibility of aspect'. *15, 133*

McLean, Col. Lauchlin or Laughlin or Lachlan (1727 ?–77 ?), mentioned as possible author of the Junius Letters. Sir David Brewster's closely reasoned account is found in the *North British Review*, vol. x, pp. 130–42, and vol. xix, pp. 517–18; it may be summarized as follows: McLean was born in County Antrim, Ireland, the son of a non-juring Scottish clergyman; educated at Trinity College, Dublin, a contemporary of Burke and Goldsmith; M.D. Edinburgh, 1755; surgeon in Otway's regiment; at siege of Quebec, 1759; perhaps a physician in Philadelphia from about 1762; came to England on same ship with Col. Barré, who also had served at Quebec, and by him was introduced to Lord Shelburne; Under-Secretary of State for Southern Division in 1767 under Shelburne, who resigned his portfolio in October 1768; M.P., 1768–71; accepted appointment from North as early as May 1771; to India in 1773 with an appointment worth £5,000 per annum and the rank of Lieut.-Colonel; friend of Warren Hastings and agent (with Macpherson) for the Nabob of Arcot; in England in 1775, but returned to India in 1777; late in that year while on the way to England was lost on the *Swallow* packet after sailing from the Cape of Good Hope. Brewster thought that the genuine letters of Junius, 71 in number, must be limited to those dated 2 January 1768 to 21 January 1772. Mackenzie's account is inaccurate; for instance, he says that McLean was lost on the *Aurora*, which, as a matter of fact, went down in the winter of 1769–70. Other variations from Brewster's account will be found in Mrs. [M. M. Brewster] Gordon's *The Home Life of Sir David Brewster*, Edinburgh, 1869; Chapter viii. *182–3, 204*

McMillan, Alexander, of Dunmore (d. 1770), a Writer to the Signet. *126*

McNamara, perhaps James (1768–1826), a Rear-Admiral. *143*

Mcpherson, Ewen, of Cluny (d. 1756), Jacobite; fled to France in 1755 and died at Dunkirk. See *Waverley*. *13*

Mcpherson, James (1736–96), alleged translator of the Ossianic poems, which included *Fragments of Ancient Poetry collected in the Highlands*, 1760; *Fingal*, an epic, 1762; and *Temora*, 1763. He went to London and increased in wealth, though his talents, as Johnson observed, were not very formidable. After his death a Committee of the Highland Society of Scotland, headed by Henry Mackenzie, investigated the authenticity of Macpherson's translations and issued a valuable *Report* in 1805. One of his tasks in London was the defence of North's American policy, in which he had a co-labourer in the person of Dr. Johnson; we are not told that consultations were found necessary. *13, 182, 246*

Mcpherson, perhaps John, a teacher of music in Edinburgh. According to Dibdin, a Mr. Macpherson gave a concert in the Assembly Hall in February 1754. The Edinburgh Directory for 1774–5 names a John Macpherson, musician. *23, 78*

McPherson, Sir John (1745–1821), Governor-General of India, 1785–6. He was educated at Edinburgh University, and was well known in Mackenzie's circle. *129*

Magee, Dr. William (1766–1831), Archbishop of Dublin, 1822–31. *228*

Manchester, the Duke of; William Montagu, 5th Duke (1771–1843), married Lady Susan, third daughter of the Duchess of Gordon, in 1793. *130*

Mansfield, Lord; Sir James Mansfield (1733–1821), Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas, 1804. *111, 112*

Marlborough, Duke of; John Churchill, 1st Duke (1650–1722), the famous general. *242*

Marshal or Marischal, Lord; George Keith, 10th Earl (d. 1778), succeeded 1712. *143*

Mary, Queen of Scots (1542–87). *54, 171*

Mason, William (1724–97), poet; author of *Odes*, 1756, and *Elegies*, 1762. *158, 167*

Massinger, Philip (1583–1640), dramatist. *206–7*

Masterton, Colonel, of Newton, was defeated for re-election to Parliament from the Dunfermline district of burghs in a noted contest of 1774. *142*

Maxwell, Sir William, of Monreith (d. 1771), father of the Duchess of Gordon. *129*

Meadowbank, Lord; Allan Maconochie (1748–1816), judge; Professor of Public Law, 1779–96; elevated to the Bench, 1796. His son Alexander was made a judge in 1819. *38*

Medina, Sir John Baptist (1659–1710), painter. Born at Brussels; came to Scotland about 1688. *211*

Melville, General Robert (1723–1809), soldier and antiquary. *218–19*

Melville, Lord; see Henry Dundas.

Mercier, Louis Sébastien (1740–1814), French dramatist. *154*

Mill, an English actor. *15*

Milton, John (1608–74), poet. *174*

Milton, Lord; Andrew Fletcher (1692–1766), judge; elevated to the Bench in 1724; presided at trial of Porteous, 1736. Nephew of Fletcher of Saltoun. A political ally of the Argylls and of Bute. *126*

Minto, Lord; Sir Gilbert Elliot, 2nd Bart. (1693–1766), Lord of Justiciary, 1733–66, and Justice Clerk, 1763–6. His father, the 1st Bart., was also a judge with the same title. *50*

Mitchelson, Samuel, of Clermiston (d. 1793), a Writer to the Signet. The haggis scene in *Humphrey Clinker* is said to have been laid in his house. *77–8*

Moira, Lord; Francis Rawdon Hastings, 2nd Earl of Moira and 1st Marquis of Hastings (1754–1826), soldier and statesman. Served at Bunker Hill and rose to be Adjutant-General of the British Army in America, 1778; Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, 1803; Governor-General of India, 1813–22. In 1804 married Flora Muir Campbell, Countess of Loudon. *222–3*

Molé, François-René (1734–1802), French actor. *199*

Molière, Jean-Baptiste Poquelin (1622–73), dramatist. *198, 199, 201*

Monboddo, Lord; James Burnett (1714–99), judge and man of letters. Educated at Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Groningen, and Leyden. Lord of Session, 1767, succeeding Lord Milton. Author of *Origin and Progress . . . of Language*, 1773–92; *Ancient Metaphysics*, 1779–99; each a work of six volumes. His second daughter was the beautiful Miss Burnett so much admired by Burns; she died in 1790, aged 25. Cockburn explains that the reason why Monboddo sat below the other Lords was because some offence had made him resolve never to sit on the same bench with President Dundas. Stories about this eccentric judge are innumerable and have obscured his considerable learning; his mind was evidently as sharp as his nose. For a serious account of him, see William Knight, *Lord Monboddo*, 1900. Until he was eighty he made a yearly visit to London on horseback, refusing to be 'dragged behind a horse's tail'; he knew most of the important English men of letters, including Dr. Johnson, who visited him in Scotland. *91, 110, 111, 141, 196*

Moncrieffe, Baron David Steuart, of Moredun, a Baron of the Exchequer of Scotland, 1781. *196*

Moncrieff-Wellwood, Sir Henry, of Tulliebole, 8th Bart. (1750–1827), clergyman and liberal leader; Moderator of the Church of Scotland, 1785; Chaplain to George III, 1793. *36*

Moncrieff-Wellwood, Sir James, 9th Bart., Lord Moncrieff (1776–1851), judge; elevated to the Bench in 1829; a son of Sir Henry. *36*

Monro, Alexander *primus* (1697–1767), anatomist; descended from the Monros of Milton. Studied medicine at London, Paris, Leyden; a pupil of Boerhaave; made Professor of Anatomy in Edinburgh University, 1720, and laid the foundation of the Medical School's world-wide fame, he and his son and grandson forming a great dynasty of teachers. He helped to establish the Royal Infirmary, and was a founder of the Philosophical Society. *41, 47*

Monsieur; see Charles X of France.

Montgomery, Sir James, of Stanhope, 1st Bart. (d. 1803), judge. After serving as Solicitor-General and Lord Advocate, he was made Chief Baron of the Scottish Exchequer in 1777, following Robert Ord; it was before the Exchequer Court that Mackenzie practised. In town Sir James lived for

some years in Queensberry House, Canongate. At his seat of Whim he experimented in agriculture. *22, 214*

More, Jacob (1740–93), landscape painter; born in Edinburgh, went to Italy in 1773, and died in Rome. *214*

Morton, Eleanor, one of the 'Three Graces'. *176*

Moss (d. 1817), low comedian; acted in Edinburgh 1771–4, 1782–4, 1788–90. He played the part of Lingo in *The Agreeable Surprise*, and wrote a comic interlude around this character. *209*

Munden, Joseph Shepherd (1758–1822), comedian. *209*

Munro, Sir Harry, 7th Bart. (d. 1781), Mackenzie's uncle. *101*

Munro, Sir Hugh of Fowlis or Foulis, 8th Bart. (d. 1848). In 1753 the 7th Baronet married Anne Rose, sister of Mackenzie's mother. *24*

Munro, Sir Robert, of Foulis, 6th Bart. (d. 1746), distinguished for bravery at Fontenoy; killed at Falkirk. *24*

Murdoch, Patrick (d. 1774), college chum and lifelong friend of James Thomson the poet; obtained an English rectory at Stradishall; published a memoir of Colin Maclaurin in 1748, and one of Thomson in 1762. *40*

Mure, Mrs. Baron, wife of William Mure (1718–76), a Baron of the Scottish Exchequer from 1761 and friend of David Hume. *179*

Murphy, Arthur (1727–1805), author, actor, lawyer. *204, 207*

Murray and Cochrane, booksellers, publishers of the *Scots Magazine*. *29, 184*

Murray, John (1778–1843), publisher; London agent for Constable in 1803, sharing in *Marmion* and other publications; started the *Quarterly Review* in 1809; a Tory and friend of Scott. There was also a Sir John Archibald Murray (1779–1859), a lawyer who contributed to early numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*. He was made Lord Advocate in 1835 and Lord of Session in 1839. *37*

Mylne, Robert (1734–1811), architect and engineer; constructed Blackfriars Bridge, 1760–9. Among his Edinburgh designs was that of St. Cecilia's Hall. *216*

Myreton, Sir Robert, of Gogar, 2nd Bart. (d. 1774), succeeded in 1720. He had three daughters, one of whom, Frances, married Sir William Augustus Cunyngham of Milncraig. The Baronetcy is extinct. *3*

## N

Nisbet, William, of Dirleton (1747–84), patron of Kay the caricaturist; married in 1771 Mary, daughter of Lord Robert Manners, granddaughter of the 2nd Duke of Rutland. *86, 127–8*

Nokes, James (d. 1692 ?), comedian. *193*

Norie or Norrie, John and Robert, painters, teachers of Alexander Runciman and John Wilson. As house-painters they furnished landscape panels for residences in Edinburgh. *214*

North, Lord; Frederick North, 2nd Earl of Guildford (1732–92), states-

man; Chancellor of Exchequer and leader in Commons, 1767; First Lord of the Treasury, 1770; Prime Minister, 1770–82; made a coalition with Fox to overthrow Shelburne's Ministry in 1783. He retired with a pension of £4,000 a year, a Patent place for his son, and Bushey Park for his wife. Walpole said, 'It might almost have kept him faithful to his Master.' But Walpole was born to certain prejudices. *136, 139, 181, 206*

O

O'Brien; really Patrick Cotter (1761 ?–1806), exhibited himself in Great Britain 1779–1804 as O'Brien, the Irish Giant. *91, 128*

Ogilvie, George (d. 1785), an Edinburgh advocate admitted to the Faculty in 1768; a member of the Mirror Club, but did not have anything published. *152*

O'Keeffe, John (1747–1833), dramatist; published *Recollections*, 1826. *192, 210*

Onslow, Arthur (1691–1768), Speaker of the House of Commons, 1728–61. *148–9*

Ord, Nancy, daughter of the Chief Baron. She is credited with having roguishly named St. David's Street in Edinburgh after her lover, the sceptical Hume. *170, 176*

Ord, Chief Baron Robert (d. 1778), Chief Baron of the Scottish Exchequer, 1755–78. His daughter Elizabeth was the second wife of Lord Braxfield. Mackenzie started the practice of law in Ord's Court. *17, 77, 105, 113, 170*

Osborn, Alexander, Solicitor of the Customs in Edinburgh about 1800; his name appears in the Directory for 1799. *91, 92*

Oswald, James (d. 1769), originally a dancing-master at Dunfermline; took up residence at Edinburgh *c.* 1736 as violinist, organist, composer, teacher of dancing, and issued several collections of 'Scots Tunes'. He went to London in 1741 and did further publication of importance. See the article in Grove's *Dictionary of Musicians*, in which Kidson tentatively ascribes to him *God save the King*. *40, 168*

Otway, Thomas (1652–85), dramatist; author of *Don Carlos*, 1676; *The Orphan*, 1680; *Venice Preserved*, 1682, his masterpiece. *203, 204*

P

Palmer, John (1742 ?–98), actor; probably 'the elder' Palmer whom Mackenzie mentions—he had a brother Robert, also an actor (1757–1805 ?). There was another John Palmer, an actor, who died in 1768. *208*

Parker, 'chymist', inventor. *243*

Pearson, Colonel, commander of the Seaforth Regiment in Guernsey. *17*

Pelham, Henry (1695 ?–1754), statesman. With his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, he controlled administration pretty largely between the eras of Walpole and the elder Pitt. In 1743 he was Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury. *243*

Percy, Dr. Thomas (1729–1811), Bishop of Dromore; editor of *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 1765, and *Northern Antiquities*, 1770. At one time he seems to have been convinced of the authenticity of Macpherson's *Ossian*; later he thought that Dr. Adam Ferguson had tricked him in the presentation of evidence. *185*

Percy, Lord Algernon; probably Algernon Percy, 2nd Baron Lovaine and 1st Earl of Beverley (1750–1830), son of Hugh, 1st Duke of Northumberland (d. 1786). *197*

Perry, James (1756–1821), journalist, educated at Marischal College; as editor of the London *Morning Chronicle*, he offered Burns a post in 1794. *107*

Philips, Ambrose (1675 ?–1749), poet. *187*

Picq or Le Picq, a dancing-master. A man of this name played in pantomimes in the Canongate Theatre in Edinburgh in 1746. The Directory for 1773–4 lists a Charles Picq, dancing-master, in Skinner's Close; the Directory for 1774–5 names Antoine Picq, dancing-master, Skinner's Close. According to Dr. Burney, a Le Picq danced in London under Tenducci's management in 1785. *74*

Pillans, James, & Sons, Edinburgh printers and publishers; brought out an unauthorized edition of Mackenzie's *Works* in 3 vols. in 1807. *188*

Pitcairne, Dr. Archibald (1652–1713), physician, poet, wit; satirized the severity of Presbyterian discipline in his day. For a short time he held a professorship in Leyden. *81, 223–4*

Pitfour, Lord; James Ferguson (1700–77), judge; elevated to the Bench in 1764. *143*

Pitt, William, the elder, 1st Earl of Chatham (1708–78), Prime Minister, 1756–61 and 1766–8. *38, 104, 136*

Pitt, William, the younger (1759–1806), second son of the elder Pitt; Prime Minister in his 25th year. When he came into power in 1783–4 he took Henry Dundas as his political ally and made him virtually King of Scotland; Henry Mackenzie was given the task of writing a defence of their first Parliament and of combating with his pen the Jacobins in Scotland. In 1788, in the dispute over the king's 'illness', Pitt contended that the Regent should be appointed by Parliament. He was driven into a Conservative attitude by the French Revolution. War with France was declared in February 1793. He was Prime Minister 1784–1801 and 1804–6. *4, 110, 117, 129, 134, 139, 143, 146, 147, 243*

Plunket, William Conyngham, 1st Baron Plunket (1764–1854), Irish statesman; Lord Chancellor of Ireland, 1830–41. *229*

Pococke, Richard (1704–65), Bishop of Ossory and Meath; travelled in Scotland 1747, 1750, 1760. His *Tours* was published as vol. i of the Publications of the Scottish History Society. *100, 101*

Poisson, François-Arnoul (1696–1753), French comedian. *198, 199*

Polestron or Polastron, Madame, mistress of the Comte d'Artois who followed him into exile at Edinburgh; she died before he came to the throne.

For an account see the *Histoire scandaleuse . . . de Charles X*, Paris, 1830, Chap. XIII. *59, 235*

Pope, Alexander (1688–1744), poet; author of *Pastorals*, 1709; *Rape of the Lock*, 1712; *Windsor Forest*, 1713; *Dunciad*, final form in 1742. *157–8, 166*

Pope, Jane (1742–1818), actress, played soubrette parts. *198*

Porteous, John (d. 1736), captain of the Edinburgh City Guard. The story of the riot which he occasioned is to be read in *The Heart of Midlothian*, and it is not unlikely that Scott had a good deal of his information from Mackenzie. *73*

Porterfield, Dr. William, elected Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in Edinburgh University in 1724, but evidently did not teach. His *Treatise on the Eye* appeared in 1759, the last of his publications. He is said to have been wealthy and eccentric. *217*

Powell, William (1735–69), actor; came on the stage in London as Garrick's understudy, 1763; the original Honeywood in Goldsmith's *Good-Natured Man*, 1768. *192, 193*

Preston, Sir Robert, of Valleyfield, 6th Bart. (1740–1834), of whom Scott said, 'He is as big as two men and eats like three'. A friend of Pitt and Scott; for some time in Parliament. *139*

Prestongrange, Lord; William Grant (1701 ?–74), judge; second son of Lord Cullen, another judge; Solicitor-General, 1737; Lord Advocate, 1746 (see Stevenson's *Catriona*); Lord of Session, 1754. *13, 25*

Préville, Pierre-Louis Dubois, dit (1721–99), French actor who succeeded Poisson in 1753; he had made his début as early as 1743. *198, 199*

Puppo, James; listed in the Edinburgh Directory as a musician in 1780–1 and does not appear later. *76*

Puységur; perhaps Comte J. de Puisaye, a Royalist and general of an army in Brittany at the time of the French Revolution. *235*

## Q

Queensberry, Duchess of; Catherine Hyde Douglas, 'Kitty' (1700–77), married the 3rd Duke of Queensberry in 1720; she was daughter of the 4th Earl of Clarendon, and a friend of Pope, Prior, Gay, Swift, Thomson, and Congreve. Gay acted as the Duke's secretary. *123*

Queensberry, Duke of; William Douglas, 3rd Earl of March and 4th Duke of Queensberry, 'Old Q' (1724–1810), dissolute courtier and wit; a friend of the Prince of Wales, later George IV. *134, 135, 173, 237*

## R

Racine, Jean (1639–99), French dramatist; author of *Phèdre*, 1677. *169, 177, 200*

Rae, John (d. 1763), master in the Edinburgh High School, 1739–59; later Rector of the Grammar School in Haddington. *33*

Raeburn, Sir Henry (1756–1823), greatest of Scottish portrait painters; painted Mackenzie several times. He studied in Italy, returning to Scotland in 1787. For a portrait of Mackenzie painted in 1802 he made his 'regular charge of 15 guineas'. *213–14*

Ramsay, Allan (1686–1758), Edinburgh wig-maker and poet; author of the pastoral drama, *The Gentle Shepherd*, 1725. Mackenzie is wrong in saying that *The Evergreen* (first two volumes), 1724, was Ramsay's first publication. Mr. Burns Martin, whose study of Ramsay is soon to be published, states that at least seven publications of some size, not to mention broadside ballads, preceded *The Evergreen*. *Christ's Kirk on the Green* (two cantos, the second his own) appeared about 1716. The supposed first edition, quarto, of the *Poems* appeared in 1721. Ramsay built a new theatre in Carrubber's Close in 1736; it was closed by Act of Parliament in June 1737. *122, 123, 124, 150, 151, 152, 168, 180*

Ramsay, keeper of an inn at the Cowgate Port in Edinburgh. *92*

Regnard, Jean-François (1655–1709), French dramatist. *201*

Renton, Eleanor, one of the 'Three Graces'; daughter of Renton of Lamerton and Lady Susan Montgomery; mentioned in *Humphrey Clinker*, 1771, as a famous Edinburgh beauty. *176*

Ribergille, Monsieur, friend of the Comte d'Artois, Charles X. *236*

Richardson, John (1780–1864), friend of Scott; practised in Westminster as a parliamentary solicitor. *37*

Richardson, Samuel (1689–1711), novelist; author of *Sir Charles Grandison*, 1753. *83*

Robertson, D., ironmaster, cousin of the historian. *222*

Robertson, Dr. William (1721–93), historian, principal, leader of the Moderates in the Church of Scotland. Author of a *History of Scotland*, 1759; *History of Charles V*, 1769; *History of America*, 1777. Principal of Edinburgh University at the period of its greatest glory, 1762–92. Moderator of the General Assembly, 1763. A wise, honest, friendly man; acquainted with the London literary circle. He retired from leadership of the Church in 1780, but continued to preach in Greyfriars and to direct the affairs of the University until a short time before his death. *1, 94, 171, 175, 178*

Robertson, General, perhaps Archibald (d. 1847), a Major-General. *245*

Robinson, John (1727–1802), Secretary of the Treasury, 1770–82. *206*

Rob Roy, Robert MacGregor (1671–1734), hero of the novel by Scott published in 1817. *224–5*

Ronaldson, Mr., member of the Porteous mob. *72*

Rosa, Salvator (1615–73), Italian painter. *215*

Rose, Elizabeth, Mistress of Kilravock Castle (1747–1815), succeeded to the estate in 1782. She was Mackenzie's cousin, and corresponded with him from 1768 until her death; copies of about one hundred of his letters to her are preserved by his family, and are a chief source of biographical

information. She corresponded with Burns, who visited Kilravock in 1787 with a note of introduction from Mackenzie. *78, 80*

Rose, George (1744–1818), held several offices under the younger Pitt; he was Secretary to the Board of Taxes, 1777; Secretary to the Treasury, 1782–1801; Privy Councillor, 1802; &c. *116–17*

Rose, Hugh, of Kilravock, 16th Baron (1684–1755), Mackenzie's grandfather. His first wife was a daughter of Sir Ludovick Grant of Grant; his second was Jean, eldest daughter of John Rose of Braidley; one of his daughters by this second wife, Margaret, married Dr. Joshua Mackenzie, father of Henry Mackenzie. The laird was very discreet at the time of the '45; he entertained the Prince and Cumberland within a few days in April 1746. *26, 28, 85, 121, 132, 136*

Rose, Hugh, of Kilravock, 17th Baron (1705–72), Mackenzie's uncle, succeeded 1755. His daughter was Mistress Elizabeth Rose. *130, 131, 178*

Rose, Lewis or Ludovic; uncle of Henry Mackenzie and second son of the 16th laird of Kilravock. A Scottish Will Wimble. *240, 241*

Rose, Samuel, a lawyer; friend and correspondent of Cowper and Henry Mackenzie. Educated at Glasgow University. *166*

Rose, Rev. Mr., of Nairn, a kinsman of the Kilravock family. *26*

Ross, David (1728–90), theatrical manager; son of a Writer to the Signet. He came from Covent Garden in 1767 to operate the Edinburgh Theatre under its newly acquired patent; built the Theatre Royal in Shakespeare Square, opened in 1769; in 1770 he made over the Theatre on lease to Samuel Foote. *196*

Ross of Pitcolney or Pitcalnie, a broken Jacobite laird, a wag; crony of Colquhoun Grant, whose financial assistance he obtained by recalling the glorious days of the '45. *142*

Rousseau, Jean-Jacques (1712–78), French philosopher and novelist. He came to England with Hume in January 1766 and fled to France in May 1767, having taken offence at Hume's supposed delaying of a pension from George III. He got the pension. Also he wept in Hume's arms. It is even reported that Hume wept. *169, 184*

Rowe, Mrs. Elizabeth (1674–1737), author of *Friendship in Death*, 1728, and *Letters Moral and Entertaining*, 1729–33. *156–7*

Runciman, Alexander (1736–85), Scottish painter; for some time drawing-master at an Edinburgh academy. He studied in Italy, where he met Fuseli. *124, 213*

S

Saint-Foix, Germain-François Poullain de (1698–1776), French author, wit, duellist. *231*

Sanders, George (1774–1846), portrait-painter, originally apprenticed to an Edinburgh coach-painter; went to London, 1807. *215*

Sands, Mr., bookseller in the Parliament Close. *184, 185, 187*

Sandwich, Lord; John Montagu, 4th Earl of Sandwich (1718–92), politician; thrice served as First Lord of the Admiralty; withdrew from political life at the close of North's administration. *128*

Savile, Sir George, 8th Bart. (1726–84), liberal statesman; entered Parliament in 1759. *13*

Schetky, Johann Georg Christoff (1740–1824), 'cellist, born at Darmstadt; settled in Edinburgh in 1771–2. He was a boon companion of Burns, and composed music for 'Clarinda, mistress of my soul'. He was a founder of the Boar Club in 1787. His son John Christian was a successful painter. *78*

Scott, 'Cadie', of Harden. Perhaps Mary, younger daughter of the John Scott of Harden who succeeded in 1710 and died in 1734; or Anne, younger daughter of this gentleman's successor, the Hon. Walter Scott of Harden (d. 1742). *79*

Scott, Sir Walter, of Abbotsford, Bart. (1771–1832), as a boy was Mackenzie's neighbour in George Square; his interest in composition, according to his own account, dated from Mackenzie's *Account of the German Theatre* in 1788, his earliest publications being translations from the German. In 1798 Scott rented a cottage near Lasswade, where he was a neighbour of the Mackenzies at Auchindinny. In 1803 Scott and Mackenzie helped to found the Friday Club. In 1814 Scott dedicated to Mackenzie his first novel, *Waverley*. Scott advised Mackenzie regarding his collected *Works* in 1808, and read at least part of the manuscript of Mackenzie's *Anecdotes*; Mackenzie made Scott and his own son Lord Mackenzie his literary executors. *5, 37, 112, 173, 185, 225*

Scrope, John (1662 ?–1752), politician and judge, supporter of Robert Walpole; Baron of the Scottish Exchequer, 1708–24, though by special commission of 1715 he was permitted 'to be absent from that court during His Majesty's pleasure'. He entered Parliament in 1722 and was a Secretary to the Treasury from 1724 until the year of his death. *122*

Selwyn, George Augustus (1719–91), wit and politician, entered Parliament in 1747; a member of White's and the Jockey Club. *177*

Shafto the racer. *89*

Shakespeare, William (1564–1616). *200, 201, 202, 204, 206–7*

Shaw, William (1749–1831), Gaelic scholar, a native of Arran; friend of Dr. Johnson. His *Gaelic and English Dictionary* appeared in 1780. An interesting attack upon the authenticity of the Macpherson translations is Shaw's *Enquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems ascribed to Ossian. . . . The Second Edition, corrected*, London, 1782, in which an account is given of the alleged manner in which Ferguson and Blair deceived Bishop Percy, together with Ferguson's reply. *184*

Shelburne, Lord; Sir William Petty, 1st Marquis of Lansdowne and 2nd Earl of Shelburne (1737–1805), statesman. *226*

Shenstone, William (1714–63), English poet interested in Scottish literature and very popular in Scotland in Mackenzie's boyhood; one of the

'prime favourites' of Burns; he was a Man of Feeling. Author of *The Schoolmistress*, 1742; *Pastoral Ballad*, 1755; *Poems*, 1758. At his little estate of Leasowes he did pioneer work in landscape gardening. *177*

Shepherd of Banbury, The; weather prophet of a popular almanac (?). *18*

Shepherd, Sir William (1760–1840), Chief Baron of the Scottish Exchequer, 1819–30; a friend of Scott and Mackenzie; he was an Englishman. *122, 245*

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley (1751–1816), dramatist and Whig statesman. Author of *The Rivals*, 1775; *The School for Scandal*, 1777; *The Critic*, 1779; *Pizarro*, 1799. Mackenzie disliked him politically and probably resented his attacks upon the sentimental school of literature. He entered Parliament in 1780 as a supporter of Fox; declined a gift of money from the American Congress for speeches against the war; attacked Warren Hastings, 1787–8; spoke twelve times for reform of Scottish Royal Burghs, 1787–94, in defiance of the Dundas dynasty. Evidently he was careless in money matters; he was arrested for debt in 1813. His wife was a Miss Linley, whom he married in 1773. *138–9, 195, 203, 204, 205–6, 222*

Shuter, Edward (1728 ?–76), comedian; played in Edinburgh in 1773. *193*

Siddons, Mrs. Sarah, *née* Kemble (1755–1831), greatest English actress of her generation; sister of John Kemble. Her London success was achieved in 1782–3. Her first Edinburgh appearance—a great triumph—was in 1784; her last in 1815; meanwhile she acted there often and came to know the city well. Her son Henry was manager of the Theatre Royal there, 1809–15, Mackenzie and Scott being among the directors of the patent. *191, 193–4*

Sinclair, Miss, of Brabster Myre. *6*

Sinclair, Dr. Andrew, a founder of the Edinburgh Medical School; Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, 1726–49. *41*

Sinclair, Lord; probably John, Master of Sinclair (d. 1750), eldest son of the 8th Lord Sinclair; succeeded in 1723, but had no legal right to the title which had been attainted after 1715. *28*

Sinclair of Freswick, probably John (d. 1784); his father William d. 1769. *6*

Sinclair, Sir John (1754–1835), President of the Board of Agriculture, 1793–8; as President of the Highland Society of London he supervised publication of Macpherson's manuscripts in 1807; compiled a valuable *Statistical Account of Scotland*, 1791–9. His editing of his own *Correspondence* exhibits remarkable vanity. *29, 130*

Sinclair, Robert (d. *c.* 1800), an advocate and Principal Clerk of Session, mentioned in Edinburgh Directories 1774–99. *112, 197*

Skirving, Archibald (1749–1819), artist; best known for a crayon of Burns. *212–13*

Smellie, William (1740–95), Edinburgh printer, naturalist, antiquary. Printed first edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1771. Prominent in the

Scottish Society of Antiquaries; keeper of natural history museum. Wrote accounts of Kames, Hume, Smith, and Dr. Gregory. A convivial friend of Burns. *111*

Smith, Adam (1723–90), political economist. Born in Kirkcaldy; educated at Glasgow and Oxford. First resided in Edinburgh in 1748, lecturing on Literature and Economics. Professor at Glasgow of Logic in 1751, of Moral Philosophy from 1752 till 1763. Left his Glasgow chair to be foreign tutor to the Duke of Buccleuch. Returned to London in 1766, and settled in Kirkcaldy in 1767. Appointed a Commissioner of Customs for Scotland in 1777, he took up residence in Edinburgh in Panmure House, Canongate, where he was visited by Burke, Rogers, and others. He was a member of the Philosophical Society, of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the Poker Club, and of the Select Society; he helped to found the original *Edinburgh Review* in 1755. His principal works are his *Theory of the Moral Sentiments*, 1759, and his *Wealth of Nations*, 1776. *92, 124, 134, 154, 173, 176*

Smith, John (d. 1726), second Chief Baron of the Scottish Exchequer, 1709–26. The first Chief Baron, commissioned in 1708, was that Earl of Seafield who spoke of the Union as 'the end of an auld sang'; in the same year four Barons were commissioned: John Clerk, John Smith, John Scrope, and Alexander Maitland. *104, 185–6*

Smith, Sidney (1771–1845), English clergyman, essayist, and wit; came to Edinburgh in 1797 with his Squire's son, a Mr. Beach; a founder of the *Edinburgh Review* of 1802; went to London in 1803, but kept up a lively correspondence with Jeffrey and other Whigs. *37*

Smollett, Tobias George (1721–71), novelist, grandson of a Commissioner for the Union; educated at Glasgow in Medicine. He revisited Scotland in 1766 and gave a vivid account of Edinburgh in *Humphrey Clinker*, 1771. *58*

Southcott, Joanna (1750–1814), a Devonshire farmer's daughter; began in 1792 to write doggerel prophecies; gained converts from 1801; those not of her sect said that she died of brain disease. *102*

Stabilini, Hieronymo (d. 1815), musician and boon companion, came from Rome to Edinburgh; first listed in Directory for 1786–8, though there is trace of him as early as 1778. He conducted the concerts at Dr. Gregory Grant's famous musical suppers. *76, 77*

Stair, Lord; John Dalrymple, 2nd Earl of Stair (1673–1747), succeeded in 1707; second in command under George II at the battle of Dettingen, 1743. He had two younger brothers: James, 3rd Earl (d. 1760), and William, 4th Earl (d. 1768). John, 5th Earl, succeeded in 1768 and died in 1789; he had a younger brother William, a General. It is not easy to say which is the extravagant Earl with a younger brother. *17, 242*

Stanhope, Lord; Charles, 3rd Earl Stanhope (1753–1816), liberal politician and man of science; he married a *sister* of William Pitt the younger, not a cousin; entered Parliament in 1780. *134*

Sterne, Laurence (1713–68), author of *Tristram Shandy*, 1760–7; *A Sentimental Journey*, 1768. *182, 189, 232*

Steuart, H. Nicholson (d. 1786), an amateur actor whose favourite rôle was Richard III; appeared at Edinburgh Theatre first in 1772. Mackenzie did not think highly of his acting. *178*

Steuart, Sir James, of Coltness, Bart. (1713–80), political economist. A Jacobite in the '45, he escaped the country, but was permitted to return in 1763, and received a full pardon in 1771. Author of an *Inquiry into the Principles of Political Economy*, 1767. *2, 90*

Stevenson, John, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Edinburgh University, 1730–75; died at the age of 80. He appears to have made a deep impression by his lectures on Rhetoric, which were highly commended by such distinguished pupils as Principal Robertson and Professor Hugh Blair. *35*

Stewart, Archibald (d. 1780), Provost of Edinburgh, 1744. *172*

Stewart, Dugald (1753–1828), philosopher. Son of Professor Matthew Stewart of the department of Mathematics, he was first a Joint Professor of Mathematics, 1772–5, and Professor, 1775–85; in 1785 he succeeded to Ferguson's chair of Moral Philosophy and held it until 1810. He was a pupil in philosophy of Ferguson at Edinburgh, and of Reid at Glasgow. His chief works are: *Elements of Philosophy of the Human Mind*, 1792, 1813, 1827; *Life of Adam Smith*, 1793; *Life of Dr. Robertson*, 1796; *Life of Dr. Reid*, 1802; *Philosophical Essays*, 1810; *The Active and Moral Powers of Man*, 1828. He met Burns at Catrine in 1786, and was among the first to welcome the poet to Edinburgh. He was a liberal, sympathetic for some time with the French Revolution, and he exercised great influence upon his pupils of the age of Jeffrey and Cockburn. Cockburn says, 'His lecturing manner was professorial, but gentlemanlike', by which it will be seen how unique he was. 'I felt,' said Cockburn, 'that I had a soul'; the evidence is not stated. *36, 152, 172–3*

Stewart, James, of Appin, alias Stewart of Acharn or Stewart of the Glen (d. 1752), a Jacobite executed for the murder of Colin Campbell of Glenure (q.v.) in 1752 after a trial in a Campbell town (Inverary); before a Campbell judge (the Duke of Argyll, with Lord Elchies and Lord Kilkerran); and by a jury of 15, of whom 11 were Campbells. Prestongrange and the Master of Lovat were among the counsel for the prosecution. See D. N. Mackay, *Trial of James Stewart*, Glasgow, 1907, and also Stevenson's *Catriona*. *30*

Stewart, General John Roy (1700–52), commanded 'Edinburgh regiment' in the '45; escaped with the Prince to France. Had reputation as a Gaelic poet also. *25*

Stockdale, John (1749?–1814), prosecuted for publishing John Logan's pamphlet, *A Review of the Charges against W. Hastings*, 1789; defended by Thomas Erskine and acquitted. *153*

Stowell, Lord; William Scott, Baron Stowell (1745–1836), judge of Consistory Court of London, 1788–1820, and of High Court of Admiralty, 1798–1828; entered Parliament in 1784, and was member for Oxford

University, 1801–21; Privy Councillor, 1798. A Tory and friend of Dr. Johnson. He studied at Oxford, not Cambridge. *113–15*

Strahan, William (1715–85), Scotsman who was very successful as a London printer and publisher. With Millar he published Johnson's Dictionary; with Thomas Cadell the elder he published works for Hume, Smith, Johnson, Gibbon, Robertson. He entered Parliament in 1774. He contributed one paper to the *Mirror*, no. 94; a sketch of his life and character by Mackenzie appeared in *Lounger*, no. 29. *153, 181, 208*

Strange, David, dancing-master; listed in Edinburgh Directories, 1773–88. *75*

Strathmore, 'the old' Lord; perhaps Patrick Lyon, 1st Earl (d. 1695), known as a patron of the arts, who improved Glamis under the direction of Inigo Jones. *7*

Stuart, George (d. 1793), Professor of Humanity in Edinburgh University, 1741–75, though he seems to have practised little of it towards his son, Gilbert Stuart. *33, 174*

Stuart, Gilbert (1742–86), historian and hack-writer; author of a *History of Scotland*, 1782, and consequently jealous of Robertson. He wrote in the *Monthly Review*, 1768–73, and conducted the *Edinburgh Magazine and Review*, 1773–6; he was also one of the principal contributors to the *English Review* from 1783. *174*

Sutherland, Lord and Lady; William, the 18th Earl, and his Countess, the daughter of William Maxwell of Preston and elder sister of Lady Glenorchy. Both the Earl and the Countess died at Bath in June 1766 of a fever and were buried in one grave at Holyrood Abbey. *125*

Swinton, John, Lord Swinton (d. 1799), judge; Lord of Session, 1782. *44*

## T

Tait, Crawford, of Harvieston (d. 1832), a Writer to the Signet; father of Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury from 1869 till 1882. *37*

Talma, François Joseph (1763–1826), French actor. *198*

Taylor, Jacobite commander of a battery at Livingstone Yards. *30*

Tenducci, Giusto Ferdinando (b. 1736), an Italian male soprano, born at Sienna. He seems to have come to London about 1758, and is reported at Dublin in 1766 and at Edinburgh in 1770. He had to leave London on account of debts in 1776, but he was back in 1784 and sang there until about 1790. He is said to have died in Italy early in the nineteenth century. In Edinburgh he had vogue as a teacher of music, being employed by the Duchess of Gordon. *3, 76*

Thamas or Thamasp Kouli Chan (1688–1747), Emperor of Persia. *4*

Thomson, George (1757–1851), collector and editor of Scottish music; Clerk to the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Manufactures in Scotland. Corresponded with Burns from 1792 until the poet's death,

receiving from him many song-lyrics for his collections. His grand-daughter, Catherine Thomson Hogarth, married Charles Dickens. *152*

Thomson, James (1700–48), poet, educated at Edinburgh University; went to London in 1825 and published *Winter*, his first important poem, in the following year. His principal poems are *The Seasons*, 1730 (complete form), and *The Castle of Indolence*, 1748. *39, 123, 158*

Thomson, Thomas (1768–1852), jurist and legal antiquary, a Whig; succeeded Scott as President of the Bannatyne Club. He and his brother, a physician, were known as Jus and Pus. *37*

Thurlow, Edward, 1st Baron Thurlow (1731–1806), Lord Chancellor of England, 1778; appeared before the House of Lords for the appellants in the Douglas Cause, 1769; defended royal prerogatives; presided over trial of Hastings, 1788. *3, 26, 112, 117*

Tickell, Richard (1751–93), pamphleteer and dramatist, grandson of the poet, Thomas; his *Anticipation* published 1778. *147–8*

Tooke, John Horne (1736–1812), radical politician. *147*

Topham, Edward (1751–1820), journalist and dramatist; published *Letters from Edinburgh* 1776, giving an account of his visit in 1774–5; started the *World*, a London daily paper, 1787. *219–20*

Townshend, Charles (1725–67), statesman; Chancellor of the Exchequer in Chatham's ministry, 1766; had a high reputation as an orator. *40, 136*

Townshend, Lady; Audrey, or, as she called herself, Etheldreda (1701–88), daughter of an Indian Governor; married in 1723 to Charles, 3rd Viscount Townshend; mother of Charles and George (1st Marquis). Her detractors said that she was the original of Lady Bellaston in *Tom Jones*; she was certainly very lively. She said that she expected every day to receive a bill from her fishmonger signed *Lord Mountshrimp*. See Norman Pearson's *Society Sketches in the Eighteenth Century*, 1911. *156*

Townshend, Lord George, 4th Viscount and 1st Marquis Townshend (1724–1807), soldier and politician. Fought for George at Culloden, 1746; served as Brigadier-General under Wolfe in the Quebec expedition, 1759; Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, 1763; fought a duel with the Earl of Bellamont in February 1773, wounding his opponent. Created enemies by his caricatures. *137*

Trotter, Miss Jacky; perhaps Miss Joanna Trotter (d. 1798), one of the six daughters of Thomas Trotter, 7th of Mortonhall; she married Gordon of Braid. *89*

Trotter, Mr., manager of Lord Melville's affairs. Probably either Robert Trotter of the Bush (d. 1807), or (less likely) Thomas Trotter (d. 1837), both of whom were Writers to the Signet. *144*

Trotter of Mortonhall, freethinker. *102*

Tytler, Alexander Fraser, Lord Woodhouselee (1747–1813), judge, historian, essayist; Professor of Universal History at Edinburgh University; Judge Advocate, 1790; Lord of Session, 1802; and of Justiciary, 1811. He

contributed to the *Mirror* and *Lounger*; was a member of the Mirror Club and an intimate friend of Mackenzie. Translated Schiller's *Die Räuber*, 1792. *36, 123*

Tytler, Patrick Fraser (1791–1849), son of Lord Woodhouselee; author of a *History of Scotland*, 1828–43; he was an advocate. *37*

Tytler, William (1711–92), father of Lord Woodhouselee; an antiquary, historian, and musical amateur. He contributed an essay on Scottish Music as an appendix to Arnot's *History of Edinburgh*. Author of an *Enquiry into the Evidence against Mary, Queen of Scots*, 1759. *77, 78, 166*

U

Ulrica, Queen of Sweden from 1718 until 1720, when she abdicated in favour of her husband, the Prince of Hesse, Frederick I of Sweden (ruled 1720–51). She was a sister of Charles XII, who died in 1718. *231*

V

Vanbrugh, Sir John (1664–1726), dramatist and architect. *205*

Voltaire, François Marie Arouet de (1694–1778), French author; in London 1726–9. *167, 175, 200, 202*

W

Wade, General George (1673–1748), an Irishman sent to the Scottish Highlands in 1724, where he made military roads, 1726–33. *21*

Walker, Dr., of Westfield, said to have introduced drill husbandry into Scotland. *10*

Walker, Dr. Robert, minister of the High Church., 1754–83. *1*

Wallace, Dr. Robert (1698–1771), minister of Grayfriars and Haddo's Hole; Moderator of the General Assembly, 1743. A man of very wide intellectual interests, he published works ranging from a *Dissertation on the Numbers of Mankind*, which is said to have influenced Malthus, to *Notes to Gallini on Dancing*, published when he was 73. Mackenzie when a boy was of his parish. *94*

Walpole, Horace, 4th Earl of Orford (1717–97), fourth son of Sir Robert Walpole; author of *The Castle of Otranto*, 1764, alleged to be from a black-letter original. See Chatterton, Thomas. *135–6*

Walpole, Sir Robert, 1st Earl of Orford (1676–1745), Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1715–17, 1721–42. He rebuilt Houghton, 1722–38. His grandson sold to the Tsarina Catherine II his great collection of paintings. *103, 136–7, 243*

Webster, Dr. Alexander, 'Bonum Magnum' (1707–84), minister of the Tolbooth Kirk from 1737; founded the Clergy's Widow Fund of the Church of Scotland, 1744; took the first census of Scotland, 1755; leader of the Highflyers in church politics. A genial, unctuous man with an enormous capacity for work and wine. *94, 95, 96, 106, 107*

Weir, Major Thomas (1600 ?–70), a Covenanter and alleged sorcerer; superintended the execution of Montrose in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, in 1650. He and his sister were burned for sorcery; they were also accused of incest. *45*

Weir, Major, of Edinburgh, an aide-de-camp to Lord Clive. *223*

Wellington, 1st Duke of; Arthur Wellesley (1769–1852), field-marshal; the victor of Waterloo, 1815. *245*

Wemyss, General; either General Wemyss of Wemyss Castle (d. 1822) or General David Douglas Wemyss (1760–1839). The former is far more likely, for the latter was in service abroad for much of the time that the Comte d'Artois was in Edinburgh. The former commanded the Sutherland Fencibles in 1793. *236*

Wemyss, Lord; Francis, 7th Earl of Wemyss (1723–1808). *236*

Wesley, John (1703–91), founder of the Methodists; visited Edinburgh several times; he was a friend of Lady Glenorchy. See 'John Wesley in Edinburgh', an article by W. Forbes Gray, in vol. viii of the *Book of the Old Edinburgh Club*, 1915. *95*

West, Benjamin (1738–1820), American historical painter domiciled in London from 1764; President of the R.A., 1792; historical painter to George III, 1767–1811. *182*

Weston, Thomas (1737–76), comedian. *193, 199*

Whitefield, George (1714–70), Calvinistic Methodist; first preached in Scotland in 1741–2. He died in America. Benjamin Franklin, like Henry Mackenzie, was interested in the range of his voice, as he tells in his *Autobiography*. In 1769 the Theatre Royal was erected in Edinburgh on the field of the Orphan Hospital where Whitefield had preached. It is said that he berated his Edinburgh hearers for their admiration of the comedian Foote, saying, 'No doubt Mr. Foote is a very clever man, but the Devil will soon make a football of him'; he died seven years before Mr. Foote took the preliminary step towards the fulfilment of this robust prophecy. *94, 95*

Whitefoord, Caleb (1734–1810), diplomatist; educated at Edinburgh University; secretary to the commission on peace with the United States at Paris in 1782. He was also known as a wine-dealer and as the inventor of Cross Readings (reading a newspaper straight across the columns). A possibly apocryphal addition to Goldsmith's *Retaliation* presents his character in amiable light. *187*

Whytt or Whyte, Dr. Robert (d. 1766), a teacher in the Edinburgh Medical School; pupil of Boerhaave and Monro *primus*; Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, 1747–66. *41*

Wilkes, John (1727–97), radical, opponent of Lord Bute; helped found the *North Briton* in 1762. A turbulent, jolly, popular, impudent reformer whose personal charm won even Dr. Johnson and the king. 'But your Majesty must remember,' said he, 'that whatever I may have to regret in my conduct'—he had a mistress or so—'I was never a Wilkesite!' *136*

Wilson, Alexander (d. 1739), elected Provost of Edinburgh in 1735. The Porteous Riot took place in September of the following year. *72*

Wilson, James (1795–1856), zoologist, brother of ' Christopher North '. *37*

Wilson, John, ' Christopher North ' (1785–1854), a Tory, and chief contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* in which the *Noctes Ambrosianae* appeared, 1822–35, most of them by Wilson, who called himself in these dialogues ' Christopher North ', and called James Hogg ' The Ettrick Shepherd '. Through the influence of Scott and by virtue of his sound Tory principles he was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh in 1820, and held the chair until 1851. *37*

Wishart, George (1703–85), minister of the Tron Church in Edinburgh. *94*

Wood, Alexander, ' Lang Sandy ' (1725–1807), surgeon; a kind man greatly beloved by all ranks; introduced the umbrella about 1780; attended Burns in 1787 and helped him to get his post in the Excise. Seized one night by a rioting mob, he cried, ' I'm lang Sandy Wood; tak me to the licht and ye'll see '; he was speedily released. *14, 88*

Woodhouselee, Lord; see Alexander Fraser Tytler, Lord W.

Woodward, Henry (1714–77), comedian and harlequin; in Edinburgh in 1770–1. *199*

Wordsworth, William (1770–1850), poet. *168*

## Y

Yair, Mrs., librarian and bookseller in the Parliament Close; she is listed in the first published Edinburgh Directory, that for 1773–4. *180*

Yates, Mrs. Mary Ann, *née* Graham (1728–87), actress. She played the lead in the first performance of Mackenzie's *Prince of Tunis*, in the Edinburgh Theatre, 8 March 1773. According to Dibdin, it was acted only five times that season. This was her first and only season in Edinburgh; she was a great success, though Dr. Carlyle writes that ' she often appears on the stage more than half seas over '. He adds that the gentlemen in the audience are too liberal to take offence at this because most of them are in the same condition. *72, 193, 208*

Yates, Richard, ' Dick ' (1706 ?–96), comedian; acted with his wife in Edinburgh, 1773. *192, 193, 198, 199*

Young, Edward (1683–1765), poet; author of *The Universal Passion*, 1725, and *Night Thoughts*, 1742; rector of Welwyn from 1730. *158, 167*

Younge, Elizabeth; later Mrs. Pope (1744 ?–97), actress. *197*

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